PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1973 ONE DOLLAR

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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ISAAC HAYES
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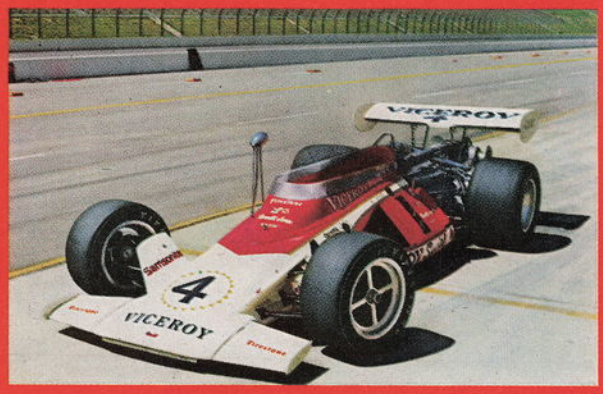

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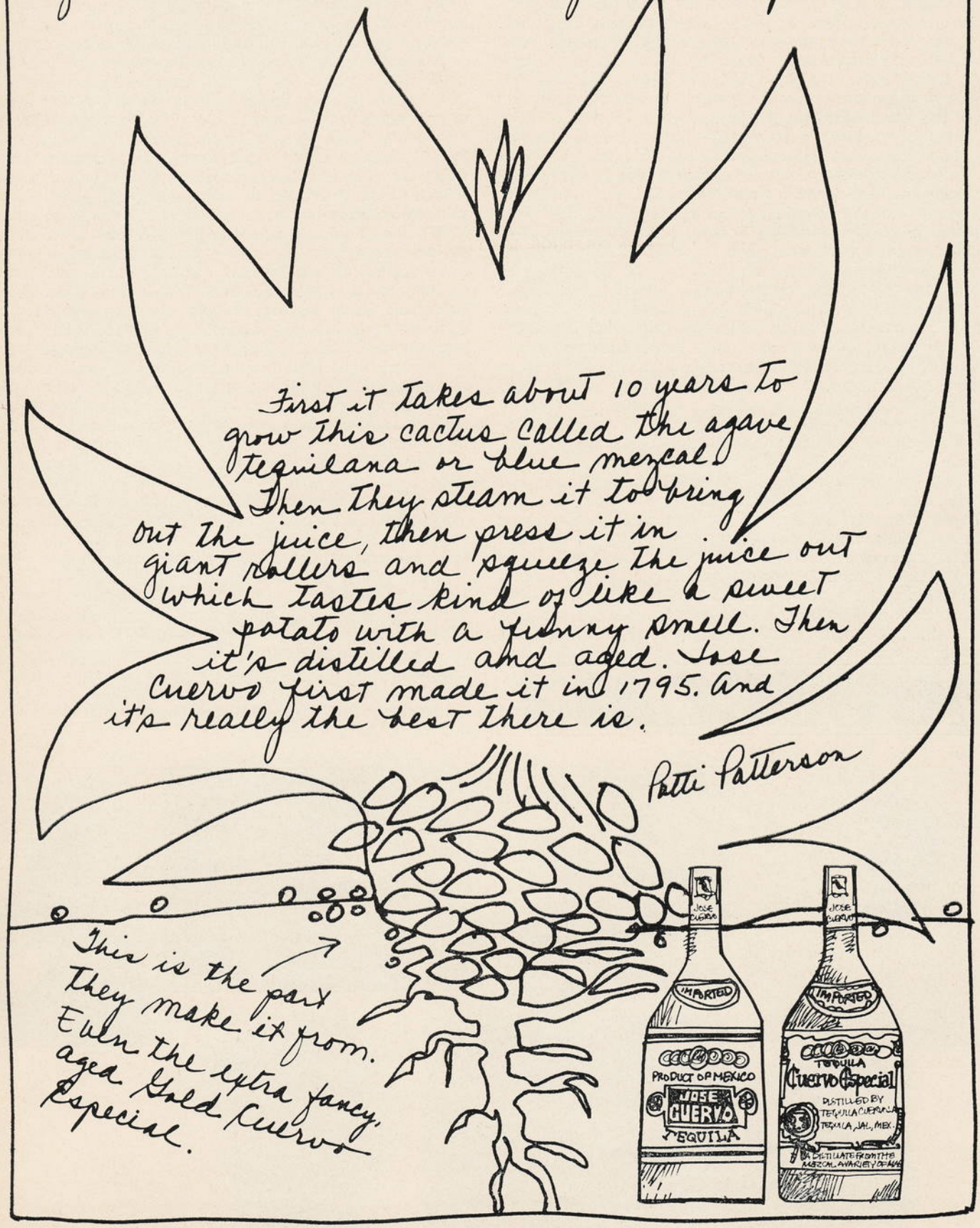
How they make a drink called tequila from a natural, living cactus plant.


First it takes about 10 years to grow this cactus called the agave tequilana or blue mezcal. Then they steam it to bring out the juice, then press it in giant rollers and squeeze the juice out which tastes kind of like a sweet potato with a funny smell. Then it's distilled and aged. Jose Cuervo first made it in 1795. And it's really the best there is.
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HOUSECALL

We are wishing ourselves, if you please, a Happy Anniversary. It was but four years ago that *Penthouse* began its American edition with the belief that we could enthuse a young, dynamic, and intelligent audience. Our belief was more than justified. *Penthouse* is now read throughout the world by thirty million readers—a staggering figure. Projections from our justifiably unconservative research department hint that *Penthouse* may well surpass *Playboy* in newsstand sales by the end of the year. The tortoise, it seems, will not be denied. And yet we are only at the beginning. *Viva*, our all new magazine for the ladies (see page 68), makes its debut this month, and there are many more surprises to follow. It's only fitting, therefore, that we begin festivities with a pictorial tribute to Miss Billie Deane, premiere runner-up for the hotly contested **Pet of the Year Award** (page 89). Billie was so close to tying our winning Pet (identity to be revealed next month), that we had to succumb to that rare opportunity of being all things to all people. Since the division of reader interest was *almost* equal, we decided, with Solomon-like wisdom, to revisit them both. This month Billie, next month . . . ? **J. P. Donleavy,** that irascible, expatriate Irish-American, is equally astute when it comes to assessing the relative merits of milady's anatomical parts. *The Million Dollar Ass* (page 62), this month's lead fiction, is a case in point. Donleavy, who authored *The Ginger Man, A Singular Man,* and other such fictive wonderments, has done it again in *A Fairy Tale of New York* (Delacorte), his latest post-Joycean masterwork, from which *The Million Dollar Ass* was taken. On the down side, **Walter Gutman,** economist, author, underground filmmaker, and frequent contributor to *Penthouse* in its more philosophical moments, examines the three-sided energy crisis facing the nation. In *The Slowing of America* (page 42), he details the material, political, and financial implications of our dramatically shrinking fuel supply. "It's obvious," Gutman says, "that if all the world seeks to live in the American style, while Americans seek to make this style groovier and groovier, then at some time we're going to run out of gas, and also out of coal, uranium, firewood, cow chips, geothermal steam, and even silicon chips for capturing solar energy." Now that's a frightening thought, and one that brings to mind the words of Swami Satchidinanda: "Where are we going so fast?" "Toward doing nothing," is the answer **Dr. John C. Lilly** would give. Lilly, author of *Man and Dolphin, The Mind of the Dolphin,* and *The Center of the Cyclone,* is a volatile amalgam of mystic and scientist who has been waging a long campaign against the established ways of looking at life. In this month's *Interview* (page 72), he talks with Jules Siegel about his seminal work with dolphins, his problems with the American defense establishment (the U.S. wanted to train dolphins to carry weapons underwater in Vietnam), and his current position as an experimenter with and devotee of the LSD experience. The good doctor believes that man is ready for an evolutionary jump in consciousness. As for himself, he's spending 90 percent of his time "learning how to do nothing," and is working toward making that 100 percent. Chances are remote that you'd ever find **Alistair MacLean** doing nothing. This prolific author of some fifteen adventure-suspense novels, including *H.M.S. Ulysses, The Guns of Navarone,* and *Where Eagles Dare,* makes his first appearance in *Penthouse* with a section of his new novel, *The Way to Dusty Death* (page 46). A tough story of life, death, drugs and foul play on the international Grand Prix circuit, *Dusty Death* follows Johnny Harlow, a top racing driver who seemingly loses his nerve after a terrible crash, but is later revealed to be an undercover agent racing after a ring of baddies who wreak havoc on the track. Lots of spills and tire squealing in this one. In another vein, **Lawrence Galton** spills the beans on *Freak Diets* (page 122). A science and medicine writer, Galton is the author of more than five hundred articles and six books on the subject of man and health; he also teaches at Purdue University. Galton dissects a platter of dietary myths and warns against such freak and fad approaches as macrobiotics, diet pills (amphetamines), and the high-protein, low-carbohydrate schemes for losing weight. Man and diet exist in a complex relationship to each other, and serious abuses can result in illness and even death. Galton points out that 10 to 15 percent of all Americans are overweight, and on any given day at least twenty million of us are either on a diet or getting ready to start one. Remember *that* when you try to close the tops of your new fall trousers! The icing on this anniversary number of ours is **Isaac Hayes**. In a quiet mood of sensitive reflection, Black Moses talked with us (page 49) about his life: "I was born in the general area of Covington, Tennessee. . . . There's one store and a water tank. I lived there with my grandparents, who were sharecroppers." He tells us, "My first experiences with women were painful. . . ." He describes his awareness of his own sexuality: "Sex plays a great part in my life. I had to grow up fast—I had to be a man fast." Hayes is a complex man. Though he's the Bad Brother of Soul, the man who made the music for *Shaft*, he is deeply religious, and his greatest joy in life has been to see his grandmother catch his act at the Academy Awards and to provide a chauffeured car for her. Hayes is tough, yet touching, in his words even as he is in his songs.

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Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method. Kool Kings 17 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Kool Longs 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

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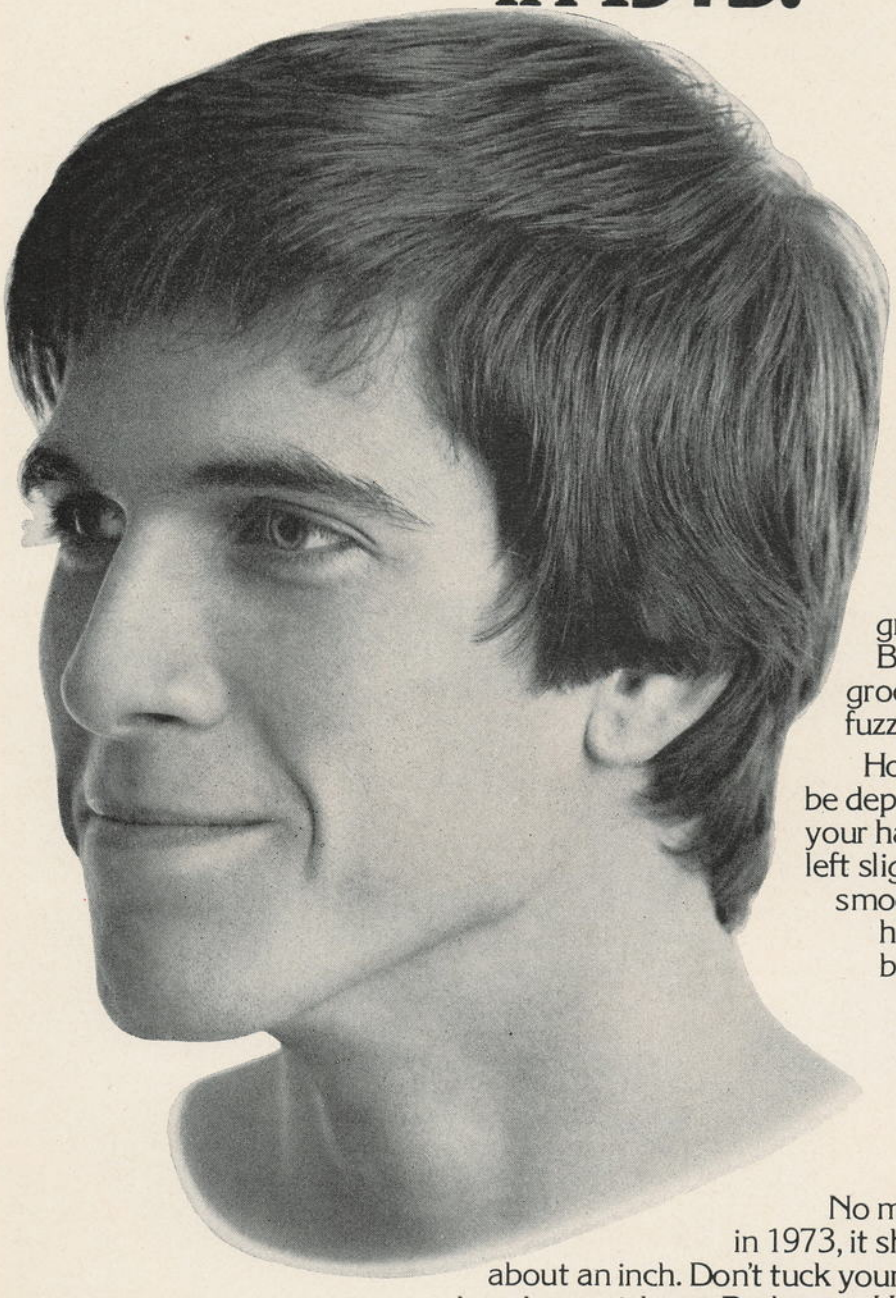
Brylcreem tells you how to have short hair in 1973.



Short is still the opposite of long. But super-clipped sides are out. Your hair should be about the same length all over. Say 1″ to 1-1/2″ depending on texture. If your side hairs are growing to this length a little Brylcreem Hairdressing will groom them so they don't look fuzzy and unruly.

How short your top hair should be depends on how curly it is: if your hair is straight, it should be left slightly longer so it lies smoothly in place; if your hair is really curly, it should be cut slightly shorter so it forms a little bulk. Conditioning with Brylcreem Hairdressing gives your hair a healthy-looking bounce no matter what length it is.

No matter how short your hair is in 1973, it should cover your eartops by about an inch. Don't tuck your hair behind your ears; it just makes them stick out. Brylcreem Hairdressing will train your hair to cover your eartops neatly.

There is no excuse for short sideburns. They should stop about 1/2″ above the bottoms of your ears.

And how to have long hair in 1973.

Longer hair today is layered hair; cut so your hair is about 4" long on the top and sides, and 6" long in back. (The Apache look is a thing of the past.) Keep your newly styled hair in place all day with Power Hold Dry Spray, the long-lasting hairspray by Brylcreem. A little spritz will do ya!

If your long hair is getting thin on top, cut it shorter; it will bulk up and look thicker. If you're training hair over a thin place, Power Hold Dry Spray is your best friend for holding it where you want it all day.

First you make a definite part in layered hair this length. Then you comb it from the whorl at the crown of your head. Groom top hair forward, side hair and back hair directly down.

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SEPTEMBER

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The other side of the Pill

I am writing because I have found myself in a disastrous situation. Many men may not be aware of how easily they could find themselves in the same situation. I am being sued in a paternity suit! Here is the background.

While in the service, I was stationed at Long Beach Naval Hospital. Steve, a good friend and co-worker of mine, had been transferred to San Diego. Steve knew a family in San Diego who had some furniture for sale. Since I knew a young lady in Orange County who needed furniture, he and I went to look at it one weekend when I was visiting. The family offered us drinks and we discussed the furniture.

They had a nineteen-year-old daughter. After several more drinks I invited her to go dancing.

She could not get in anyplace where liquor was served, so we went to Steve's apartment. Soon she and I went to the bedroom.

Now this was going a bit fast. I asked her if she knew what she was doing. She looked at me as if I had insulted her and answered, "Yes, I'm on the Pill and my mother knows about it."

"Well fine," I thought and we hit the rack.

I would drive down to see Steve every once in a while, and when I did, this girl would come over to the apartment. At the end of one weekend in March, she became "mopey" and depressed. She had to tell me something—she was pregnant.

She had spent the whole weekend—filled with lovemaking—with me and had not said anything until I was ready to go. She told me she had missed two pills. I asked her what she wanted; she did not want anything. I asked what she was going to do; she said nothing. I told her to go to a free clinic and find out for sure if she was pregnant, and that I would be in touch. We'd figure out what to do from there.

Right from the beginning I had discussed with this girl the kind of relationship she wanted. I told her that as far as I was concerned, it was just a friendly relationship, a sex relationship, whatever you want to call it, but it was not going to become anything more than that. She had said that she did not want more involvement. So when I heard she was pregnant, I reaffirmed that I was not going to marry her.

A week later I got a phone call from her telling me that she was not pregnant. She said she had missed two periods, thought she was pregnant, but was not. I said, "That means you had a period?" She answered yes. I was relieved but definitely was not going to see her again. If she missed a pill once, she could do it again. A week after the first phone call I got another call and she said she was pregnant.

It was my understanding at that time that you had to have a psychiatric interview before you could get an abortion. I went to San Diego, picked her up, and took her back to Long Beach, where she saw a psychiatrist. He gave her a letter approving the abortion. I took her back to San Diego and to a free clinic where we had the tests run. They were positive. We then had an interview with a counselor who gave us the address of an abortion clinic. Then we went back to Steve's apartment and called to set up an appointment for the abortion the next day, a Saturday.

In the meantime her parents had been looking for us and calling Steve. Steve had gotten the impression that they knew what was going on, so I summoned my courage and went to her house to face them. They knew she was pregnant and when we told them we had an abortion set up, the father said she would have an abortion over his dead body. He told me he used to mess around, but he was lucky—he never got caught. I got caught and I was going to pay for it.

Her mother said that I could do it the hard way or the easy way. I asked what the hell that was. She said I could either sign the papers or they would take me to court.

It had never occurred to me that I could be taken to court. I was concerned about an innocent child coming into the world with no parents. I was concerned about the fear the girl must have been going through.

The girl didn't say anything.

Well, I am now being sued. But what is my crime? What did I do wrong?

After putting myself and everyone close to me through a tremendous amount of mental anguish, it seems that what I did wrong was to have believed the girl. I believed that she would do what she said she was going to do—take the Pill. We had a verbal contract that we wanted to have sex together, that we did not want to have a child from that union and that she would take the precautions so that we would not have a child.

As a matter of fact, I have no idea if I am even the father. I was only down there a few days out of the month. I feel that making love is one of the most beautiful things in the world. I do, however, feel very strongly about taking precautions so that an innocent child will not be brought into the world. If the girl is not taking birth control pills I'll take precautions, or we won't do it.

But what happens if a girl on the Pill decides that she wants to have a baby? She doesn't take the Pill. She gets pregnant. Now the guy is stuck.

The way the laws are today, in a paternity suit, the man is assumed guilty until he can prove himself innocent. All the girl has to do is point her finger and say, "He did it." There are routine blood tests taken that can prove you innocent, but they cannot prove you guilty. Several people could fit into the same blood type. Aside from that, or lying in court, or coming up with several guys who had sexual intercourse with her during the same period of time, a guy really does not have much to stand on and he pays through the nose—court costs, doctor bills and child support supposedly based on his income.

A lot of women are complaining these days. They feel they should have sexual freedom. I agree completely with them; I think they should. But with the laws the way they are, I really cannot blame a guy for going back to the old adage, "Find 'em, fuck 'em, forget 'em and whatever you do, don't give them your right name." Most women, of course, would not stoop to this kind of thing. The man who lies to a woman, cons her into bed and gets her pregnant should be taken into court and forced to pay. However, the pendulum swings both ways. Today I think maybe the

WHY IS THE BRASS MONKEY STILL IN HIDING?

New inquiries suggest some nasty realities in the story behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Imperial Secret Service in World War II.

On a foggy night in Macao in 1942, a name was whispered into the darkness. "Rasske! H.E. Rasske!"

Was this simply the cover name of an Allied spy—code-named the Brass Monkey? Or, was it also the alias of a Japanese agent?

Lately, some of our mail has suggested a startling new theory to resolve the contradictions in the Brass Monkey legend. Is it possible that Admiral Kokura, head of Kempeitai Counterespionage, and H.E. Rasske were both double agents—and that *each* was protecting *the other*?

The Story As Originally Told.

The "facts" as leaked so far, revolve around a notorious club allegedly operated in the port of Macao. A small brass figurine squatting in a niche at the door gave the place its name, and the sunshine yellow drink they served, its renown. Both were known as the Brass Monkey.

We are asked to assume, perhaps too conveniently, that only our operatives knew that the drink was the key to a spy. That by scratching out the words, "No Evil" from the coaster under the Brass Monkey cocktail, then eliminating every letter from "The Brass Monkey" that didn't match those in "See, Hear, Speak," the name of the contact—H.E. Rasske—would be revealed.

Secrets of a Bar-Girl.

Is it possible that none of these coasters got into the wrong hands: even though members of the Kempeitai no doubt infested the place? Surely they pumped every likely employee for information, especially the club's bar-girls. These girls routinely tempered their own intake of liquor by mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Even with this stratagem, is it possible that none of these girls, however innocently, ever let slip a single piece of information? Or, that all of them successfully resisted the temptation to sell out? Possible, but unlikely.

Incriminating Evidence?

How then was the Brass Monkey spy ring able to perform so cavalierly right under the nose of the enemy? Surely, it was more than dumb luck.

Kokura was quoted as saying, "The Brass Monkey is worth two aircraft carriers in the Coral Sea." Was this ambiguous remark a guarded admission that Rasske was more valuable to Japan alive than dead? Or, was his value to Kokura himself?

That would solve the riddle of the all-too-accommodating suicide of the Macao Kempeitai section chief *and* the closing of the Club itself at about the same time. Both events could have been engineered to cover Kokura, if the section chief was about to un-mask him as a double-agent.

Behind the Mask.

The possibility that the Brass Monkey himself was "doubling" (with headquarters' approval, of course) is too logical to discount. But why is the Brass Monkey still in hiding? Has he secrets still too dangerous to divulge? Does a former Japanese admiral still vow revenge for his betrayal? Or, could certain of Rasske's own ex-functionaries believe to this day that he deceived them?

Will the Brass Monkey ever show his face again? We don't know. Mr. H.E. Rasske, if that *really is* your name—will you?

What's a Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. The color of sunshine with the mystery of moonlight. If you've got a long evening ahead of you, try mixing the Brass Monkey with orange juice. Especially if you have your own secrets to keep.

The face in this photograph is said to be H.E. Rasske, the man we think was the Brass Monkey.

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man does need some protection from the law.

I do think that maybe your readers should be aware of the possibilities. If you have any advice or assistance for me, it certainly would be appreciated.—*J.C. (name withheld) Orange, Calif.*

Your situation is certainly one that could become more commonplace with the advent of the Pill. Obviously, the best way to avoid it is to take precautions in advance. However, the legal problems that arise after a woman has become pregnant can be quite complex. Different jurisdictions have different laws relating to paternity suits. Since your situation arose in California we suggest you speak to California counsel to determine what rights and remedies you may have.—Editor

Trap the clap

I watched with interest Mr. Guccione's appearance on the Phil Donahue Show, and got the inspiration to write you. I could believe that you are really sincere in accomplishing beneficial effects in our society if you showed all aspects of sex in general and promiscuity in particular.

It would seem to me that if any group wanted to really promote wholesome sexual attitudes, it might want to clean it up medically. Hypothetically I mean that any type of sex, licit or illicit, would be far more pleasurable if we could eliminate the horror of VD. (Or would this have a tendency to reduce sales?) The doctors are really powerless to clean this up because they represent that which is square. Your word with your readers would carry much more weight. It just doesn't make sense that something that can give so much pleasure should be dangerous.

Now this is my suggestion: form a club which would be dedicated to eradicating the diseases among its members by measures that would require regular examinations. A card would certify the health of the individual. Certainly it would not be foolproof, but it surely would go a long way toward accomplishing what the doctors are trying to do, for if VD continues to rise, there won't be any sex for anyone, it will all be eaten up by VD.

So let's try to preserve a good thing.—*Joseph J. Scafuti, Jacksonville, Fla.*

Lightweight champion

My girl is 5'1" and weighs 105 lbs. I am 5'8" and weigh 155 lbs. One night in bed she playfully rolled over on me and, after straddling me, pinned my shoulders firmly to the mattress so that I couldn't move. Then she playfully slapped me across the face and taunted me, saying things like, "Can't you get up?" Over the next few dates, she kept goading me—saying she could take me any time: wrestling, boxing or in any no-holds-barred contest. Finally, I agreed, figuring to toy with her, let her have some fun and finally pin her and end this nonsense.

On our next date we cleared her recreation room of all furniture, both stripped down to bikini pants and started the contest with the agreement that total submission by one or the other would establish the victor. After a few preliminary grabs and slaps, she drove her fist into my gut just below the navel and, as I doubled over, clouted me behind the ear and sent me to my knees. I got up somewhat dazed. From the look on her face I knew I'd have to get busy. I grabbed her, but she got a bear hug on me and forced me to my knees. She let go and I got up to try again. I tried to punch her but she blocked and dropped me on my back with a punch to the jaw.

I got up, realizing she could lick me. But pride wouldn't let me give up. Finally she brought me to my knees with a full nelson, wrapped her legs around me in a body scissors and squeezed me and shook me till I was limp and weak. Then she turned me on my back, pinned me and asked if I'd had enough. I knew I was beaten and said yes. My humiliation and embarrassment had taken less than five minutes. She said, "Now you will submit to me unless you want more." I was exhausted and knew I had no choice. She ordered me to lie on my stomach. When I did so, she sat on my back facing my legs, stripped off my bikini bottoms and subjected me to a postillioning that ended with my having a terrific orgasm. She has hinted at a rematch, but I know that she is superior to me, and my pride makes me feel that I should break off with her. The problem is that I found the whole episode very erotic.—*R.H. (name withheld), Toronto, Canada*

Prison letter

I am writing this letter to offer comment on the outstanding quality of your magazine. I am an inmate of the state prison at Soledad, Calif., and cannot afford the luxury of a subscription to your publication. Fortunately, every few months or so, I am able to glance through a copy belonging to someone else. It was in this manner that I became acquainted with *Penthouse* and since that time I have formed the firm intent to one day take out a subscription of my own.

First, allow me to say that I find the entire format of *Penthouse* an expression of exemplary quality and expertise. In particular, I would single out the fantastic statement-making ability of your staff photographers. I offer evidence that proves this ability beyond question when I say that I have discovered myself studying your photographs with the same subjectivity that one ordinarily reserves for a fine painting by one of the masters. The combination of craftsmanship and statement accomplished by your photographers certainly rates the highest honors in the field.

In praising *Penthouse* I find that I am irresistibly drawn to comment on its detractors. Too often in these complex and confusing times people blindly lash out in frustration and anger, thus depriving themselves of the not-infrequent uplifting hand. It is incredible that even half-intelligent human beings should experience a sense of shame and fear of the most familiar form in nature—the human body! And that they should resist so resolutely the growing awareness of self-appreciation is a paradox indeed.

As for the evil-seekers and soothsayers running frightened in our country, they have only to look inward to discover the source of their evils and fears. If they could but see themselves for what they are, then they would truly have cause to feel shame.—*Frederick J. Parks, California State Prison, Soledad, Calif.*

A Southern Sheriff

I very much enjoyed the story in the May issue called *A Southern Sheriff* by John Bowers. I wish all law enforcement people could read it. Respect, not muscle, breeds respect.

My appreciation for a fine magazine.—*R.J. (name withheld), Nevada City, Calif.*

The law

In response to the letter by Mr. Zum in your May issue, it should be noted that his predicament, while regrettable, was no different from what it would have been had his accident occurred in Florida, or any other state.

What American consulates abroad may and may not do is determined by Congress and by our treaties and conventions with foreign governments. At present, the only way for a traveler to protect himself against monetary difficulties resulting from a casualty overseas is to take out insurance. One way to overcome the difficulty in cashing personal checks overseas is to carry

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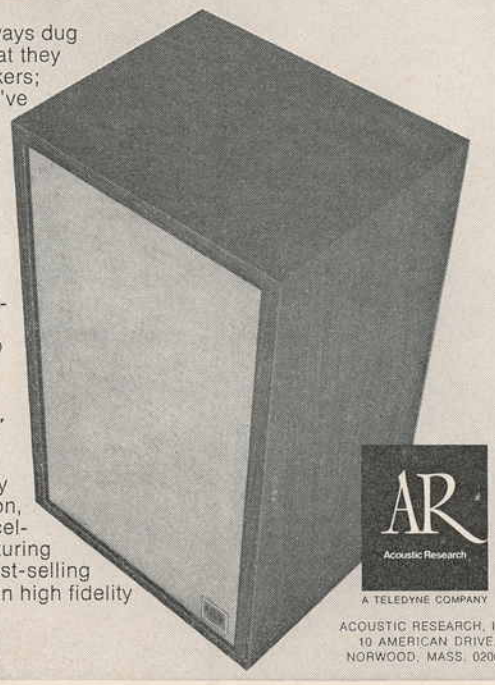

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a bank credit card with cash advance privileges, or a travel and entertainment card with check-cashing privileges.

The immediate problems that Mr. Zum faced as a result of the accident are one more argument in favor of no-fault automobile insurance. But they also point up one more fact: the age of "extraterritoriality" among the great powers is long past. Americans must be prepared to subject themselves to the laws of whatever country they may visit—however different those laws may be from the ones back home. This may be a good time of the year to remind people that this applies to customs and narcotics laws too—laws which may be far harsher and taken far more seriously abroad than in our own country.—*Andrew Grossman, Counselor at Law, Astoria, N.Y.*

Take from the rich

I see my old friend, Dr. L.W. King, Jr. from Sioux Falls, S.D., has now become a PhD in business economics. Regarding his comment in the June *Penthouse* issue that magazines should raise their subscription rates, I would like to say that all of us do indeed look forward to each new issue, but to raise your rates is not the answer. With the price of magazines today one must almost plan it into his monthly budget. The only answer to the problem is to have the advertisers pick up the tab.—*Bruce J. Mathisen, Duluth, Minn.*

One man's music . . .

Since the withholding of his address makes a direct reply impossible, I hope that you will allow me to comment on the letter by Mr. Orin Kimball which appeared in the April issue. He was the individual who complained that the Everly Brothers should have been included in the 100 all-time albums list. How absurd.

To my mind, the reason they were omitted was obvious. The person(s) who made up the list wished only to include performers with talent. Seriously now, how can a rational human being honestly believe that the Everly Brothers are one of the main foundations of the rock scene today? Only an ignoramus would even speak of the Everly Brothers and the Allman Brothers Band in the same paragraph. Talent is comprised of more than nasal whining in two-part harmony.

I would suggest that Mr. Kimball shake some of the Wildroot out of his ears and have a real listen to the Allman Brothers Band and to Yes, whom he also called a borderline case. If his senses are not too dulled by now he will discover what real talent is.—*W. E. Shank, Ontario*

Bravo to *Penthouse*, not only for your lovely ladies, but for the unusually perceptive record review by David Dalton in *Sounds* in the May issue. It does a Byrds fan's heart good to see them receive an intelligent review, instead of the smug put-downs and excuses given by rock publications and Columbia Records.

My praise is qualified by certain disagreements with Dalton. True, the original Byrds began many trends ahead of their time, and true again, personal disharmony was their downfall. But they did not turn to country music in desperation; country strains were always just below the surface, particularly in Hillman's background. Next, I disagree with labeling certain albums merely "pleasant." Along with *Younger than Yesterday* (1967), *Notorious Byrd Brothers* (1968, during which Crosby and Clarke left) and *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* (1968, with Gram Parsons added), are generally considered to be the group's brilliant albums. Also, McGuinn's "new" Byrds (1968 to 1973) were a tight, professional unit, especially in live performance.

Now for the praise, concerning the review of

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the Byrds' reunion album on Asylum Records. Almost every rock magazine has criticized it because the group doesn't sound the way it did years ago. This attitude is unfair, considering the varied careers and interests of the ex-Byrds. Imagine the Beatles reuniting, then being panned for not playing "Twist & Shout." At least Dalton listened to the album for what it is—different, perhaps imperfect, but nonetheless amazing that these talented, dynamic musicians can still work together. Once the listener puts aside preconceived ideas and studies the music, it begins to sound rather good.

Clark's songs are folksy, as on his solo effort; Hillman's reflect the light country vein of Steve Stills' Manassas group; McGuinn's and Crosby's show their varied, if uneven, abilities. Over-all, the LP is much like the original group; usually very good but sometimes just average. Dalton says the album is the closing of a cycle, and Clark's song "Full Circle" says the circle can steal a friend, but brings him back and makes him live again. So thanks for accepting the new sound and realizing that it too has its beauty.—*Alan P. Marian, Carlisle, Pa.*

George C. Scott

Thank you so very much! At last an honest interview of George C. Scott! It's the very best I've ever read. Mr. Scott literally leaps at us from the pages. What a refreshingly honest individual, a great actor who knows exactly what he is doing on that stage at all times and the interviewer knew what questions to ask.

Thank you Mr. Scott, Mr. Weisman and *Penthouse*. I just had to give Mr. Scott top billing. —*G. Kaick (address withheld)*

Morgan fallout

This is not just another crank letter! You had better read it, think about it and act on my suggestion, or you may lose subscriptions... $$$$!

I want to make it perfectly clear that I thoroughly enjoy *Penthouse* magazine and at the present time prefer it to *Playboy*. I will continue to purchase *Penthouse* in spite of the fact that Henry Morgan writes for it. I can accept Mr. Morgan's involvement by recalling the "old apple in the barrel" story.

Mr. Morgan's article *Step Into My Parlor*, in the April issue, made reference to Naturopathy in an unkind and uninformed manner. For such a wit as Mr. Morgan is alleged to be, he certainly surprised me.

There have been mail-order diplomas available for every profession you could name. If Mr. Morgan had but minimal knowledge of the history of Naturopathy, here or in Europe, he might understand the scope of his inferential insult.

The Naturopathic profession is certainly a small group of physicians compared to the membership of the A.M.A. However, it is an international association and has many publications directed to its members, as well as to the public through health food stores.

I graduated with degrees in both Chiropractics and Naturopathy from our college in Portland, Ore., and therefore feel qualified to speak for both professions. We have always fought the same battles and consequently both Chiropractic and Naturopathic physicians are on friendly terms throughout the world.

I do not know exactly how many Naturopathic and Chiropathic physicians there are in the United States and Canada, not to mention the world, but if only one third of the total number knew about Mr. Morgan's article and each doctor mentioned it to five of his patients, I think we would be looking at a minimum of half a million people, conservatively speaking.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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TONY MOTTOLA Tony & Strings 94813 PROJECT 3
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HELEN REDDY 80857 CAPITOL

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BILL ANDERSON Don't She Look Good 95006 DECCA
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Unless there is an apology and retraction forthcoming of Mr. Morgan's statement on Naturopathy I will alert the editors of all the Naturopathic and Chiropractic publications, and I can assure you the fan story will become a reality.—*William J. Carroll, Ocean Beach, Calif.*

Mr. Morgan said that none of the arrested Toronto massage parlor operators "owned so much as a mail-order diploma in Naturopathy"—the only reference to the profession. Certainly the often-used expressions "instant psychiatrist" and "guardhouse lawyer" do not slur other fine and respected professions. Mr. Morgan accused Naturopathy of absolutely nothing. —Editor

I have just read the so-called "humor" of Henry Morgan in your June issue. I'd just like to inform you that if I were to put together a Henry Morgan doll (which I wouldn't), I would leave off his hand —the one he writes with. His penis must have been put where his brain belongs.—*T.P. (name withheld), New York City*

Are you sure your own funnybone hasn't been omitted?—Editor

International sights

Penthouse has steadily increased the quality of its articles and features to stimulate the reader's mind. I have noticed you are using more international settings for photography background. The use of your outstanding models in exotic backgrounds is greatly welcomed by mature readers, especially if they have traveled internationally. But you fail to give any indication of the locations. *Penthouse* did a fantastic feature on Leslie Leah Burrows in April and could have mentioned that it was shot in various parts of Morocco.—*William James, Cobourg, Ontario*

Pubic discussion

Regarding the letter about the natural reason behind pubic hair, from Dr. Karl H. Stell in your April issue: Pubic hair was created for the purpose of identifying sexually mature persons as opposed to those physically underage. Man was originally created to live naked in a perfect environment. Children were off limits to sexual suitors. The bare pubic mound was a sign of their childhood. Once the hair grew there, it was time for love, and everyone knew it.

This is the opinion of the Creationist. There are a number of us now, you know. We are not necessarily strong religionists, but we accept and study the scientific aspect of supernatural creation, rather than Darwin and post-Darwin evolutionary theory. Had man's family not fallen into rebellion against the Creator, he doubtless would still be living in Paradise, in his original, unambitious state, totally nude! In that case, the pubic hair would be even more significant to his young descendants, as they walked about seeking for themselves a mate. And dear old Adam would doubtless be there to see that things went well, and to bless the union.

Alas, for what might have been!—*Harry Hollingsworth, Inglewood, Calif.*

Regarding Mr. Snider's letter, in the May *Forum* section, about his belief that your magazine has brushed out the most beautiful part of the woman, her "bush," I have to go along with him, for when a woman removes her panties her bush is always matted down, not fluffed up as in your pictures.

The best way to overcome this is to comb away from the lips; or better yet, take a razor and let there be no doubt as to your good intentions.

Your magazine and girls have to be the greatest! There can be no doubt about that!—*C.D. (name withheld), New York City*

I simply must comment on a particular picture in your May, 1973 issue. The one to which I refer is of Linda Diane on page 57. I find myself amazed by the sight of her furry mono-kini. You see, I have been in the U.S. Army for nearly six months and it appears she has more hair covering her womanhood than I have on my head. My advice would be for her to stay away from military barbers!—*(name withheld), Fort Sill, Okla.*

In response to two letters in your May issue (my first introduction to your superb publication), I'd like to echo the feeling of Paul Snider on pubic hair pictures. If nothing was brushed out, then in at least some of the pictures it must have been brushed in. Why not try brushing the pubic hairs out of the way on a few shots? I too would like to see the lips I'd love to kiss.

The other letter which prompts this writing was from K.W.P. and had the title The Catalyst. K.W.P. tells how much *Penthouse* has affected his sex life for it has such an erotic effect on his wife. The thing that really turns my wife on is looking at naked men. I'm sure there must be other wives (and single women) who feel the same way. I, for one, would appreciate your including some photos of naked men in your future editions. And not just from the rear view, but showing a full view of the penis—the pubic hairs would not get in the way.

After seeing my first issue of *Penthouse* I am subscribing to it instead of *Playboy*, which I now take. I'm not renewing my subscription to *Playboy*.—*W.M. (name withheld), Panama City, Fla.*

Words from women

I am one of your female readers. I really enjoy *Penthouse* Forum, Miss Hollander's articles are great, and the pictorial in the April issue (*Pair Play*) was one of your best. Have you ever done a survey on the number of women who buy and read Penthouse? Do you think men resent the fact that women buy your magazine when it states it's an international magazine for men?

I'd like to tell you why I read *Penthouse*—I love sex as much as any man (if not more) and I like to see what turns a man on. I've got a steady guy who gets beautiful hard-ons when I try some of your Pet's poses, and that turns me on. Sex isn't dirty, it's beautiful, and so is the human body. Since *Penthouse* was the first (in my book, anyway) to show how beautiful the female body is, I'm waiting for the true beauty of the male body to be shown in print. Let's face it, why were so many women rushing to the newsstands to purchase the centerfold of Burt Reynolds? Well, I've said it, and I'm sure there are a lot of females who will call me a dirty old lady, when deep down they feel the same way as I do.

Thank you for letting me express my feelings, and keep up the good work.—*C.A. (name withheld), Litiz, Pa.*

My husband brings home *Playboy* for him and *Penthouse* for me. I love your articles.

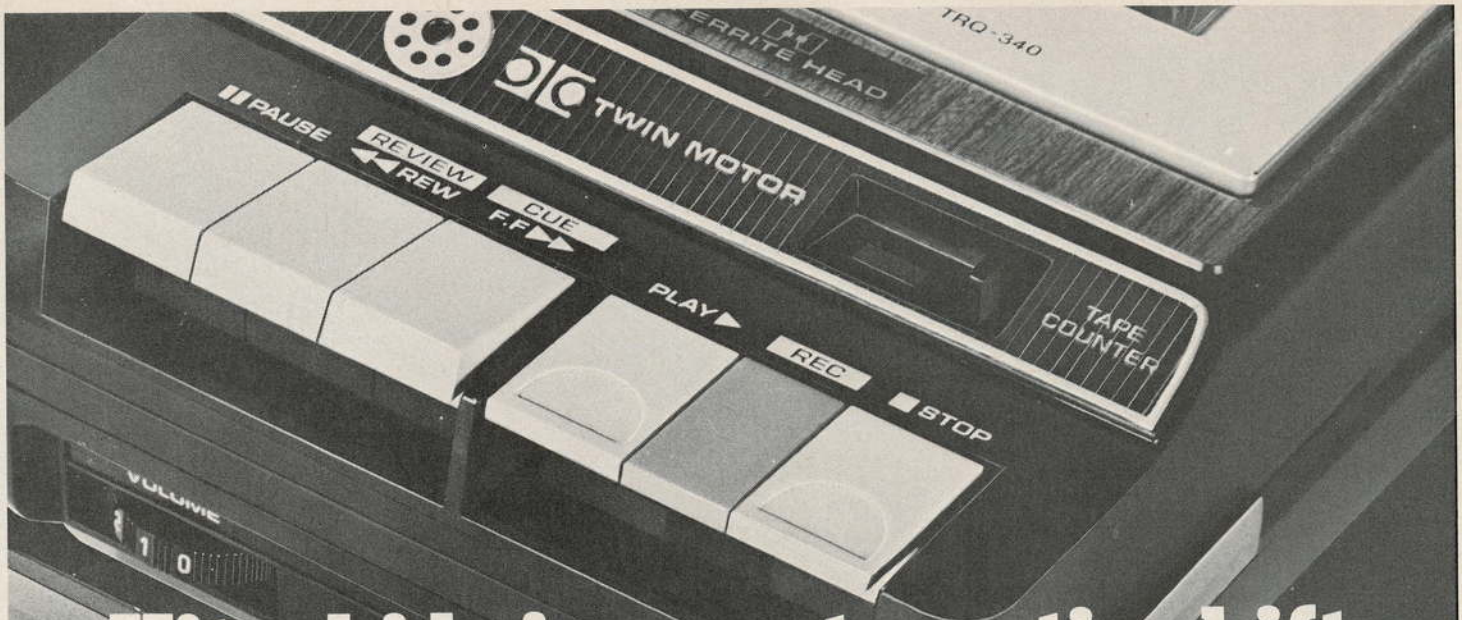
As for the pictures, how about some unveiling of the male sex organs? I think a lot of your female readers would enjoy the magazine more if there were more naked men without hands covering the penis like in the April issue. How about more excitement for the girls?

And while you're at it, some close-ups of the vaginal area would add a lot, too.—*J.C. (name withheld), Whiting, Ind.*

I have just purchased a magazine called *Troy's Boys*. I read the title page and just honor it. It said that due to the lack of magazines for women, this one was published to fill the gap.

Also, it said that "the male human figure is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



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unjustly neglected and avoided." I agree with this 100 percent. Sure—the publication of such a magazine is becoming more widespread, but right now it's only in "certain kinds" of bookstores.

You may already be in the process of publishing such a magazine. I don't know, but if you're not, please consider it.

I am ready, any time, for the privilege of walking into a public store, and seeing beside *Playboy* or *Penthouse* a magazine called the *U.S. Male*. Women have the desire to see a nude man's body, and they have the urge, and whoever said they didn't was only fooling himself.

I am writing to you not only for me, but for many, many others.

Look at the widespread sales of *Cosmopolitan* when they had the nude Burt Reynolds. Can you imagine the sales of a monthly magazine of the same sort. Please think about it. Wake up—it's 1973, not 1894.—*(name and address withheld)*

I am very excited to hear of the new magazine you are publishing called *Viva*. I am looking forward especially to the pictorials you boast about. It is a pleasure to know that there is finally a magazine which will appeal to women's erotica.

I hope *Viva* will assume the same principle as *Penthouse* magazine, centerfolds included.

I'm looking forward to some fine reading. Much success.—*Gail Morris, Amityville, N.Y.*

I recently heard about your new magazine for women, *Viva*, and I would like to obtain a copy. If I like the magazine I wish to subscribe.

Due to my location I doubt if I could obtain a copy of *Viva* on my own, so I would appreciate it if you could mail me a copy and bill me for it or direct me to the nearest store that carries *Viva*.—*Patricia Danley, Lake Havasu City, Ariz.*

***Viva** will be on all major newsstands with **Penthouse** in mid-September.—Editor*

Taking another look

Could you possibly put out a "Best of Penthouse," particularly from the early issues? Your *early* pictorials are what sold your fine magazine and made its name known. Certainly you could revisit Miss Amber Smith or run all those sexy original pictures again, along with some other "classics."—*Walter Mahoney, Somerville, Mass.*

It's coming, it's coming.—Editor

Pet partisans

Lovely Sandi Greco, on the May front cover and centerfold, once was a teller in the Attleboro branch of the First Bristol County National Bank. Goodness, we hardly recognized her!—*Ted Gay, Taunton Daily Gazette, Taunton, Mass.*

When Seekonk's Class of 1971 voted Sandi Greco best-dressed girl in their class, I think they overlooked what was underneath her best-dressed surface. Too bad. They sure did miss a lot.—*(name withheld), Seekonk, Mass.*

I would imagine that it's easy for Avril Lund to say she likes to look at "small-breasted women." I wonder if they feel the same about her. FANTASTIC!—*R.J. (name withheld), El Monte, Calif.*

It's not often that I write to a magazine but your March, 1973 issue prompted this letter.

Being substantially less endowed than Avril Lund, I feel her praise of small-breasted women to be patronizing. Possibly she intended it to be a humorous remark. Maybe she's serious. Being a tall, slim 34-A, I get very little satisfaction from looking at Miss Lund. In fact, it makes me feel quite uncomfortable and I'm glad she does not go to my beach.

I hope you print my letter, but please do not print my name. I feel bad enough already.—*F.D. (name withheld), Pasadena, Calif.*

That settles the question

Concerning your subscription ad ("Can you tell what this is?"), of course I can–it's a belly button.

Also in your May issue you awakened a bit of personal eroticism in me with *Linda Unlimited*. The sight of pubic hair finding its way tantalizingly out of a loose fitting bikini bottom had me panting for the exit and reminded me of my voyeurism at Rockaway Beach in the summertime.

I do believe that some young ladies purposefully comb it that way.—*T.E. (name withheld), Brooklyn, N.Y.*

A big request

While reading the Forum section in the May issue I was particularly interested in two letters you printed, one from a gentleman who seemed to be a rabid tit man, and the other about a stripper with a tricky vagina. Well, like both of these men I have found a combination I go for also, a stripper with the biggest pair of tits I've seen yet.

She boasts a 73-inch pair, and from the front row they sure looked it, big, ripe and luscious. How about a photo spread on some of the big girls like this some time? I'm not knocking what you've displayed so far, but I haven't seen over forty-inches in *Penthouse* yet, and I've been reading you from your first issue.

There's a lot of us tit men out here, and I think we deserve a play once in a while. Also, I know I'd love to see this miss in print in *Penthouse* someday. I bet she'd up circulation a bit for you.

How about it? A few chesty types for us tit men. I'm not caring whether they're middle-aged, big-butted, amputees or whatever else you've been asked for, just as long as they stretch the tape measure some.

Well, now I've had my say, so keep up the good work, *Penthouse*, don't change a thing. Your magazine outdoes all the rest, and whether or not you find some of the big ones to print I'll keep on enjoying what you are offering.—*H.B. (name withheld), Elmhurst, N.Y.*

Hathaway girl

I enjoy reading the letters in *Penthouse* on monopede mania. I think your magazine should print more letters on this subject and even getting amputee models and devoting a section to monopede mania with pictures and interviews.

The exact mania I have is a girl my age wearing an eyepatch. The black blinker strung under her hair and over one eye flips me out. When she brushes her hair from her face and adjusts the patch, I go wild. I've had a fantasy of making it with a one-eyed girl and fondling the patch and the cheek on which it is worn. In my fantasy, the girl was as beautiful as possible. She wore long bellbottoms, a blazer with a turtleneck blouse, and a lot of jewelry. Her face was heavily made up, with a lot of black eye makeup and a lot of lipstick.

A girl with a disfiguration should not worry. Just get out and be seen. The rest is easy.—*H.R. (name withheld), Brooklyn, N.Y.*

More amputees

I had the honor of meeting a co-worker who was doubly handicapped, being extremely nearsighted and missing the left leg just above the knee. Without glasses she couldn't recognize my face at two feet. In spite of this, she was an attractive girl, with an above-average figure. During working hours she always wore a pants suit or slacks. After a dozen dates or so, we spent one evening at her apartment. She had prepared a nice meal, we listened to some music, relaxed later to some TV and had a good rap session. Toward the end of the evening, she excused herself—to change into something more comfortable, she said. Ten minutes later she came strutting out of her room wearing a dress that ended well above the knees, an exceptionally high-heeled shoe and a trim-looking peg leg. She paraded in front of me with a grin, showing off a beautifully shaped leg and the peg leg, which was nicely fitted to her stump. She could see my surprised look and was waiting for my comment. All that came out was "Wow!" She told me that she occasionally dressed this way just for a change. It was most appealing to me to see the combination of a curvy leg with a spike heel and a peg leg. We ended up in the bedroom, where she stripped to a stocking with the high heel and the peg leg—still wearing her glasses. A short time later everything came off. On our later dates we spent more time in the apartment.

Unfortunately, my company transferred me and it's now too far to travel to see her.—*P.W. (name withheld), Trumbull, Conn.*

I was recently introduced to your magazine by my current boyfriend when he brought me a stack so I could read the letters you have published about men who prefer women amputees to those who still have their arms and legs. He happens to be one of those men and is frank and open about it. While I am attractive and have a good figure (39-26-36), he admitted that he was attracted to me primarily because I have no arms and only one leg. I was born without arms, but a car wreck eight years ago was responsible for my being one-legged.

For twenty years I managed very well without arms, using my feet as other people use hands. Never having had arms and hands, I didn't miss them, although as a child, I was subjected to the cruel tormenting that children inflict upon other children who are different. I soon learned to dress and feed myself, and learned to write in school by holding a pencil or pen with my toes. I was a curiosity at school for a while, but the other kids soon got used to seeing my feet up on my desk writing or holding a book. At one time I had a set of artificial arms, but I could do more things with my feet so I rarely wore them. When I outgrew the arms, they were not replaced. I learned to type in high school, hunting and pecking with my two big toes, and was good enough to get a typing job in a typing pool after graduation. Now, with only one foot, I do have problems doing things for myself, but not much more than someone who has had an arm amputated.

As I reached my early teens, I had resigned myself to not having a social life and was very surprised when I was approached for dates. I wouldn't have believed a boy would want to date a deformed girl. Happily, I was wrong and was asked out as often as any of the other girls. It was not long before I discovered that my lack of arms was one of my attractions. While going through the adolescent stage of necking and groping on the back seat of cars, I found that my dates devoted as much time to my empty, armless shoulders as they did to groping for my budding breasts. I enjoyed their attentions in both areas but couldn't understand why they liked to feel my shoulders so much.

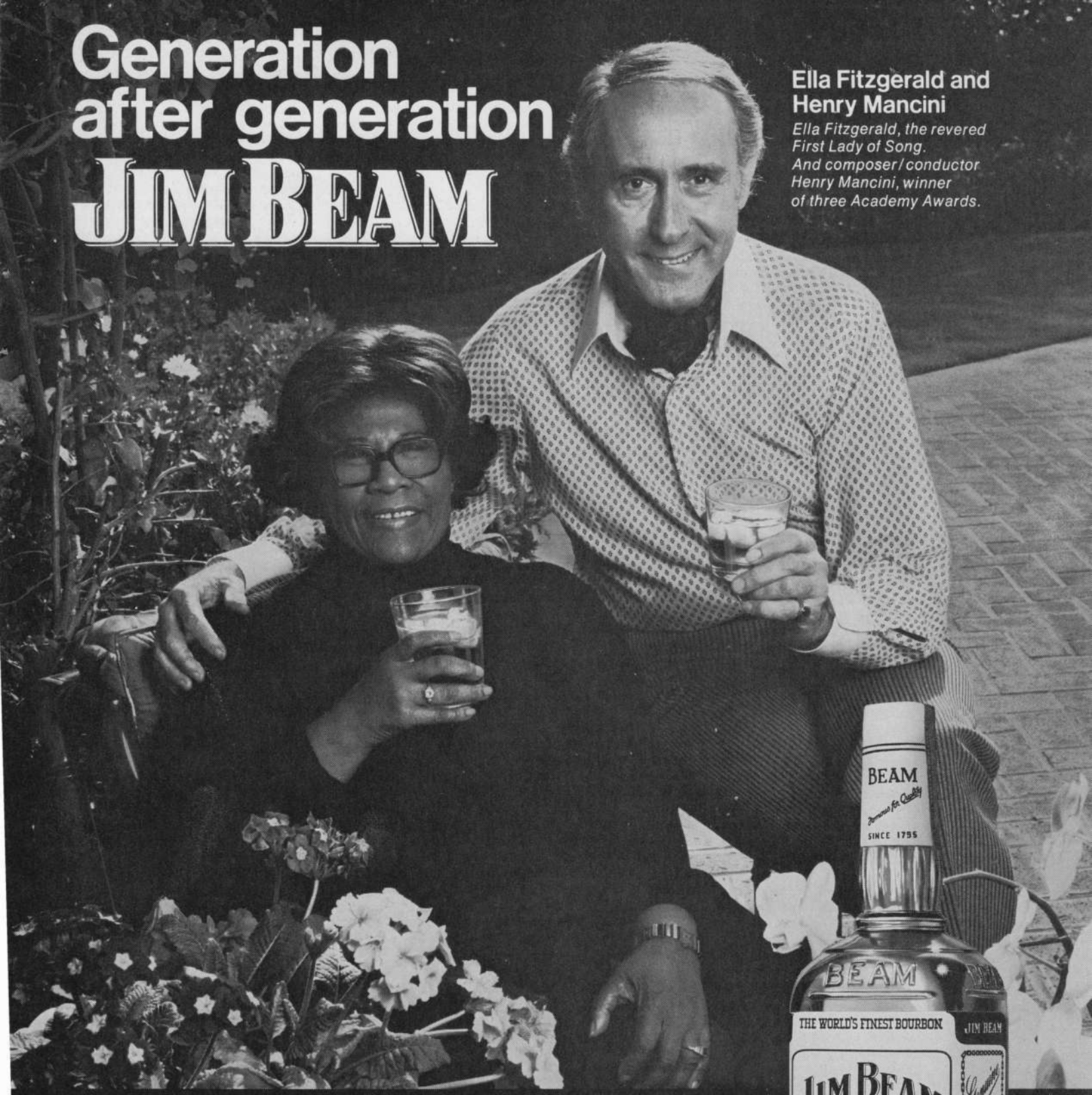
The way I used my feet and legs was a unique experience for my dates, since I grew up in an era when girls wore full skirts that reached to mid-calf and effectively hid legs. Also, at that time a "nice" girl didn't let a boy touch her anywhere below the waist. I would have my date pull my skirt up over my hips to clear my legs

Generation after generation

JIM BEAM

Ella Fitzgerald and Henry Mancini

Ella Fitzgerald, the revered First Lady of Song. And composer/conductor Henry Mancini, winner of three Academy Awards.



The year Ella Fitzgerald recorded her first hit record, the classic "A-Tisket, A-Tasket," an unknown Henry Mancini was playing first flute in his jr. high school band in Aliquippa, Pennsylvania.

They've both achieved unparalleled fame since then, because they're dedicated to their craft.

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and have him sit between them. Then I could hold him around the waist with one leg and reach my other foot up to hold him at his shoulder or neck. I always wore shorts over my panties to maintain some decorum, but in such a contorted position, he could not help touching my exposed thighs. Since I never objected, my legs were thoroughly stroked, examined and played with. I am sure I left many a young man extremely frustrated, as I was a virgin until I was twenty.

I celebrated my twenty-first birthday with a party, a car wreck and having my left leg amputated a little above mid-thigh. I was quite despondent and bitter for a while. Not having any arms in the first place, losing a leg was a little too much. I finally got over my self-pity and found that my friends were still my friends.

I know that any man who dates an amputee does so because he prefers amputees. From my experience, a man either likes a stump or he doesn't. I have never dated a man who didn't care one way or the other. I also know that most of the men I date do not care for my false leg because they like to see and hold my stump. However, since I can't use crutches and refuse to ride in a wheelchair, I have to wear it whenever I go out. If he wants, I will let my date take my leg off at the first opportunity. Once, I let a fellow take it off while we were in a movie. Unfortunately, we misjudged the time and he was attempting to strap it back on me when the picture ended and the lights came on. It was very embarrassing to be caught in a crowded theater with my skirt up around my waist and him fumbling with the straps. After that experience, I have made sure I kept my leg on until we were in a more private situation. If I am entertaining a date in my apartment, I don't wear the leg at all and just hop if I have to move around.

I guess the main reason for this letter is in response to the two legless girls who wrote you not long ago and are now very unhappy about their future prospects. My advice to both is—circulate! Don't be a recluse just because you don't have your legs anymore. Don't try to hide your stumps or pretend you still have legs. Go into any place where men hang out, usually a bar, and you will find many more men who will like your stumps than those who won't. I know from experience and I have amputee girl friends who agree with me. My roommate is one-legged and says her dates like her to wear a peg-leg or crutches. When I lived in California several years ago, I knew a beautiful girl with no legs. Although she had artificial legs, she seldom wore them. Instead, she straddled a padded peg, strapped it to both her stumps, and walked with crutches. Her skirts were just short enough to allow the ends of her short stumps to show. She always had plenty of male attention. Another girl I once knew was, like me, born without arms. She got the attention of every man by walking up to a bar, ordering a drink in a stem glass and then standing there, balanced on her left leg, while she held her drink with the toes of her right foot. Of course, with her looks, figure and long shapely legs, she would not have had any trouble getting men in any case, but being armless didn't detract from her appeal at all.

Finally, one last thing for Jane of Mobile, whose leg-stumps turn off her husband. He can't help the way he feels about your stumps any more than the men who will like them. It is beyond their control. Get your divorce and get back into circulation. You won't have any trouble finding a man who will love you, scarred stumps and all.—*C. D. (name withheld), Columbus, Ohio*

A small request

I have read many letters in *Penthouse* from men who would like to see amputees and old ladies in your magazine. I'm glad to see that you haven't put any in so far. Not that I have anything against amputees or old ladies, but I just don't believe that their place is in a magazine like *Penthouse.*

What would delight my eyes, and I'm sure many others, would be a woman of very little height —yes, I mean a midget—a midget with all her fine features fully exposed.

Why not? People are looking down too much on the little people these days.—*G.S. (name withheld), FPO New York*

New national holiday

In all countries and in many festivals people have a time when they can let their hair down and enjoy themselves in complete freedom. In Europe these festivals are everywhere; only the Mardi Gras in New Orleans approaches it over here.

What I am suggesting is that we have one day a year set aside for lovers of choice. By that I mean a new day of celebration called Ball Day.

Of course we will have to have two days—one for the ladies and one for the men. On their day each can pick the partner of his or her choice.

I suggest April 7 each year as Ball Day. Here the ladies could ask any man for a BD date and he is honor-bound to comply. If he doesn't he has to give her a small gift or take her out to dinner. That is the male forfeit for not following through. If he is already occupied for that day he may say, "I'll take a rain check," and make a date for later. But he must follow through if he possibly can, because he is the lady's choice.

This would give all of the ladies the chance to ask their dream man for a date without causing any fuss or attention. Every girl knows someone or has seen someone that she is just dying to have a date with. The symbol of this day would be a softball, for the ladies' softball teams.

Just as in Europe it is known as the German *Fasching* or other festival, so in America it could be known as Ball Day. Ball could of course mean dance and we could have big get-together dances across the country on that particular day.

The Ball Day for men could be October 7 and the football would be the symbol. A man could walk up to any woman who really appealed to him and ask her for a BD date. She should be flattered! If she refuses she has to pay the forfeit of buying him a drink. If she is busy, but would still like to have the date she could say, "I'll take a rain check," and make it for a few days later.

That certainly would be a great way to get together with your dream partner.—*Ken Hall, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Sweet ride

Your April issue is the best I've seen in months.

I'd like to touch on a subject that I don't recall seeing in your magazine—train travel. In this age of jets and interstate highways, everyone is on the move and all seem to be in a hurry. Several years ago a friend of mine traveled overnight by train and related to me later how he met a girl, started talking, took her to dinner in the dining car and then returned to her roomette for the night. Yes, he also had a roomette for the night, but as it turned out, it wasn't necessary. Thanks to Amtrak we still have passenger trains. I wonder how many readers have made love through the night on a moving train. I recommend it.—*Robert Underwood, Peru, N.Y.*

Phone call

Reading *Penthouse* letters has brightened our sex life. We used to do it twice a week, but now we do it every night with everything from enemas to back issues of *Penthouse.* I thought that I'd jot down our favorite and send it along. I give my wife obscene "phone calls," using two tin cans and a short wire while she performs fellatio. We call it giving a girl a message unit.—*W.D. (name withheld), Santa Rosa, Calif.*

Submersible sex

Last year I was given a good pay raise. This enabled my wife and I to buy the thing that we always dreamed of—a built-in swimming pool in our backyard. My wife and I are both athletic and enjoy swimming and water sports very much. Needless to say, one water sport often leads to another and we found that our clowning in the pool involved close physical contact and got us very turned on. Thanks to the large hedges that surround our yard, the pool is entirely private and one day, while we were both a bit tipsy, my wife and I actually went ahead and made love in our pool. Much to our surprise we found that it was the best sex we ever had and we spent the rest of the day just floating around and experimenting. In fact we spent much of the next two weeks this way.

The product of all our experimentation has given us clues to the best ways of having sex in the water. Our favorite procedure involves my wife floating on her back while I perform cunnilingus while treading water. Then we reverse positions and she sucks me to the greatest erection I have ever known. We perform all foreplay on the surface at the deep end of the pool. But everyone, I'm sure, will have their own favorite ways of using this naturally buoyant waterbed. After we have both been turned on to the bursting point we dive deep into the pool together, tumbling interlocked underwater. Best of all is making love underwater at night. It's like floating weightless in a cool, black void. Holding your breath in the cool hands of the water and coming in the warmth of another's body at the same time is a form of bliss that you simply have to experience to believe.

The only problem, of course, is building up your ability to hold your breath. This is a subtle side-benefit of this whole idea in that my wife and I have been able to quit smoking with the incentive of improving our submarine amours. We have even gotten into some running to increase our lung capacity. So this a highly erotic form of sex and a potentially healthful one as well.—*R.D. (name withheld), Kingston, N.Y.*

Pain and pleasure

I would like to know if other women have similar experiences. Six years ago I married a kind, gentle professional man. I was a virgin and frigid.

For the first year I hated sex. I obliged passively since it was my duty. One evening, when my husband was about to mount me, he looked at me in disgust and left home. I was relieved.

He returned an hour later with a ping pong set. He removed a paddle and spanked my bare bottom until I was screeching. He then threw me on the floor and left the room. I chased after him and couldn't stop myself from seducing him. We did everything. I was transformed into a whore. Having never experienced orgasm before, I had three. We both stayed home from work the next day and had a glorious fucking session.

Six years later the paddle stays under our mattress as a reminder. I am frequently uncooperative in order to encourage spankings.

A spanking prior to sex relieves me of all my guilt feelings and allows my true sexual self to emerge. If anyone else enjoys a spanking before sex, please tell me that I'm not alone.—*C.M. (name withheld), East Meadow, N.Y.*

Family affairs

This letter is to all women readers who have en-

King: 17 mg."tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine.
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Feb.'73).

Put some more flavor in your life

Smoke from the finest tobaccos filtered through a bed of real charcoal to enrich the flavor and soften the taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

joyed an "affair à trois" with their husband and another man. How can I get my wife to join me and another man? I have talked to her concerning the subject, but she won't agree to trying it on a regular basis. We have done it twice in the past and both times she has agreed that it was the most satisfying sexual pleasure she ever had in her life. All responses would be appreciated.

I think your magazine is the greatest. I started buying *Playboy* back in the Fifties , but I stopped after I read your magazine in Vietnam in 1971. Since then I bought your magazine every time I was able to get it. This month I sent in a one-year subscription, so I know that I won't have to worry about missing one of your issues for the next year. Keep up the good work!

My wife looks forward to reading your Forum section every month. She claims that you disappointed her with your pictorial *Pair Play*, in the April, 1973 issue. She said that you could have at least shown the man's penis in some of the pictures.—*H.B. (name withheld), Ft. Hood, Tex.*

One night several weeks ago I left my husband and a friend in our basement family room while I made sandwiches and coffee upstairs. Upon returning to the basement I came upon a scene that was deeply shocking. My husband was committing fellatio with such concentration he failed to hear or sense my reappearance. Our friend, however, saw me.

The seriousness of the situation and my husband's compromising indiscretion should have been the forerunner of a family quarrel. Instead of feeling angry, I was amazed, for our friend was displaying a truly prodigious piece of virility. My husband leaped to his feet and sheepishly made apologetic noises but all I had eyes for was our friend's beautiful, unspent erection. For the first time in my life I appreciated the permissiveness we hear so much about. Shameless as it sounds, I wanted that large penis!

Our friend was visibly mortified and was awkwardly attempting to restore himself. It was sheer impulse—I blurted out, "No, don't," and spontaneously stayed his attempt at concealment.

The rest is a shameful acknowledgement of weakness and adultery. No one suggested undressing. It was automatic. The three of us simply began to disrobe and in the nude our friend was even more overwhelming. I sought no condonation for my compulsion and sprawled brazenly on the floor in unmistakable surrender. He fulfilled my expectations. My ecstatic outcries aroused my husband beyond anything I ever saw. When it was over he all but raped me!

What followed was embarrassment and misgivings. Neither of them would permit me to indulge in self-reproach and persuaded me to yield to more adulterous intercourse which I thoroughly enjoyed. The feeling of guilt disappeared with my second deliberate indiscretion and sometime later I watched my husband and our friend indulge in fellatio. I was fascinated.

Since that unforgettable occasion I have indulged in a whole new behavior pattern with little or no self-censure. The intimacies with my husband and friend are orgiastic now—cunnilingus, intercourse and homosexuality unrestrained! I no longer think about the unconventionality of the arrangement.—*B.W. (name withheld), Denver.*

A vote for *Penthouse* letters to the editor. In your magazine all readers can express themselves, even use appropriate four-letter words. I appreciate this. Occasionally the only way a thought really gets across is by a four-letter word used at the right time.

What do you think of a guy who bought a $150 turntable to go with a $75 amplifier and a pair of $40 speakers?

Smart. Audio "accountants" have formulas for appropriating funds to the various components in a stereo system.

Usually they recommend about 20% of the total to take care of the turntable and cartridge, which is OK if your total is $500 or more.

But what do you do if you really love music, and have a 10-LP-per-month habit that leaves you with peanuts to spend for hardware.

If you followed the accountants' advice you might end up with a $5 or $10 cartridge in a $30 changer. It would be arithmetically compatible, and might even sound OK. But later on, when you can afford that monster system you've had your eyes on, you might find that your records sound worse than they did on your old cheapie system—because the inexpensive changer, with heavy stylus pressure and unbalanced skating force, was grinding up the grooves. And your cheap amp and speakers wouldn't let you hear the damage.

And now that you've spent a pile on high power, low distortion electronics, and, wide-range speakers, you have to spend another pile replacing your records.

So, if you think you will want the best amplifier and speakers later, be smart and get the best turntable now... the BSR 810. Send for detailed specifications. BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.

BSR

A week ago I was traveling and met a gal who fills my requirements—forty-six years old, plump and shaped like a Roman statue. She has large hips without a sagging abdomen, a very thin waist and large firm breasts with nipples that demanded sucking. She was receptive to my overtures at dinner but insisted that her daughter would have to be with us if she came to my motel room. I said okay, and she made a call and within fifteen minutes her daughter arrived with a slender Negress who had the most beautiful skin imaginable. I figured that was it—no shack tonight. But then her daughter suggested we all adjourn to my room where we could relax and "express" ourselves naturally.

When we got to my room the young Negress noticed my copy of *Penthouse* and immediately opened it to the letters. She read them aloud for all our benefit. The gal I had picked up listened attentively, as did her daughter. Then it started.

The mother removed her daughter's dress and caressed her daughter's breasts and cunt through her clothes. She ordered the black girl to disrobe, which she did without hesitation. She caressed the black girl immediately, even to the point of sucking her cunt. The two younger girls performed cunnilingus simultaneously while the mother rubbed her own breasts and masturbated. It was unreal.

Then the mother came over and put her arms around me and kissed me. She undressed me and kissed my neck, nipples, navel, balls and then my cock. By this time both girls were watching and Mother insisted I fuck her daughter.

I had barely entered and stroked a few times when Mother pulled me off and made me stimulate the black girl. I really got turned on and sucked her cunt until she had a massive orgasm. She pulled me up and we fucked until I came. Then both young ladies dressed and left. Mother spent the night with me.

She and I balled before going to sleep and then first thing in the morning. Sleeping with this woman was unforgettable. Naked and almost glued together, we caressed, fondled and enjoyed each other all night.

She took my copy of *Penthouse* when she left in the morning, but we'll meet again soon.—*M.J. (name withheld), Inkster, Mich.*

Too much of a good thing

I have a problem of somewhat magnificent proportions. My wife and I enjoyed a fairly normal sex life, that is, adequate but dull until last year, when I bought her an artificial phallus for her birthday. I intended to liven up our marriage—that it certainly did! It's a huge fourteen-incher and my wife simply can't get enough of it. She calls it her "magic member" and refuses to accept any substitutes for it, including the real thing.

I love my wife and want her to enjoy herself as best she can, but where does this leave me? I feel left out, but what can I do about it? An unusual paradox of the situation is that I'm so excited by watching my wife and her "friend" that I just know I could make her feel better than she ever felt before. I've suggested this to her, but to no avail. I suppose I could purchase an artificial vagina, but I don't want to resort to that. Please help me save my marriage.—*G.S. (name withheld), Milwaukee, Wisc.*

Amputees and art

It's no wonder guys who dig amputees like your magazine, seeing that so many of your pictures of girls have the legs cut off. (Or the top of their head, or part of their butt, arms, feet, etc.)

You, like *Playboy*, ruin more potentially good photos of good-looking females by cutting away some of the best parts. Just don't have as many

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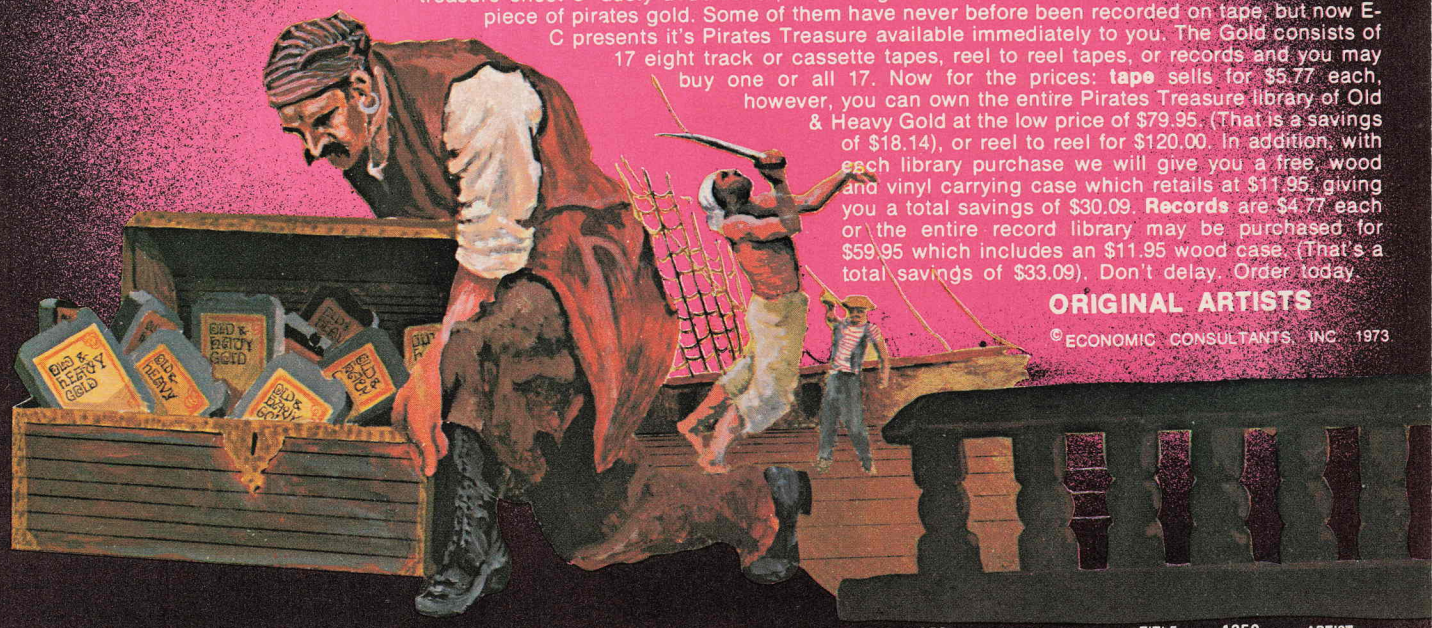

ORIGINAL ARTISTS

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TITLE	1955	ARTIST
1.	Cherry Pink/Apple Blossom White	Perez Prado
2.	Rock Around the Clock	Bill Haley
3.	Autumn Leaves	Roger Williams
4.	Yellow Rose of Texas	Mitch Miller
5.	Love Is A Many Splendored Thing	Four Aces
6.	Moments to Remember	Four Lads
7.	Ain't That A Shame	Pat Boone
8.	Crazy Otto	Johnny Maddox
9.	Hearts of Stone	Fontane Sisters
10.	Let Me Go, Lover	Joan Weber
11.	Hi	Al Hibbler
12.	I Hear You Knockin'	Gale Storm
13.	Unchained Melody	Al Hibbler
14.	Till	Roger Williams
15.	March from the River Kwai	Mitch Miller
16.	Friendly Persuasion	Pat Boone

TITLE	1956	ARTIST
1.	Heartbreak Hotel	Elvis Presley
2.	I Want, I Need, I Love You	Elvis Presley
3.	Hound Dog	Elvis Presley
4.	Don't Be Cruel	Elvis Presley
5.	Love Me Tender	Elvis Presley
6.	My Prayer	The Platters
7.	Only You	The Platters
8.	The Great Pretender	The Platters
9.	Green Door	Jim Lowe
10.	Singing The Blues	Guy Mitchell
11.	Poor People of Paris	Les Baxter
12.	Whatever Will Be, Will Be	Doris Day
13.	Canadian Sunset	Hugo Winterhalter
14.	Allegheny Moon	Patti Page
15.	I Almost Lost My Mind	Pat Boone
16.	Memories Are Made Of This	Dean Martin

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
1.	Bye, Bye Love	Everly Brothers
2.	Problems	Everly Brothers
3.	Love Letters In The Sand	Pat Boone
4.	April Love	Pat Boone
5.	Don't Forbid Me	Pat Boone
6.	Loving You	Elvis Presley
7.	Teddy Bear	Elvis Presley
8.	All Shook Up	Elvis Presley
9.	That's When Heartaches Begin	Elvis Presley
10.	Little Darlin'	Diamonds
11.	Searchin'	Coasters
12.	Young Love	Sonny James
13.	Silhouettes	Rays
14.	Gone	Ferlin Husky
15.	So Rare	Jimmy Dorsey
16.	White Sport Coat	Marty Robbins

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
1.	It's All In The Game	Tommy Edwards
2.	Twilight Time	The Platters
3.	All I Have To Do Is Dream	Everly Brothers
4.	Bird Dog	Everly Brothers
5.	Patricia	Perez Prado
6.	Volare (Nel Blu Di Pinto Di Blue)	Domenico Modugno
7.	Little Star	Elegants
8.	Don't	Elvis Presley
9.	Tom Dooley	Kingston Trio
10.	Get A Job	Silhouettes
11.	Purple People Eater	Sheb Wooley
12.	Poor Little Fool	Ricky Nelson
13.	Yakety Yak	Coasters
14.	Great Balls of Fire	Jerry Lee Lewis
15.	At The Hop	Danny and the Juniors
16.	Peggy Sue	Buddy Holly

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
1.	Mack The Knife	Bobby Darin
2.	Dream Lover	Bobby Darin
3.	Smoke Gets In Your Eyes	The Platters
4.	El Paso	Marty Robbins
5.	Stagger Lee	Lloyd Price
6.	Personality	Lloyd Price
7.	Donna	Ritchie Valens
8.	La Bamba	Ritchie Valens
9.	Charlie Brown	Coasters
10.	Kansas City	Wilbert Harrison
11.	Sleep Walk	Santo and Johnny
12.	The Happy Organ	Dave (Baby) Cortez
13.	Heartaches By The Number	Guy Mitchell
14.	My Heart Is An Open Book	Carl Dobkins, Jr.
15.	Venus	Frankie Avalon
16.	Lonesome Town	Ricky Nelson

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
1.	Theme From A Summer Place	Percy Faith
2.	It's Now Or Never	Elvis Presley
3.	Stuck On You	Elvis Presley
4.	I'm Sorry	Brenda Lee
5.	He'll Have To Go	Jim Reeves
6.	Cathy's Clown	Everly Brothers
7.	Running Bear	Johnny Preston
8.	Last Date	Floyd Cramer
9.	Save The Last Dance For Me	Drifters
10.	Greenfields	Brothers Four
11.	A Thousand Stars	Kathy Young
12.	You Send Me	Sam Cooke
13.	Wonderful World	Sam Cooke
14.	Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Bikini	Brian Hyland
15.	Handy Man	Jimmy Jones
16.	Good Timin'	Jimmy Jones

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
1.	Tossin' and Turnin'	Bobby Lewis
2.	Big Bad John	Jimmy Dean
3.	Exodus	Ferrante and Teicher
4.	Runaway	Del Shannon
5.	Runaround Sue	Dion
6.	Will You Love Me Tomorrow	Shirelles
7.	Travelin' Man	Ricky Nelson
8.	Michael	Highwaymen
9.	The Lion Sleeps Tonight	Tokens
10.	Bristol Stomp	Dovells
11.	Blue Moon	Marcels
12.	Surrender	Elvis Presley
13.	Take Good Care Of My Baby	Bobby Vee
14.	Hit The Road, Jack	Ray Charles
15.	Run To Him	Bobby Vee
16.	Crying	Roy Orbison

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
1.	I Can't Stop Loving You	Ray Charles
2.	Big Girls Don't Cry	Four Seasons
3.	Roses Are Red	Bobby Vinton
4.	Stranger On The Shore	Acker Bilk
5.	Sherry	Four Seasons
6.	Johnny Angel	Shelly Febares
7.	Return To Sender	Elvis Presley
8.	Soldier Boy	Shirelles
9.	The Stripper	David Rose
10.	Breaking Up Is Hard To Do	Neil Sedaka
11.	Ramblin' Rose	Nat King Cole
12.	Good Luck Charm	Elvis Presley
13.	Loco-Motion	Little Eva
14.	Bobby's Girl	Marcie Blane
15.	Monster Mash	Bobby Pickett
16.	The Wanderer	Dion

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
1.	Sugar Shack	Jimmy Gilmer
2.	He's So Fine	Chiffons
3.	Hey, Paula	Paul and Paula
4.	Blue Velvet	Bobby Vinton
5.	Louie, Louie	Kingsmen
6.	Sukiyaki	Kyu Sakamoto
7.	My Boyfriend's Back	Angels
8.	I Will Follow Him	Little Peggy March
9.	Walk Like A Man	Four Seasons
10.	It's My Party	Lesley Gore
11.	Surf City	Jan and Dean
12.	I'm Leaving It Up To You	Dale and Grace
13.	Deep Purple	Nino Tempo/April Stevens
14.	Rhythm Of The Rain	Cascades
15.	If You Wanna Be Happy	Jimmy Soul
16.	Our Day Will Come	Ruby & The Romantics

TITLE	1964	ARTIST
1.	Anyone Who Had A Heart	Dionne Warwick
2.	Laugh, Laugh	Beau Brummels
3.	A Summer Song	Chad & Jeremy
4.	Its Not Unusual	Tom Jones
5.	Baby, I'm Yours	Barbara Lewis
6.	Girl From Ipanema (Full Version)	Getz/Gilberto
7.	Last Kiss	J. Frank Wilson
8.	Hello, Dolly!	Louis Armstrong
9.	I Get Around	Beach Boys
10.	Where Did Our Love Go	Supremes
11.	Mr. Lonely	Bobby Vinton
12.	Do Wah Diddy Diddy	Manfred Mann
13.	Everybody Loves Somebody	Dean Martin
14.	Chapel Of Love	Dixie Cups
15.	Rag Doll	Four Seasons
16.	Leader Of The Pack	Shangri-Las

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
1.	Satisfaction	Rolling Stones
2.	You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'	Righteous Brothers
3.	Downtown	Petula Clark
4.	Turn! Turn! Turn!	Byrds
5.	Stop! In The Name Of Love	Supremes
6.	Liar, Liar	Castaways
7.	Do You Believe In Magic	Lovin' Spoonful
8.	What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted	Jimmy Ruffin
9.	This Diamond Ring	Gary Lewis & Playboys
10.	My Girl	Temptations
11.	I Got You Babe	Sonny and Cher
12.	Get Off My Cloud	Rolling Stones
13.	Sounds of Silence	Simon and Garfunkel
14.	Help Me Rhonda	Beach Boys
15.	Tamborine Man	Byrds
16.	Eve of Destruction	Barry McGuire

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
1.	I'm A Believer	Monkees
2.	Winchester Cathedral	New Vaudeville Band
3.	96 Tears	? and the Mysterions
4.	Soul and Inspiration	Righteous Brothers
5.	Snoopy and the Red Baron	Royal Guardsmen
6.	Monday, Monday	Mama's and Papa's
7.	Good Vibrations	Beach Boys
8.	Reach Out, I'll Be There	Four Tops
9.	Cherish	Association
10.	Good Lovin'	Young Rascals
11.	Sunshine Superman	Donovan
12.	Wild Thing	Troggs
13.	Strangers In The Night	Frank Sinatra
14.	Poor Side Of Town	Johnny Rivers
15.	When A Man Loves A Woman	Percy Sledge
16.	Hanky Panky	Tommy James

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
1.	Ode To Billie Joe	Bobbie Gentry
2.	Daydream Believer	Monkees
3.	Light My Fire	Doors
4.	The Letter	Box Tops
5.	Windy	Association
6.	Groovin'	Young Rascals
7.	Incense & Peppermints	Strawberry Alarm Clock
8.	Little Bit O' Soul	Music Explosion
9.	Never My Love	Association
10.	Can't Take My Eyes Off You	Frankie Valli
11.	Kind Of A Drag	Buckinghams
12.	Pied Piper	Crispian St. Peters
13.	Woman, Woman	Gary Puckett/Union Gap
14.	Ruby Tuesday	Rolling Stones
15.	I Was Made To Love Her	Stevie Wonder
16.	Sweet Soul Music	Arthur Conley

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
1.	Atlantis	Donovan
2.	I Heart Through The Grapevine	Marvin Gaye
3.	Love is Blue	Paul Mauriat
4.	Love Child	Diana Ross/Supremes
5.	Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay	Otis Redding
6.	Honey	Bobby Goldsboro
7.	People Got To Be Free	Rascals
8.	This Guy's In Love With You	Herb Alpert
9.	Harper Valley P.T.A.	Jeannie C. Riley
10.	Hello, I Love You	Doors
11.	For Once In My Life	Stevie Wonder
12.	Those Were The Days	Mary Hopkin
13.	Little Green Apples	O. C. Smith
14.	Green Tamborine	Lemon Pipers
15.	Cry Like A Baby	Box Tops
16.	Mrs. Robinson	Simon and Garfunkel

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
1.	Sugar, Sugar	Archies
2.	Aquarius/Let The Sunshine In	Fifth Dimension
3.	Honky Tonk Women	Rolling Stones
4.	Everyday People	Sly & Family Stones
5.	Crimson and Clover	Tommy Jones/Shondells
6.	By The Time I Get To Phoenix	Glen Campbell
7.	In The Year 2525	Zager and Evans
8.	Leaving On A Jet Plane	Peter, Paul & Mary
9.	Someday We'll Be Together	Diana Ross/Supremes
10.	Crystal Blue Persuasion	Tommy James/Shondells
11.	Hair	Cowsills
12.	Spinning Wheel	Blood, Sweat & Tears
13.	I'm Gonna Make You Love Me	Supremes & Temptations
14.	A Boy Named Sue	Johnny Cash
15.	Proud Mary	Credence Clearwater
16.	Green River	Credence Clearwater

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
1.	Raindrops/Fallin' On My Head	B. J. Thomas
2.	Bridge Over Troubled Water	Simon and Garfunkel
3.	Close To You	Carpenters
4.	I Think I Love You	Partridge Family
5.	Pinball Wizard (Original Version)	The Who
6.	Rose Garden	Lynn Anderson
7.	Mr. Business Man	Ray Stevens
8.	One Less Bell To Answer	Fifth Dimension
9.	Star	Edwin Starr
10.	A-B-C	Jackson Five
11.	Mama Told Me (Not to Come)	Three Dog Night
12.	Make It With You	Bread
13.	American Woman	Guess Who
14.	We've Only Just Begun	Carpenters
15.	Cracklin' Rose	Neil Diamond
16.	Everything is Beautiful	Ray Stevens

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
1.	Brown Sugar	Rolling Stones
2.	I Want Adds	Honey Cone
3.	If	Bread
4.	Sweet Hitch-Hiker	CCR
5.	Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey	McCartney
6.	Country Roads	John Denver
7.	How/Mend A Broken Heart	Bee Gees
8.	I Am I Said	Neil Diamond
9.	Walk Away	James Gang
10.	Maggie May (Full Version)	Rod Stewart
11.	Loving Her Was Easier	Kris Kristofferson
12.	Old Fashioned Love Song	Three Dog Night
13.	Do You Know What I Mean	Lee Michaels
14.	It's Too Late	Carole King
15.	Story In Your Eyes	Moody Blues
16.	Wild World	Cat Stevens

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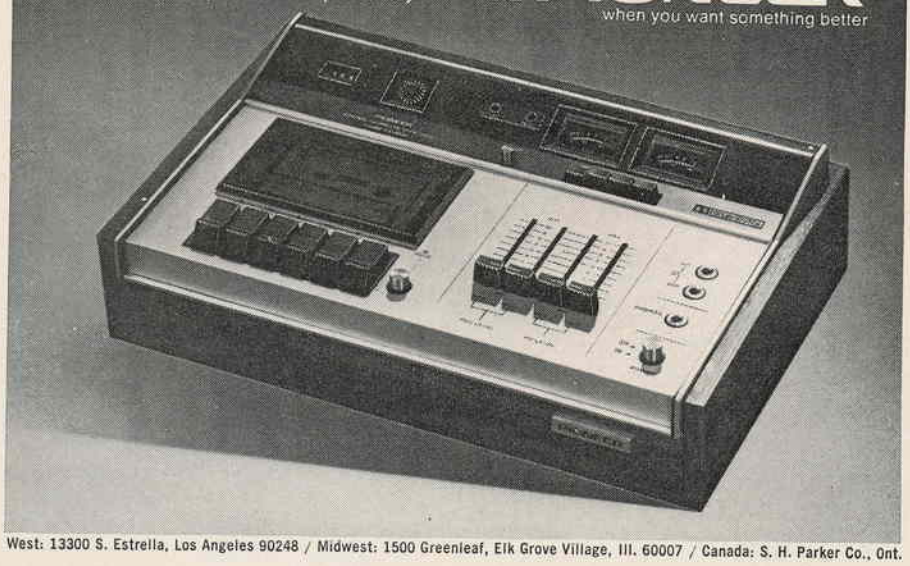

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pictures and make sure the ones you print show the whole woman and not one in sections.—*F.R. (name withheld), Seattle, Wash.*

I feel sorry for those married women who lost a leg and then found they lost their husbands' love as well. But it was fortunate that some were able to remarry to men who appreciate the sexual significance of a one-legged woman's stump.

I was lucky enough to be married to such a man when, after only seven months of marriage, I had my right leg amputated in an auto accident. It's off near the knee.

After my stump healed I waited anxiously to learn if my husband would want to have intercourse with a wife who was now one-legged.

I didn't have long to wait, for the instant we got home from the doctor's office after my stump bandages were removed, my husband gently took away my crutches and carried me to the bedroom. In a flash he had my skirt up, my panties down, and my one remaining leg out to the side so he could enter me.

That was three years ago and our marriage is growing happier by the minute. My husband is utterly fascinated by the stump of my right leg and begs me to wear the shortest miniskirts so he can see my stump swing while I'm getting around the house on my crutches.

I wear an artificial leg for just my housework, and I make sure I am wearing it when he returns from work each evening. For his greatest pleasure is to unstrap the leg and slip it off my stump, leaving me balanced on one leg and leaning against the hall table.

Then he gives my stump a welcome massage, which I love, and helps me hop to the studio couch for a little before-dinner lovemaking.

My one leg is still shapely, especially with a nylon on, but my husband is intrigued by my stump. He fondles it at every chance and is thrilled when I rub my stump against him in bed.

Other men seem to get excited by seeing my stump showing below my skirt too. But I'm always faithful since I couldn't ask for a better husband.—*S.K. (name withheld), Boston, Mass.*

Age and expertise

I read with much interest your article about Joanna Danielli (April, 1973). I, as some of my friends, am always interested in older married women. They somehow prove to be more exciting. Our age group averages about twenty-five. The women we know average from thirty-five to forty years of age.

The woman who got me started is a well-known figure in the community. We met at a night class while attending college. We became good friends over a two-year period and gradually she confided in me. She revealed to me that her husband had constantly frustrated her in their lovemaking. She was tired of the hop-on, hop-off type of sex. Eventually I offered my services both to teach and fulfill.

At first she was somewhat hesistant but now she's a virtual tigress. She is always looking for new ways and new places to satisfy herself. Her most recent escapade was at a drive-in restaurant. After ordering she said that tonight she wanted dessert first and commenced to perform fellatio on me. I came in about thirty seconds, in complete ecstasy. I took her home and as her husband was not home I stayed until the next afternoon making love and sleeping, etc., etc. It was fantastic!

I would like to hear about other young men who have also had experience with a sexy suburban housewife. Possibly if the response is great enough you would consider doing some features on the mature woman.—*J.D. (name withheld), Pittsburgh, Pa.*

This letter is to request you to try and possibly persuade the beautiful Xaviera Hollander to agree to a pictorial essay. I know she would be doing every reader a favor, especially myself, since I find her to be one of the most attractive women I have ever seen anywhere. Although I am only nineteen, I enjoy the company of older women whenever possible because they are more considerate, understanding and easier to get along with. Being with young ladies my own age makes me uneasy because they themselves always appear to be uneasy about something. May I again compliment Miss Hollander on her appeal, and I also wish the continuing success of her column. Hope to see you soon, Xaviera. Please!—*R.S., (name withheld), Doylestown, Pa.*

Unusual treatment

My husband showed me the article from *The Sex Life Letters* (January, page 130) concerning the English girl who, as a nurse in a London hospital, masturbated male patients.

For obvious reasons I cannot reveal my name or the name of the hospital where I work, but for two years I have enjoyed the surreptitious practice of masturbating male patients. I throughly enjoy the contact and become stimulated by the sweet anguish of ejaculation. I can't truthfully say I experience a climax as a result of these nocturnal pleasures. I do, however, arrive home in such a desirous condition my husband is hard-pressed to put out the fire.

I have been tempted to commit fellatio now and then but I don't risk it. Older patients are most appreciative—and discreet. The younger ones get fresh and want more than I am willing to give under the circumstances. Once a young intern with whom I had been intimate "stood guard" at the door of a private room while I sixty-nined with a patient.

And only once did I "relieve" a female patient —an attractive young woman with two broken arms as the result of a ski accident.—*J.D. (name withheld), Denver, Colo.*

Sharing the sheep

I had an interesting experience which I hope you will share with your readers.

This summer my wife, two children and I went to visit my brother and his family, who live on a farm. During this visit I had an enlightening experience. As I was touring the grounds I decided to go into the barn. I climbed into the hayloft and soon fell asleep in the sweet-smelling hay. I was awakened to rustling sounds from below. Peering down, I saw my fourteen-year-old nephew, Freddie, his dungarees fallen to his ankles. Lo and behold, he was having sexual intercourse with one of my brother's prize ewes!

Even though I have always considered myself to be sexually liberated, I thought this abnormal behavior to be disgusting at first. As I watched Freddie rhythmically pumping the sheep with delight, I began to experience sexual arousal. To my dismay I was developing a mighty erection. Soon Freddie came with a fervor the likes of which I had never seen before. Freddie stood up, wiped his member with a handkerchief, pulled up his dungarees, and left the barn. I descended the ladder from the loft and approached the sheep. I stood for a moment in indecision, but my throbbing penis made up my mind. I grabbed the sheep and had the greatest orgasm ever.

Should an experience as great as this be considered immoral, and, in many states, illegal? For myself, I am glad I visited the farm.—*C.R. (name withheld), University Park, Pa.*

Two-wheeled thrills

I thought I might share an experience with you and your readers.

While spending a hot summer day in upstate New York, we drove to a lonely winding road, where I suggested to my girlfriend that we completely undress and feel the cool breeze against our hot bodies while cruising on my motorcycle.

She thought the idea was splendid and we undressed, mounted the motorcycle and took off. She lowered her hands from my waist and started to stroke my penis and play with my balls. I got very turned on and stopped.

I told her that I would ride while standing up on the foot-pegs, and told her to lie on the bike with her ass on the seat and her legs on the two rear foot-pegs. She did this and as I jumped on the kick starter, my balls fell on her face. I finally got started and as we were riding while sitting on her face she licked my balls and then put my rod in her mouth. The vibrating of the motorcycle caused her mouth to vibrate around my dick and I ejaculated as we hit fifty mph.

A little later that day, I told my chick to sit on the gas tank and bend over. I sat behind her (I wouldn't suggest this for inexperienced bikers) and stuck my penis into her asshole while downshifting to second gear. As we came around a bend in the road, we were pulled over by a state trooper who forced my chick to blow him or he would arrest us for sodomy. That certainly ruined a nice summer's day in the country!—*G.M. (name withheld), Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Party girl

I was introduced to your delightful magazine by one of my men friends. I like especially the letters and want to share a pastime of mine with your readers. I have been blowing boys since my teenage years (I am twenty-four now). At first it was a kick but now I just love it. If done right, it is the greatest satisfaction—believe me!

I almost wrote to your Xaviera Hollander about a recent "party" that I set up. I invited all my men friends (the oldest is thirty-seven). Only eleven came to the party (I had invited twenty-seven); the others had some excuse. Anyway, it was exciting, even with just eleven. They were kind of embarressed at first because each thought he was the only one invited, but I prepared drinks and soon everything was okay. So I suggested to all of them, "I would like to blow you all, boys, you look so delicious!" and unzipped the fly of the one next to me. Tom sat down and I took out his cock and started sucking. After finishing him off (he came kind of quickly, a surprise) I unzipped the second one, another Tom, and sucked him off. He came a lot (it dripped out of my mouth) and his semen tasted different. By now all the others were excited, sitting with their penises out of their pants, watching me with increasing desire. When I sucked the eleventh cock, the first Tom was ready again, so I wound up giving everyone seconds.

After about one and a half hours, I had blown twenty-two times, and it was quite interesting. One guy came much more than the rest; I swallowed seven or eight times. I think I can tell my men friends apart by the taste of their semen. Soon I will invite those fellows who did not show up and find out how they taste. Of course I love it when two guys enter me (cunt and ass) together, but fucksucking with my mouth I have total control and power and I love it. Please do not print my name as I do this for fun and not as work.—*G.L. (name withheld), San Francisco, Calif.*

More letters on sex and related themes can be found in Forum *magazine.*

Football originals.

The original arm chair quarter-back.

On Sept. 30, 1939, television carried the Waynesburg-Fordham football game. Soon, more games were televised. Housewives of America despaired. Not only were they forced to learn the difference between a split end and a tight end, they now had to contend with the new by-product of their sofa-signal-calling-spouses .....the spread end.

The original tackling dummy.

In 1889, Amos Alonzo Stagg added this new wrinkle to practice sessions at Yale. He fashioned the "dummy" out of an old gym mat. There is no truth to the rumor that he named this innovation after the brightest player on the varsity.

The original light scotch.

In 1853, Andrew Usher blended the first original light scotch. Ever since, when it comes to watching football...the original light scotch is the right scotch. So, be it a Saturday afternoon. Or a Sunday. Or even a Monday night. Use *your* noggin. Team up with Usher's. The fans' favorite, since 1853.

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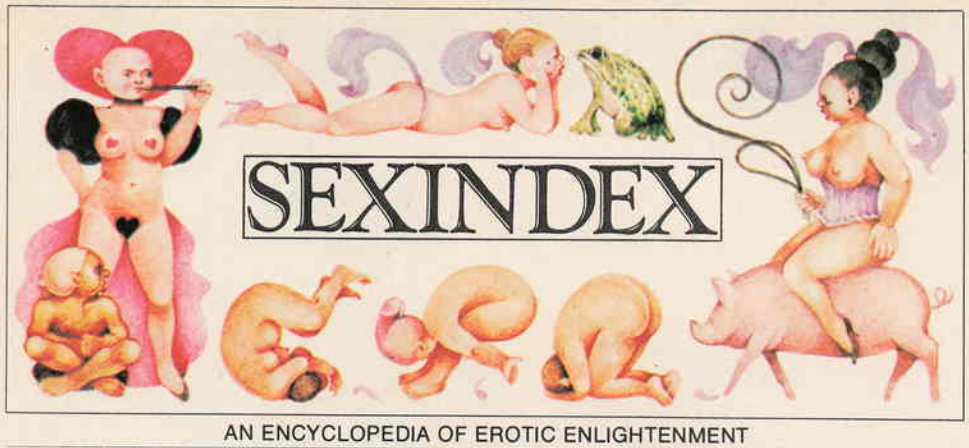


AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

Legman, Gershon (1917–): American writer on erotic topics, especially sex folklore. Worked for a time as official bibliographer for the Institute for Sex Research ("Kinsey Institute"), in Indiana. His publications include *Love and Death: A Study in Censorship* (1949), *The Horn Book: Studies in Erotic Folklore* (1964), *The Fake Revolt* (1967), collections of unexpurgated limericks and ballads, and the exhaustive two-volume *Rationale of the Dirty Joke* (1968). His study of *Oragenitalism* (1969) is probably the most thorough analysis of this topic ever written. In it, he deals with every possible contingency: "A man with a waxed and pointed moustache—the so-called British Air Officer or Australian style—should probably refrain from cunnilingus. If the points are well waxed and withstand cunnilingus, they may stab and irritate the woman's thighs. If they are not, they will droop and separate. . . . The cunnilinguist's *tongue* should be kept in good condition. Excessively bright red color of the tongue, or heavy grooves or furrows in it, are signs of Vitamin B deficiencies. . . . Liver, wheat germ, and brewer's yeast in the diet will remedy this." Legman calculated that there are 14,288,400 possible man-woman postures for performing coitus!

lesbianism: Homosexual desire and activity between women. Called after the island of Lesbos, noted in ancient Greece for its homosexual women, especially the poetess Sappho (*q.v.*). Lesbianism is thought to be less common than male homosexuality. Kinsey (*q.v.*) found that 13 percent of women have at least one homosexual experience to the point of orgasm in their lives (as against 37 percent of men), and that 25 percent of women experience some form of homosexual arousal before they reach age forty. Kinsey estimated the number of regularly practicing lesbians as about 4 percent of single women. F. E. Kenyon, in the *British Journal of Hospital Medicine*, February, 1970, reckoned that lesbians comprise one in forty-five of the British adult female population. However, the prevalence of lesbianism is still largely a matter of guesswork, especially as lesbians are less conspicuous in society than male homosexuals—two women can share a flat, and a bedroom, for years without arousing suspicion. Moreover, lesbianism is not illegal in most countries, perhaps because lesbians hardly ever indulge in such antisocial behavior as soliciting in public. In England this tolerance is popularly ascribed to Queen Victoria; when the antihomosexual bill was brought to her for ratification, she was so outraged and incredulous at the mere suggestion of female homosexuality that she struck the relevant clauses from the bill. Contrary to popular belief, lesbians are not necessarily divided into masculine "butches" and feminine "femmes." Nor do they always or even usually wield dildoes. Mutual masturbation and cunnilingus are far more common. Some prefer tribadism, in which one partner lies on top of the other and they rub their pubic areas together to orgasm. There is as yet no satisfactory explanation for lesbianism. It has been found that lesbians tend to have more sisters than heterosexual women and some have often had hostile relationships with one parent or the other, but this is not conclusive. No effective treatment for lesbianism is known, but the majority of lesbians do not want to be "cured." Their biggest problem is loneliness and the difficulty of finding partners. The Minorities Research Group was formed in England in 1963 and another society called Kenric in 1965 to put lesbians in touch with each other. In the U.S., the Society for Individual Rights organizes social functions for lesbians. The Daughters of Bilitis, a lesbian organization founded in San Francisco in 1955, published a monthly magazine called *The Ladder*. The Gay Activists Alliance, based in New York, crusades for lesbians and male homosexuals. They publish a newsletter, *The Gay Activist*.

limericks: Humorous five-line poems, often bawdy. For example:

> There was a young scholar of Kent
> Whose tool was exceedingly bent
> So to save himself trouble
> He stuck it in double
> And instead of coming, he went.

The fullest anthology of limericks is Gershon Legman's *The Limerick: 1700 Examples* (Paris 1953).

lovemaking: Now commonly a synonym for coitus (*q.v.*), a pity, since such misuse degrades the word ("I met him at the party and then he took me outside and made love to me against the wall"). Properly the expression should be kept for erotic play between genuine lovers.

lubrication: Moistening of the vagina, which is the first sign of sexual arousal in women. It usually occurs within ten to thirty seconds of the start of stimulation of any kind, from an erotic thought to masturbation. By direct observation through their camera-penis, Masters and Johnson (*q.v.*) found that lubrication did *not* come from the uterus (women with full hysterectomies still lubricate) or from the Bartholin's glands at the vaginal entrance, as had been previously believed, but by a "sweating reaction" on the walls of the vagina, possibly caused by engorgement of the surrounding tissues with blood. If a woman is truly aroused, her natural lubrication should be ample for lovemaking, but some couples like to use an artificial lubricant as well (and of course for anal intercourse it is *essential*). The lubricant should always be water soluble, because petroleum jelly can irritate the vaginal or anal lining. Spittle inserted with a finger does quite well.

Lupercalia: Ancient Roman fertility festival held annually on February 23. It was supposed to commemorate the finding of the abandoned twin babies Romulus and Remus by a she-wolf or *lupa*. However, *lupa* also meant prostitute, and the wolf story may have been a later cover-up. Certainly the Lupercalian celebrations were sexual in character, with prostitutes much in evidence. A special feature of the festival was the whipping of women on their stomachs and genitals by priests. Ovid accounts for the origin of the custom thus: After the Romans had carried off the Sabine women, they found them to be sterile, so they consulted the Oracle of Juno. The Oracle advised, "Let the women of Italy be fecundated by a goat." Fortunately, a soothsayer interpreted this to mean that sterile women should be beaten with whips made of goatskin.

marijuana: The dried leaves, flowers and sometimes twigs of the *cannabis sativa* plant, which induce euphoria when smoked. Hashish, the plant's hardened resin, has similar, more potent properties and is often eaten as well as smoked. While most experts agree that the drug does not act as a physiological aphrodisiac, it is widely acknowledged that by stimulating the senses it can heighten excitement in sexual or potentially sexual situations. A letter from a woman to the Canadian Commission of Enquiry into the Non-Medical Use of Drugs (report published 1970) included the following description of her and her husband's first marijuana experience: "The real miracle followed when we had intercourse. Instead of the dull perfunctory act it had become . . . sex was something splendid. The sensation was extraordinary, each second was a kind of new adventure, each movement an experience, and the climaxes beautiful beyond description." There is also evidence that the drug can delay ejaculation, and in the East and Arab countries, where its use has long been popular, many claims of prolonged erections have been made. A popular erotic Arab tale includes this eulogy: "The member of Abu'l-Haylukh remained in erection for thirty days, sustained by smoking hashish. Abu'l-Hayjeh deflowered in one night eighty virgins in a rigid rite, after smoking hashish." Though there is now no definitive evidence that moderate use of *cannabis* by people of "average mental stability" has harmful effects, it can cause psychosis in some individuals, especially if taken to excess, and the effects of long-term use are not known. Possession of *cannabis* is a criminal offense in most countries.

marriage: Formal union, usually for the purpose of child-rearing, between a man and a woman. Until the Middle Ages, marriage in some parts of Europe was a private contract between individuals and did not need the sanction of church or state. Many Christian couples chose to have the contract blessed in church, but only at the time of the Counter-Reformation was the presence of a priest made obligatory. Until then, simple declarations of intent known as "spousals" were enough, and even without witnesses constituted a valid marriage if the parties had not been previously married and were not related by blood. Spousals could be entered into by children—the church records of Chester, in England, show the engagement of a three-year-old boy

to a two-year-old girl—and became proper marriages when consummated. Child marriages still exist in many parts of the world. In India, for instance, though the legal age for marriage is eighteen for boys and fifteen for girls, the 1951 census revealed almost three million husbands and over six million wives between ages five and fourteen. In the same year only 6 percent of Indian females over fifteen were unmarried, and the *average* age for first childbirth was sixteen and a half. Even in parts of the world where there are no economic or religious pressures to marry young, the trend seems to be toward ever younger marriage. In Britain the average age of bridegrooms has been falling steadily since 1935, and in 6.5 percent of all marriages both partners are under twenty. In the U.S. the average age for first marriage dropped steadily from 1940-64 but has recently begun to rise again. This is just as well, since marriages among teen-agers are notoriously unsuccessful; they produce a divorce rate twice as high as that of the twenty to twenty-

A 1913 drawing of lesbians by E. Schiele.

four age group. One in four of all American marriages ends in divorce (in Britain it is one in eight), and one American matron has been married sixteen times. Since children of divorced parents are twice as likely to go through divorce themselves, there seem every likelihood that the divorce rate will continue to increase. In order to prevent this, many sociologists recommend raising the marriagable age and instituting "trial marriages" in which young people could test their compatibility. The new emphasis among young people on companionship in marriage and sharing domestic and child-rearing tasks may improve marriage's quality, if not its durability.

masochism: Sexual deviation, named after Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (*q.v.*), in which pleasure is derived from undergoing physical pain and/or from a feeling of helplessness and humiliation. Masochists (mostly male) may enjoy being flogged, tied up and gagged, having pins stuck in their genitals, or weights hung from their testicles. Monique van Cleef, a Dutch madame who specializes in catering to masochists, reports that one of her clients enjoys having a twenty-two-pound weight hung from his scrotum. A liking for enemas also seems to be linked to masochism, as do some forms of transvestism and rubber fetishism, the common factor being desire for humiliation, preferably at the hands of a dominating female. In its most extreme form, masochism can lead to a desire for mutilation, even castration. In London in the 1790s Susanne Hill, a prostitute, was tried for the murder of a musician named Kotzwarra. At her trial (which ended in acquittal) Hill explained that Kotzwarra had asked her to "split his genitals into two parts." She refused but agreed to his next request—to hang him by the neck. Unfortunately she did it too efficiently, and he died. There are masochists, some influenced by guilt feelings, who resort to self-mutilation. During the Middle Ages religious zealots regularly outdid one another at self-mortification. Christine of St. Trond, a nun, had herself fastened on a wheel, racked and hung on a gallows beside a corpse. Today the Church discourages such fanaticism. Masochism is widely known as "le vice anglais," and certainly many eminent Victorians suffered from it, presumably because the English public schools had such a mania for flogging. Dr. John Keate, who was headmaster of Eton in the early 1800s, reputedly gave one boy ninety strokes of the lash, and Ridding of Winchester used to flog fifty boys in a morning. Several writers, notably Rousseau and Swinburne, admitted that they found such childhood "punishments" enjoyable and later sought the experience as a sexual stimulant. During the 19th century, London had at least twenty brothels exclusively devoted to masochists and equipped with "torture chambers" of racks, pil-

Marijuana: the way to heaven—or hell?

lories, chains and whips. There are many possible reasons for masochism; obviously there is some connection with childhood guilt and anxiety. Prostitutes report that the "average" masochist is middle-aged or old and occupies a powerful and responsible position at work, though this may be a reflection of prostitutes' over-all clientele rather than of masochists as such. Most people, especially women, enjoy a mild degree of masochistic behavior in the course of normal lovemaking—e.g. biting or scratching—but the true masochist enjoys pain or humiliation as a *substitute* for intercourse.

Masters and Johnson: Contemporary American sex researchers, founders of the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis. Dr. William H. Masters was born in Cleveland in 1915 and started his sex research in 1954 after specializing for many years in gynecology and in hormone replacement therapy for postmenopausal women. He found his assistant, then Mrs. Virginia Johnson, through an advertisement, and together they embarked on the study of human sexual response. Their first subjects were prostitutes, eight female and three male, but gradually they collected nonprofessional volunteers; their final sample was 694 individuals, including 276 married couples. Thirty-four of the couples were over fifty, some in their sixties and seventies. All the subjects had to be capable of achieving orgasm under observation in the laboratory. They were asked to masturbate by hand, masturbate with a vibrator, make love with the man on top, make love with the woman on top, perform "artificial coition" with a transparent, camera-carrying, plastic dildo, and stimulate their breasts. Altogether, Masters and Johnson observed and recorded more than 10,000 male and female orgasms in the course of their twelve-year-study. Their findings, published in *Human Sexual Response* in 1966, constitute the first detailed account of the physiological changes experienced in sexual arousal and orgasm. In particular it killed off the longstanding theory about "clitoral versus vaginal" orgasm. Physiologically, there

Ancient vase painting of Lupercalian frolics.

is only one type of female orgasm—clitoral—however it is triggered. Their second study, begun in 1959, was concerned with the treatment of human sex problems, including frigidity in the female and impotence and premature ejaculation in the male. Couples attended the clinic in St. Louis for two weeks' therapy, which consisted of discussions with the therapists, "sensate focus" sessions of simply caressing one another, and sexual intercourse as directed by the therapists. A special point was made of treating the couple instead of only the sexually inadequate partner. From 1959 till 1969, 510 couples attended the clinic. The success rate was 59.4 percent with primary impotence (a problem reaching or maintaining erection from the onset of sexual activity); 73.8 percent with secondary impotence (erectile problems starting later in life); 97.8 percent with premature ejaculation; 80.7 percent with female frigidity—all followed up over a five-year period. This work was published as *Human Sexual Inadequacy* in 1970, and sex therapists in Britain and America are working to make the treatment program more easily available to patients everywhere. Not long ago the researchers became Dr. and Mrs. Masters.

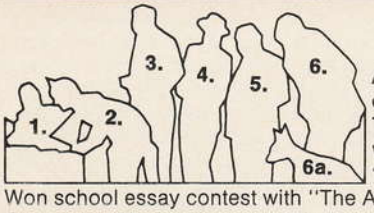
masturbation: Any form of self-stimulation undertaken to achieve orgasm, also known by its detractors as onanism, self-abuse and "the solitary vice." The Victorians believed that it caused blindness, madness, impotence and a host of other evils, and until recently children were warned against it. In fact, there is no evidence of masturbation causing any harm whatever, and modern doctors recommend that parents allow their children to masturbate as much as they want. Babies as young as five and six months have been observed masturbating, and Kinsey

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

Engravings from the Bettmann Archive

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

©1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



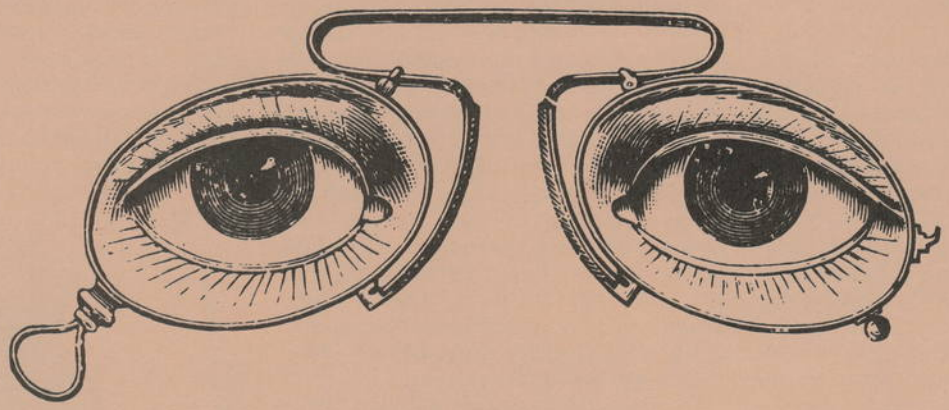
At class reunions almost everybody has a gimmick. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.
1. Nope. He's Don Wand. Won school essay contest with "The Art of Pre-Marital Dancing." Gimmick: 200 mm holder to balance his 100 mm cigarette. **2.** No. It's Rah-Rah Mendelson, ex-cheerleader. Gimmick: He's wearing it. Smokes whatever he finds in his pouch. **3.** No. He's Moe Mentum, alias "Stone Hands" for dropping passes. Just dropped statue of school mascot. **4.** T. Deious, school bore. Gimmick: His voice, off-key contralto. Smokes oval cigarettes (he sat on his soft-pack and liked it). **5.** Curley Gilroy. His hair was voted "Most Likely to Recede." Gimmick: Staples toupee on. Also staples his roll-your-owns. **6.** Right. He's still his own man. Likes his cigarette honest, no-nonsense, too. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. **6a.** Kicky VIII, mascot. Has eyes only for Mendelson (see 2 above).

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



THE JOYS OF TV

"Summer's almost gone," as the song says, "and winter's comin' on." Soon it will be time to put aside your vacation play and get back to serious television watching.

So that you won't be caught unprepared this season, I wangled an interview with Dr. Max Krank at the Institute for Advanced Televiewing at Princeton, N.J., to get a preview of the 1973-74 edition of "The Compleat Television Watcher's Guide."

"The watchword for this year, if you'll forgive the pun," said Dr. Krank, "is selectivity. You gotta be real choosy."

"You mean—?"

"No question about it. Anybody who just sits there in front of the Tube and watches whatever they throw at him is going to end up a very confused person."

"So this year's Guide is going to stress what *not* to watch?"

"Absolutely," he replied. "Once they know what to avoid, the rest is easy."

"Like what?"

"Like newscasts, for instance. Our studies show conclusively that these programs are the chief source of trouble in America. They cause dissension and strife, and inhibit the ability of our elected leaders to govern effectively. Without them, we would not be disturbed about crime, pollution, graft and corruption, inflation, foreign wars and a hundred other annoyances. Lumped together as they are on the average newscast, they have the power to ruin the viewer's disposition—not to mention spoiling his dinner."

"Newscasts are out," I said. "What else?"

"Well, there are a lot of what we call Public Affairs programs. And we do *not* refer to harmless gossip shows about celebrities and their sexual liaisons. Get it?"

I roared appreciatively at his jest, then bade him continue.

"What we're referring to," he continued, "are such abominations as documentaries and panel or discussion shows. They are merely extensions of the newscasts, designed to aggravate confusions already created by the former. The technique in the documentary is to magnify the problems turned up in the newscasts on the pretext of exploring them in depth."

"And in the panel and discussion shows?"

"Here the confusion is multiplied through the nefarious device of planting conflicting ideas in people's heads. Pitting liberals against conservatives, or Republicans against Democrats, is a favorite ploy."

"So the viewer should avoid these, too," I ventured.

"Precisely."

"What about the entertainment shows? They're pretty safe to watch, aren't they?"

"That's what a lot of idiots think!" shouted Dr. Krank, suddenly flush with anger. "That's why they can be the most dangerous of all. Clever writers are always working behind the scenes to slip in little socio-political messages. Take *All in the Family,* for instance. It's nothing but a vehicle for a constant stream of antibigotry messages. And that other program, *M*A*S*H*—it's nothing but a hoked-up, joked-up antiwar piece!"

"You're urging viewers to avoid all entertainment shows?" I asked incredulously.

"Now you're catching on, buster."

"But if they can't watch newscasts, or documentaries, or discussion shows, or even entertainment programs, what's left?"

"Plenty," he said, calming down a bit. "There's still the good, clean, wholesome stuff—like sports, for example, where they can indulge their passion for conflict, but without involvement in social and political problems they don't understand."

"That's true," I added. "There'll be college football on Saturdays. And professional football on Sundays. And then Monday night football. And boxing. And roller derby! Gosh, I'd almost forgotten all those exciting things we had to look forward to! What else?"

"What else?" he mimicked. "What else! Only the most important viewing of all, my friend: the public-service announcements and the commercials!"

"Really?"

"Do you realize that it is the considered judgment of the FCC and other agencies, as well as the majority of the public relations fraternity, that there is not one problem facing this nation today that cannot be solved by saturating the public with an avalanche of ingeniously devised public-service spots on TV? Need I remind you of the job done by Smokey the Bear in reducing forest fires? Or of the effectiveness of our continuing 'Help Keep America Clean' campaign? Why, man, we've hardly begun to tap the power of this

media tool in the right hands."

"And the commercials?"

Dr. Krank's eyes fixed upon mine. He spoke in measured, fatherly tones. "They are the last great citadel of truth and wholesomeness in our beloved land," he said.

"Please go on," I said.

"I recall it was only last spring," he continued, "when the newscasts were full of malcontents shouting their lies about high prices of meat and other foods—calling for boycotts and meatless days. Where would the cause of truth have been then without the countervailing force of those wonderful A & P commercials wherein ordinary citizens proclaimed their joy with shouts of 'Wheee-oh! How A & P prices have changed!' Meaning, obviously, for the better."

"When you're right, you're right," I said.

"Commercials today are not aimed merely at selling us things," he continued. "They are designed to make us laugh, to entertain us with good humor and sparkling wit."

"When you're right—"

"They define our goals in life: shinier floors for women, a cleaner, brighter wash for their husbands. They enable huge, seemingly impersonal multinational conglomerate corporations to project their true personalities to the public—as friendly *families* of companies whose only desire is to have the people get to know them better."

There was no point trying to conceal it. He could see I was impressed.

"To sum up, then," I said, "your Guide this year will recommend that viewers confine their viewing to sports, public-service announcements and commercials, avoiding everything else?"

"There's one other thing," he corrected. "We're still evaluating the emotional impact of the weather forecasts."—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

BACK TO THE TOMB

The specter of change has begun to haunt one of the most solid of American industries, casket-making. The coffin establishment is being challenged by a group of young artisans that is taking the art back to basics of cost and design.

Until the late 1860s almost all burials in the U.S. employed either shrouds or "the basic British box." This coffin, made of plain oak, was tapered at the top and bottom and endowed with a minimum of ornament. In America, the Civil War accelerated public demand and the industry evolved while meeting the challenge. The trim, tapered shape of the coffin underwent a fairly rapid change and what emerged was a rounded rectangle.

This shape became the victim of stunted Corinthian columns applied to emphasize corners that had been smoothed out of existence. The interior was stuffed with tucked and pleated draperies surrounding innerspring mattresses and pillows.

Casket manufacturers, as many other industries in those days of unrestrained capitalism and economic boom, proliferated line after line of models whose designs were so saturated with neo-Classical and historic allusions that they became "traditional" at the moment of creation.

Today the design and aesthetic assumptions of the industry are essentially unchanged. Various applications of modern technology have merely perfected the product. The costs run from $200 to around $35,000. Caskets have become the backbone of an industry that grosses between $200-million and $300-million a year.

The major manufacturers are based almost entirely in the East. The largest of all is National Casket, located in Boston and reporting a gross business in fiscal 1972 of $24,442,000. National is fairly typical of the industry and was described by one of its executives as "the General Motors of casket companies, making everything from Chevrolets to Cadillacs."

National makes over sixty models in finely finished woods and metals. The form is the rounded rectangle with a gently domed lid.

National's Sarcophagus model, "for those who want the finest," sells for $35,000. The Sarcophagus is made of solid-cast, hand-rubbed bronze. Fit for kings and Pharaohs, it contains all the aesthetic flaws of the American casket and yet, through dint of workmanship, material and understatement, transcends all of them. Like the Rolls Royce, it is very, very quiet. National sells four or five Sarcophagi each year.

The casket manufactured by the Rocky Mountain Casket Company of Whitefish, Montana is neither expensive nor pretentious. Its inspiration was a conversation that Ken Weber and Willy von Bracht had with some friends in the winter of 1971. At one point Weber mused, "I wonder what ever happened to the old pine box?" This generated amused speculation and then some rather solid ideas about starting a company to manufacture such a box.

Within six months, Gerry Gaiser, a cabinetmaker, made three prototypes. A small company was formed to produce the Rocky Mountain, dedicated to the concept that people "should not be made to feel cold or uncaring if they opt for economy and simplicity."

The casket is in the classic form, bereft of decoration and camouflage. It is handmade from knotty pine or fir and comes sanded but unlined and unfinished. At the foot of the casket is a small ridge of wood that enables it to stand upright and slightly off the ground.

This wooden ridge is an essential part of the casket's design. Although Rocky Mountain makes only one model, it does provide an optional feature. The casket costs $125. For an extra $10, one can buy four shelves and two wine racks that fit into the interior.

Rocky Mountain's willingness to create a casket that has more than one function is the first major innovation in casket design for several hundred years.

Rocky Mountain's caskets have been used as wine closets, coffee tables, gun racks, stereo cabinets, hope chests, and, in one instance, as a phone booth. The unfinished caskets have been stained, painted with colors or murals, covered with fabrics and leatherwork and fitted with stained-glass windows.

Photograph by Willy Von Bracht

The "old pine box"—back to basics

The national response to the simple casket made by Rocky Mountain has created an increasing backlog on orders at the small shop in Whitefish. Willy van Bracht, spokesman for the Rocky Mountain group, has decided not to sell the caskets to stores of any kind since that would double the price. Von Bracht supplies the caskets by direct freight and frets over the freight charges, which may run as high as $45.

Rocky Mountain believes that "people deserve an alternative to the expensive ritual referred to as a funeral." Every casket comes with an informative book called *A Manual of Simple Burial*. The book contains advice on legal questions, the selection of memorial ceremonies, how to form a funeral society or cooperative and reflections on funeral rituals in the U.S. and their attendant expense.—*Gerard Van Der Leun*

HOW TO HAVE
A WINE-TASTING PARTY

To a complete novice, trying to decide what various wines will taste like can lead to a palate-pleasing search. The bottles look alike, and books are not much help. But there is one sound approach: open the bottles and taste the wine.

Knowing wines and how they taste with certain foods is mainly a matter of memory. One of the quickest ways for a novice to catch up is wine-tasting parties. They are one of the most pleasant educational experiences.

Photograph by Willy Von Bracht

This wine closet can be for eternity

Eight to twelve people make a good tasting party. If you have more, the logistics get complicated. Too few makes it difficult to serve a real variety of wines.

At a tasting organized purely for examining the wines, dry breads and neutral cheeses are the favored foods.

People who taste wines for the fun of it serve tasty foods as accompaniments to the wines. Buffet dinners or hors d'oeuvres are logical choices. They can be prepared beforehand, eaten with little tableware, and paired with different wines.

Luncheon meats, assorted cheeses, a potato salad, and fresh fruits make a tasty cold buffet. Chafing dishes will enable you to serve such heated hors d'oeuvres as fondues, beef cubes, and cocktail sausages. Breads or crackers always belong.

Glassware can be simple or complicated. The simple way is to give each guest an all-purpose glass as he arrives; he can rinse it with water between wines. The complicated, traditional way is to have a separate set of glasses for each wine. The reason—a debatable one—is that the last few drops of one wine might mask the true identity of the next.

Many wines can be set up for the tasting, but four to six are manageable for beginners. There are several varieties to compare. A first tasting can demonstrate the great diversity of wines by offering a rosé, a dry red, a champagne, and a port or cream sherry.

Other ideas: A half-and-half tasting of California whites and reds (Rhine, Chablis, Burgundy, mellow red); a straight tasting of whites (Johannisberg Riesling, Chenin Blanc, Pinot Chardonnay, Sauterne); or a straight tasting of reds (Zinfandel, Barbera, Pinot Noir, Cabernet Sauvignon). Try such brands as Almaden, Mirassou, Sebastiani, Christian Brothers or Inglenook for the bigger reds. Further variations can include different wines from one winery or one type of wine from each of several different wineries—a tasting of sherries can be intriguing.

If the guests are just learning, they will probably enjoy themselves more if the bottles are set out so they can identify wines as they taste them. More advanced students may prefer trying to identify the contents of masked bottles; paint numbers on masking paper bags, put corresponding numbers on the glasses, and provide scorecards. The trick is to study the color, aroma and flavor of each wine and match your observations with what you know about the names on the list. For a really difficult test, don't even reveal the names of the wines being tasted.

Another game is the triangular test. Two glasses are filled with one wine, and a third glass with a slightly different wine. The taster is asked to say which glass contains the different sample.

These games ought to come early in the evening; having broken the ice, they leave guests free to compare notes at leisure. It always helps if there are note pads or scorecards on which guests can jot down impressions, and one can decorate the room to enhance the vinous atmosphere. An added incentive in tasting games might be prizes for the winners. A bottle of wine is as appropriate as anything else.—*Lionel Braun*

SHOWS

SLOW BALL

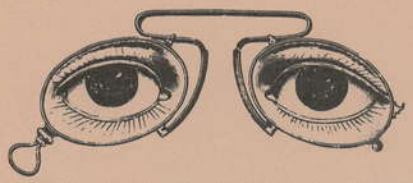
Bang the Drum Slowly is about Bruce, a dumb, sloppy, tobacco-chewing—but lovable—baseball catcher (Robert De Niro) who has Hodgkin's disease. His teammates' growing awareness that the illness is fatal unifies the ragged ball club and spurs them on to win the pennant.

"I don't know why you don't live it up when dying's just around the corner," says Bruce's roommate, twenty-game-winner Henry Wiggin (Michael Moriarty). "But you just don't."

Wiggin does everything to help his catcher get through one more season. He takes a salary cut, lies to keep the news from the manager (Vincent Gardenia) and stops Bruce's predatory girl friend (Ann Wedgeworth) from putting her predatory, venal hands on Bruce's $138,000 insurance.

This variation on *Brian's Song* has an obvious message about the power of love among highly heterosexual jocks. But the screenplay, adapted by Mark Harris from his novel, sometimes moves as slowly as the funeral drum of the title. The first half of the film

Vincent Price (right) perfects a lethal hairstyle treatment in **Theatre of Blood**



drags because Wiggin spends just too much time trying to deceive his unusually obtuse manager. As if that weren't bad enough, director John Hancock does too many diamond scenes in slow motion.

When the team finally finds out about Bruce, the story begins to move. You might even wind up with a lump in your throat as Bruce, his season finally successful, jets off to die in his little hometown in Georgia.

SMILING, BLOODY VILLAIN

In *Theatre of Blood,* nine critics deny an award to Edward Lionheart (Vincent Price) because his Shakespearean repertory company "lacked originality." Lionheart proceeds to prove his inventiveness—with a vengeance. Each critic is tortured or killed (sometimes both) in a different way—each method modeled on a famous scene of, you guessed it, W. Shakespeare.

One critic drowns in a barrel of wine (*Richard The Third*), one has his head sawed off while sleeping (*Cymbeline*), one is dragged to his death by horses (*Troilus and Cressida*), one is stabbed to death (*Julius Caesar*), one loses a pound of flesh (*Merchant of Venice*).

The cruelest, most disgusting, but funniest murder is of critic Meredith Merriden (Robert Morley). Obese and given to wearing pink suits, Merriden takes his "babies"—two white poodles—everywhere. Lionheart and his murderous company play on Merriden's gluttony by staging a TV surprise show, *This Is Your Dish.* Merriden giggles and claps with delight when he samples the surprise dish—a meat pie that turns out to be ragout of poodle—*his* precious poodles. The crew kills Merriden by force-feeding him poodle pie. Merriden, the queen, eats his children—sort of *Titus Andronicus.*

Writer Anthony Greville-Bell may have written the most original story of the year. It is filled with fun, puns and surprises. And this is one critic who, wanting very much to live, will give *Theatre of Blood* a four-star—no, make that a five-star—rating.

A WOMAN SCORNED

Night Watch is also a tale of bloody vengeance. Ellen Wheeler (Elizabeth Taylor) suffers dark dreams and imagines murder most foul in the haunted house next door.

Ellen's husband (Laurence Harvey) and her best friend (Billie Whitelaw) try to comfort her, but Ellen insists on continuing to call the police until the constables think she's quite dotty. That suits Ellen's purposes to an admirable degree.

If you cheat on your wife and the woman is your wife's best friend, writer Tony Williamson may be trying to tell you something.

FOLLOWING THE SCENT

The Day of the Jackal is a thriller adapted by writer Kenneth Ross and director Fred Zinnemann from the best-selling novel by Frederick Forsythe about the potential assassin (Edward Fox) of President de Gaulle and a plodding, but brilliant, French police inspector (Tony Britton).

If you like good detective work, you'll love *The Day of the Jackal.* The inspector tracks his man: Code name—Jackal; real name—Charles Calthrop; phony name—Paul Oliver Duggan, traveling in Europe on a spurious passport. But that's only half of it. The inspector has to find the Jackal. He does. Then the Jackal gives him the slip—again and again. Zinnemann has not lost his touch.

NO STUFFING

Scarecrow, like *Midnight Cowboy,* is a story of two drifters. Max (Gene Hackman) is free after six years behind prison walls. Lion (Al Pacino) has just returned from five years in *his* prison, the U.S. Navy. They decide to become partners in a venture that Max has saved for—a car wash in Pittsburgh.

After some sordid adventures in Denver and Detroit you realize that, just as Ratso Rizzo was not going to make it to Florida, Max and Lion will never get their car wash.

The film is realistic and depressing without having a point of view. Blame screenwriter Garry Michael White and director Jerry Schatzberg for Scarecrow's lack of substance. It would be nice to learn something about the insides of Max, Lion and the others who parade through the picture. You don't, unless you read *Scarecrow* as an analogy of *The Wizard of Oz.* Here, the land of Oz is inhabited by prostitutes, drunks and drifters. Max is the scarecrow without a brain, Lion is the cowardly lion. The car wash represents the dream "over the rainbow." The tin man? That's Max's sister in Denver; she's in the junk business and her backyard is filled with old refrigerators. Only Dorothy seems to be missing.—*Robert Blair Kaiser*

Edward Fox in The Day of the Jackal

WORDS

GONZO JOURNALISM

Hunter Thompson is our first self-proclaimed Gonzo journalist. He writes not only all he knows but all he feels, and because he's heavily into drugs, he feels plenty.

His publishers translate "Gonzo" as "intense, demented involvement." You can appreciate the extent of his involvement if you read his last book *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.* Now he has found something worthy of greater fear and loathing: the making of the President. No, this isn't the same old campaign story. This is *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72.* It's published by Straight Arrow at $7.95, and they need every penny to pay the tabs Thompson ran up while chasing the candidates for *Rolling Stone,* the magazine published by roughly the same crowd of freaks.

Hunter Thompson on the campaign trail with George McGovern

Thompson has discovered not only a perfect subject for Gonzo journalism—personalities in conflict—but also the ultimate ego trip—power politics. First, there's the reporter's addiction, which he compares to the rabbit's necessity to dart across the road in front of a speeding car. "When a jack rabbit gets addicted to road-running, it is only a matter of time before he gets smashed—and when a journalist turns into a political junkie he will sooner or later start raving and babbling in print about things that only a person who has Been There can possibly understand."

But Thompson looks beyond being a reporter to the ultimate high: "A flat-out Freak Power campaign for President of the United States. The energy you could put behind that, the frenzy you'd stir up . . . but you know you'd be killed, of course, and that would add to it considerably—never knowing when the bullet was coming."

Thompson was not quite a political virgin when he got hooked on presidential politics. He had damned near got himself elected sheriff of Pitkin County, Colo.

This is no election post-mortem: it's spot reporting which is in no way stale. He wasn't writing news: he was writing experience.

Thompson was unabashedly for McGovern—but was not uncritical. He knew McGovern couldn't beat Nixon, but he blamed McGovern's belated attempt to be "just another good Democrat" for the overwhelming landslide. Like the Senator's staff, he saw the Eagleton affair as a total disaster—with Eagleton as the villain. This "Rotarian nebbish" appeared to be a good guy who was dumped by the frightened and indecisive candidate, when in fact, according to Thompson, he was an "opportunistic liar" who almost single-handedly sabotaged the entire campaign by refusing to produce his medical records or voluntarily withdraw from the campaign.

Thompson's venom is chiefly reserved for Democrats, since Nixon was fear and loathing beyond even *his* drug dreams. Here are a couple of vignettes:

Humphrey: "A treacherous, gutless old ward-heeler . . . campaigning like a rat in heat."

Muskie: "He talked like a farmer with terminal cancer trying to borrow money on next year's crop."

The report that a secret plot directed from the White House sabotaged Muskie's campaign so the nomination would go to McGovern (who was the weakest candidate), casts a light on the nominations even more lurid than Thompson's drug prose.

LIES, LIES, LIES

It is unfortunate that the whole intricate net of conspiracies cast by the Nixon Administration should have become tagged "Watergate," as if it were a single prank. American politics, "dirty" by tradition, has now made the art of lying a billion-dollar technology.

A thorough and lucid account of the growth and ramifications of the Government's manipulation of our minds is provided in *The Politics of Lying* (Random House, $8.95), by David Wise, whose best-selling *The Invisible Government* scared the shit out of the CIA. Some of his revelations are new and fascinating—such as the story of the CIA's secret base in the Rockies for training Tibetan guerillas. Some are chilling—for instance, the information that there are eight men with little white cards ready to operate, on the President's orders, a vast censorship organization.

What makes the book especially valuable, however, is the detailed description of the machinery of lying, shown in action on cases that Wise, an old Washington hand, knows inside out.

BULLSHIT UBER ALLES

The actual verbal techniques for public deception are treated with wit and an old-fashioned sense of personal outrage by Arthur Herzog in *The B.S. Factor: The Theory and Practice of Faking It in America* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). His notion is: "America will be the first civilization to eliminate lies." They will be made superfluous by application of the safer, more pervasive B.S. Factor. "Unlike lies, which are occasional instruments used for specific purposes," Herzog points out, "the Fake Factor, to suceed must be ubiquitous—that is, must set the standard for what is or isn't an acceptable level of truth."

Herzog finds this factor increasingly determining the way our society looks at itself. "The consequence, overall, is cant and obfuscation of such an extent that a cerebral fog has settled upon our mental landscape, all but obliterating its real features."

He analyzes the devices of B.S. under such headings as "Executalk," "Americant" and "Deus ex Computer." The tone is light, but the intent is deadly serious. He concludes that our only hope is a new kind of radical, the Radical Sceptic, and lays out a program for Radical Scepticism as a movement.

HORROR GARDEN

What's going on behind that exquisite brow while your lady's face is contorted with ecstasy? There's never been a man who hasn't wondered. An occasional fool has asked, thus spoiling everything and learning nothing. But he was lucky. Suppose she had told him? That way lies madness. We know that from *My Secret Garden: Women's Sexual Fantasies,* by Nancy Friday (Trident, $8.95).

This is a terrible book, one that is positively guaranteed to wreck your erection at the penultimate moment. "So *that's* what she's thinking, ha? . . . or maybe it's . . . Good God no, not THAT!"

Not all the fantasies are kinky, but just about all are unnerving. One of the most common is that your lover imagines you to be another man. Before you get jealous, be assured it's not necessarily someone she likes better or even anyone she's met. Just any other man—for the sheer perversity of it.

We're going to spare you all the horrors, but here's just one to warn you away: the woman who imagines she is describing the scene, on the *telephone,* to . . . her MOTHER!

There's no use warning. You'll read this book, you know you will.

RECOMMENDED READING

Kerouac, by Ann Charters (Straight Arrow, $7.95). Kerouac is nothing to the newly hip, and though I liked Jack I'm not sugesting a revival. The virtue of this book is not in its subject, but that it is beautifully conceived and written.

Those Swiss Money Men, by Ray Vicker (Scribner, $7.95). The gnomes of Zurich, lured out of their vaults and exposed in a lucid and lively account of the power of the Swiss banks.

Porno Star, by Tina Russell (Lancer, $1.50). No piece of *belles lettres,* this book sounds as if it has been written by a young creature who has "starred" in a mess of porn films. The mechanics of the business are covered closely and convincingly.—*Norman Hoss*

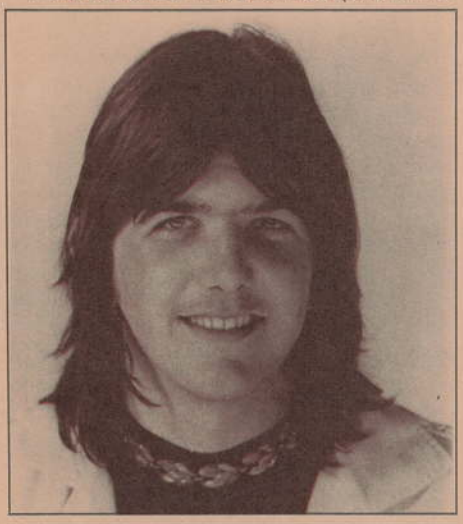
SOUNDS

GRAM PARSONS DOES A WEEK IN THE GILDED PALACE OF SIN

A retired Greyhound bearing the legend "Gram Parsons on Tour" in big red letters sat in front of Max's Kansas City. The touring bus is one of the many traditions that Gram Parsons observes. He is a Southern-born and bred writer, singer and collector of mostly country songs who claims to have talked more than once with both Jesus and the Rolling Stones. He has the dubious distinction of having almost single-handedly brought on the country-rock movement through his contributions to the Byrds on their trailblazing *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* album and through his founding of the brilliant, but neglected, Flying Burrito Brothers. You may have thought you never wanted to hear another pedal-steeled, cowboy-shirted rock group again, but when Parsons, singing cohort Emmylou Harris, and their band, the Fallen Angels, roll through country chestnuts like "We'll Sweep out the Ashes in the Morning," or Parsons originals like "The New Soft Shoe," they put it all back in perspective and revitalize all the clichés.

For a man who's been completely out of sight for two years, Gram was generating plenty of interest during his week-long stay in New York. The stairs leading up to Max's tiny performing room were jammed with people, dressed in their old army jackets and lumberjack shirts after a fling at flamboyance a couple weeks earlier at David Bowie's Radio City spectacular. They seemed eager for retrenchment and Parsons gave it to them. The music he offers is as comfortable as an old pair of Wranglers—it's hard to keep from singing along on those harmonized choruses if you're at all familiar with the songs. Parsons works within the seemingly narrow stylistic limitations of the standard country song, and the pathos he can generate with a simple inflection is astounding, whether he's singing Hank Williams, Buck Owens, or Gram Parsons.

If Gram and Burrito co-founder (and former



Parsons: Country music in perspective

Byrd himself) Chris Hillman formed a writing and singing duo in that group reminiscent of the Everly Brothers, then Gram and Emmylou Harris have the characteristics of male-female country duos like George Jones and Tammy Wynette, or Conway Twitty and Loretta Lynn. But Emmylou forsakes the tumbling curls and ruby lips of most female country singers for Bohemian straight black hair and a face bearing no colors other than those provided by nature. She's very pretty. Gram beside her is no flash either—not any more. He's put some meat on his once-lanky frame and he's replaced the specially made Nudie suits with serviceable cotton and denim. On this evening, the condition of his clothes, hair and eyelids suggested a recent awakening. But if he wasn't quite at his best, you couldn't tell it from his singing. His soft voice, which always seems to be at the top of its range, is full of cracks, quivers and other small imperfections, but he uses these flaws with artistry, putting a touch of weary acceptance here, a trace of shit-kicking exultation there. While Emmylou's perfect voice brings out the sweetness of Parsons' singing, it also underscores, by contrast, the unevenness. Together, their voices can summon the angels or the devils, and sometimes both at the same time. When they harmonize, Gram invariably stops playing his acoustic, grips the mike in both hands, and he and the stand tilt over to Emmylou. He seems overjoyed at her presence.

The crowd shouts its approval after Gram and the group do a Burrito Brothers song. One of their numbers, *The Gilded Palace of Sin*, an inventive and compelling evocation of Southern moods brought out through the blending of white and black Southern musical forms, is a big cult favorite in New York, Boston and other areas where word-of-mouth can be effective. But the crowd responds just as enthusiastically to tunes from Gram's new album and first solo effort, *GP*. If *Gilded Palace of Sin* is the best country-rock album ever (as it most certainly is), then *GP* may well prove to be the first alternate. Like the first Burritos album, *GP* is more country than most contemporary country records. Much of it sounds like the determinedly sentimental, nasal-melancholy country music of the late 1940s and early 1950s—the music that Gram heard around him when he was growing up in Waycross, Ga. The tenacious way he hangs on to his own past is one of the elements that has always made Parsons' music so powerful. For him, the re-creation of old forms is hardly an end in itself; it's a means to some deep, personal exploration. I'm convinced that if Gram came from central Ohio instead of south Georgia, he could make the polka music of that area touching and personal. It's not the form that makes you listen, but the mind of the artist who's using it.—*Bud Scoppa*

MANN FOR ALL SEASONS

"I play what I like. You can't really put a label on it. *Rolling Stone* thinks I'm playing jazz, and *Down Beat* thinks I'm playing pop. The only people who seem to be satisfied are the band and the audience."

Sitting in Manhattan's Russian Tea Room, looking as if he owns it, Herbie Mann talks about his music.

"When I started out, everybody told me the flute wasn't a jazz instrument, but I knew I liked it and wanted to play it, so I stuck with it. I grew up in New York, and I always heard black and Latin American music. I wanted to play music that combined the melodic possibilities of the flute with Latin and r & b rhythms. The first group I had was an Afro-Cuban jazz band with conga drums."

There are two Herbie Manns. One of them makes hit records and has SRO concerts. The other one heads corporations that publish songs and produce concerts—he even has his own record label, Embryo, which has released records by Ron Carter, Brute Force, Attila Zoller and Miroslav Vitous.

"I know a lot about the business end. You have to, if you're ever going to get beyond scrounging after dates. One concert date is worth a week of club dates, for example, but there are a lot more subtle things than that. I have a terrific new contract with Atlantic: I have complete control over the whole product, including the jackets and liners. And the label is putting a real promotion budget behind my releases."

The deal should pay off for both the label and the performer. Mann's *Hold On I'm Comin': Recorded Live at the 1972 New York & Montreux Jazz Festivals*, released in the middle of May, led Atlantic's jazz releases for

Herbie: A Mann without a label

the season. It brought Mann's LPs in Atlantic's active catalogue to twenty-six.

"I love playing," Mann says, "especially the concerts and records, because you reach so many people." But not so many critics. "Why it's all right to improvise on 'Lady Be Good' but not on 'Hold On, I'm Comin'' always escapes me. If we were starving, we'd probably be drowning in critical acclaim."

Recently Atlantic released *Turtle Bay*, which promises to be another smash. "We spent a lot of time in the studio on this one and we're really satisfied. I added a string quartet on a couple of the numbers, and the tunes are really beautiful. I really dig Delaney and Bonnie's 'Never Ending Song.' We have an up side for partying and dancing and a down side for grooving."

Herbie Mann and group spent much of the summer at festivals and concerts. "We do about forty dates a year, ten in the spring, ten in October and the rest during the

summer. All the band members do studio work the rest of the year, and we spend a lot of time in the studio with our stuff. Before Christmas, we're going to London to do our next album, hopefully with some English musicians I've admired, like Ian Anderson and Steve Winwood.

"Except when I'm looking for material, I don't listen to music much. When I do, I try to find things I like. When I write, I usually just get an idea that says something about my life. I wrote a song about my wife because I had something I really wanted to say.

"A lot of musicians get overinvolved in playing. They don't have anything else. If they're not playing, they're not alive. I'm not like that. Music is part of my life, it's a way of saying things about my life, but the real living goes on between the playing."—*Guthrie Bester*

AN OLD MASTER RETURNS

One year ago Link Wray was entertaining a sparse crowd of local New York youths with a cheap, scarlet, pawn-shop Yamaha electric guitar. At forty-three years of age, one of the founding fathers of rock was keeping his hand in, nothing more.

Six months later he was installed in Wally Heider's first-rate San Francisco studio, laying down an album that gave him a chance to deliver on the promise of a long, long career. *Be What You Want To,* Link Wray's second Polydor album is a beauty. It features the services of Jerry Garcia, Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, David Bromberg and Peter Kaukonen.

Wray is a walking storehouse of American music. Poor, hungry and practically uneducated, he has a deep earthiness inside him. Born in Dunn, N.C., to a crippled Shawnee mother—who was one of twenty-six children—and a white father, he was an outcast on both sides of the fence. He learned his first music (blues and gospel), from a black circus hand; he picked up country from Hank Williams, a childhood friend. Defying the doctors who had cut a tubercular lung out of him (infected during his service in Korea), he played in clubs until "Rumble," (a gut-thumping monster instrumental) made him a minor star and gained him the respect that is now beginning to pay off.

Link Wray—a contemporary Old Master

Many second-generation rock stars have graced Wray's recent sessions. Others, like Pete Townshend of The Who and Marc Bolan of T Rex, have made their high opinions of him public. Wray long ago employed a young Gene Vincent as a rhythm guitarist and, at the request of Dick Clark, taught a terrified Fabian just how to turn on a mass of teen-age girls. But this status was not to last.

Being a financial innocent, he was not made wealthy by his hit records and went back to the bars and army bases of the low-end circuit. But now, at last, there is not just an Oldies revival but a general acceptance of the old masters. In many ways, Link Wray is ahead of the brightest stars of his musical generation.

While Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis embellish their past glories (superbly!), Little Richard wallows around in insane vaudeville and though one small taste of the Bo Diddley beat goes a long way, Wray's work is fresh and contemporary. He can still write and interpret new material.

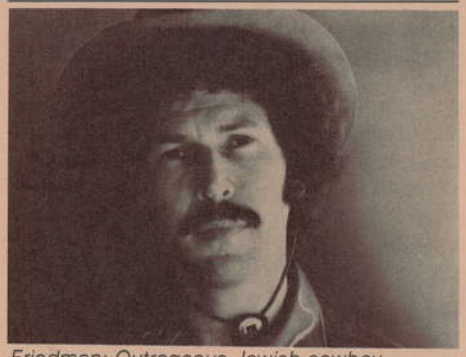
His two recent albums (the first, *Link Wray,* is also on Polydor) have proved beyond a doubt that he is a superb performer of traditional country and blues, and an intelligent songwriter with considerable soul and a strong, melodic sense.

Be What You Want To is a very professional album, more so than *Link Wray,* which was recorded on a three-track machine. The gospel choruses are loaded with soul and sweetness, the mix is funky yet clear, and Garcia's pedal-steel playing is precise, economical, and sensual in an appropriately religious vein. Where most meetings of two rock generations fail, this succeeds brilliantly.

It is a diverse album, ranging from a fine remake of Lloyd Price's rocker, "Lawdy Miss Clawdy" with Commander Cody's band, to "Morning," a simple acoustic instrumental with David Bromberg. In "Tucson, Arizona" Link sings of the joys of walking in the desert sun of his new hometown: it is the epitome of his softer side, lovingly decorated by Garcia. You can draw a happy picture from it—Link with three wives, seven kids and a lifetime of abuse behind him, now secure in the West with his music and a new family. Maybe he'll disappear again, but one thing is certain: Link is a real country gentleman and he'll be playing until he dies—*Patrick Carr*

SHORT TAKES

Sold American/Kinky Friedman (Vanguard VSD-79333). Following on the trail of Charlie Pride and Johnny Rodriguez, the first black and Chicano country stars respectively, Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys were an inevitability. Some of the lyrics are outrageous enough—try "The Ballad of Charles Whitman" for laughs—but most of the music is pretty derivative. Anyway, Dylan has already become the first Jewish cowboy.

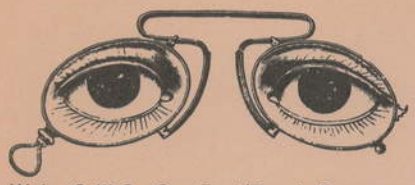


Friedman: Outrageous Jewish cowboy

It's Not Love/Merle Haggard (Capitol ST-11127). Ole Merle is sounding more and more as if he's walking through his recording sessions, but it doesn't matter. Even at his most laid-back he sings circles around most other country singers. The title song is one of the best new tunes in years and there are several others nearly as good.

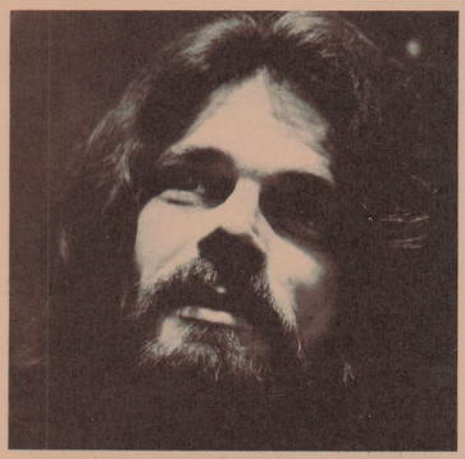
Slow To 20/Jim Post (Fantasy 9408). This was one of the best albums of last year and overlooked by nearly everybody. Post has a voice that easily crosses three octaves and writes beautiful songs. He also gets some nice help on this second album from guitarist Jim Schwall. Post has been in the business a long time—he started out singing in churches when he was ten. He scored a couple of medium hits and got partway up the charts a few years ago under his own name with "Colorado Exile." He is potentially superstar material and *Slow To 20* is a record too good to have missed.

Down The Road / Manassas (Atlantic SD-7250). Steve Stills fans will be excited to get a new collection of ditties. Though the sound grows out of his earlier bands, only a few moments come up to his previous work. Most of it sounds like things you've already heard, and not necessarily from him.



We're Still On Our Feet/Randy Burns and the Sky Dog Band (Polydor PD-5049). Randy Burns has been kicking around Greenwich Village for years, with fame always skipping a few steps ahead of him. Now that he has moved to a new label, his time may have come. The Sky Dogs are smooth while they are funky and make a very nice backup for Burns' light, folky tenor; together they have some great songs. If they weren't so New York, they'd have been superstars long ago.

Songs/B. J. Thomas (Paramount 6052). B. J. Thomas is one of the steadiest and most long-lived creators of bubble gum, but he's getting older, and, like everybody else, he's looking for a little class. His solution: a classy bubble gum album. He's put some of New York's best studio people together with a batch of songs by Mann, Weil, Goffin and King. This album couldn't miss and doesn't.



In The Palm Of Your Hand/Buck Owens (Capitol ST-11136). This is the best Buck Owens LP in a long time. Country musicians think nothing of putting out three or four albums a year and nobody can keep up a pace like that forever. Buck Owens has a better average than most and he has been responsible for some of the great country albums, his own and those of his Bakersfield compadres. *In The Palm Of Your Hand* holds several hits, including a fabulous "Made In Japan."

Cross-Country / Toni & Terry (Capitol ST-11137). Toni & Terry (Brown and Garthwaite), are the leaders of Joy of Cooking, one of the best bands in the Bay Area, responsible already for two terrific LPs. The two singer-songwriters took a vacation from the band to hitch up for these Nashville cuts with Charlie McCoy, Dennis Linde and Vassar Clements. Both as songwriters and performers they continue to get more exciting and assured. Watch for that third Joy of Cooking.

The Dark Side Of The Moon/Pink Floyd (Capitol SMAS-11163). This album was Number One almost before it was released. What's going on here? There are four musicians in this group: three of them list the VCS3 among their instruments and two include "tape effects" as their ax. Could this be the beginning of Quaalude Rock?

B. J. Thomas (left) and Manassas (below), with Steve Stills, second from right

Star Spangled Springer/Phil Everly (RCA APL 1-0092). The brothers Everly have been the hard-luck kids for years. They had one of the truly original sounds in rock and for several years in the Fifties they couldn't do anything wrong. But for more than a decade they have lived with frustration, putting out dozens of records that didn't quite click, artistically or commercially. Don, the introspective one, tried a couple of albums on his own —with even more disappointing results. It seemed the boys had lost their touch for good; but that turns out to be untrue. Phil has now come back with a beautiful made-in-Nashville LP of his own tunes (with one exception). Phil is the one with the more distinctive voice and he uses it better than at any time since "Cathy's Clown." This is an excellent recording.

Phil Everly: A beautiful comeback

With Pleasure/Fraser & deBolt (Columbia KC-32130). If you were paying attention two years ago, you would have noticed *Penthouse* telling you to run out and buy the first album by this dynamic Canadian duo. What we said then now goes in spades. They have it all: great writing, superb musicianship, originality—and now a first-rate band to help them.

From the Archives: ABC's Bluesway line has come up with three excellent re-releases, Jimmy Reed, *The Ultimate* (BLS-6067); Bobby Bland, *Call On Me* (BLS-6065); and Junior Parker, *Sometimes Tomorrow My Broken Heart Will Die*, (BLS-6066). The Reed sides are from his frequently re-packaged Vee Jay days. If you don't have them you should. Bland made *Call On Me* in 1963 and it is among his better disks. Parker, who died last year, is best known for the treacly blues ballads of the later part of his career, but this is from his earlier and best work. The sound on all three is excellent.—*Guthrie Bester*

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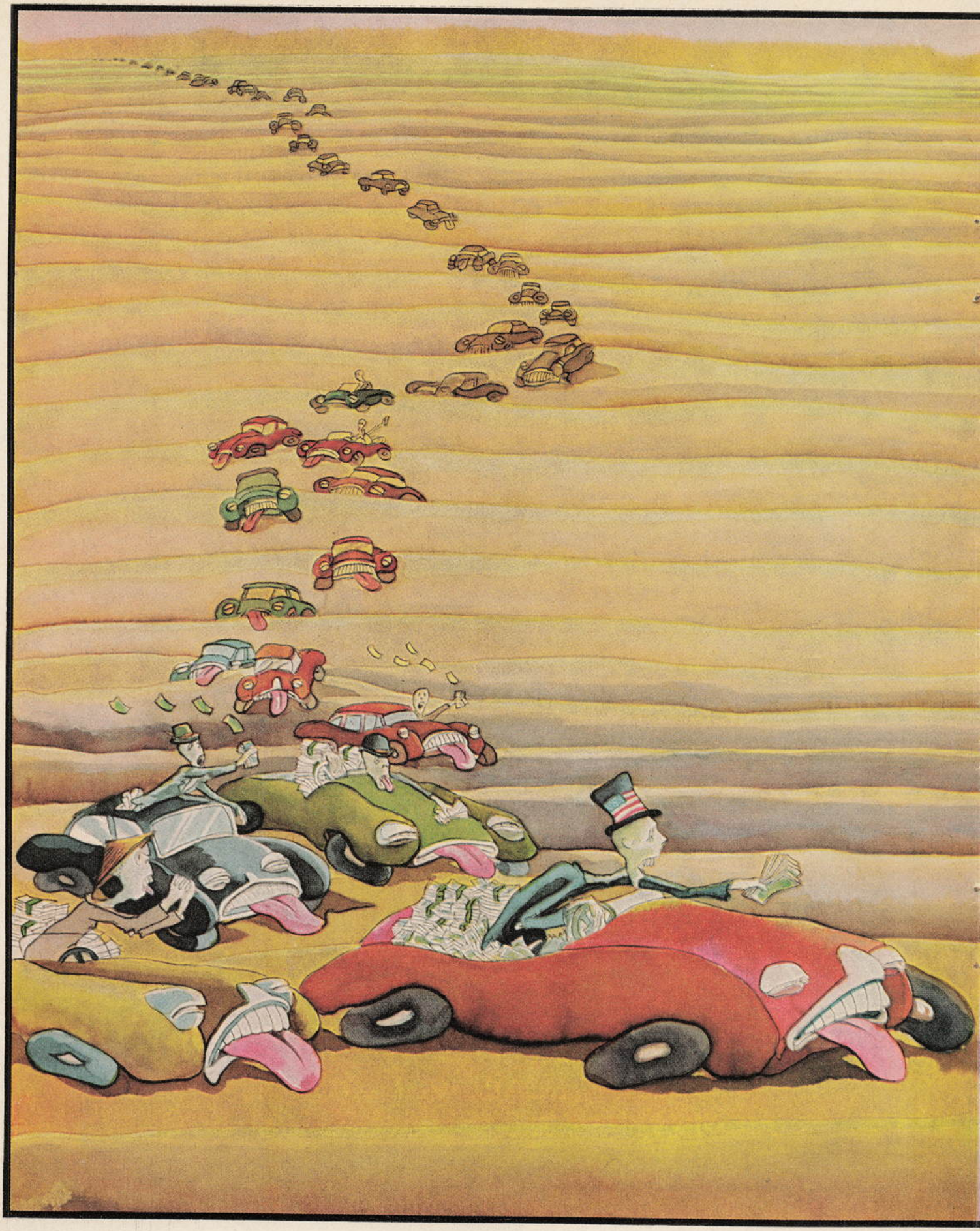
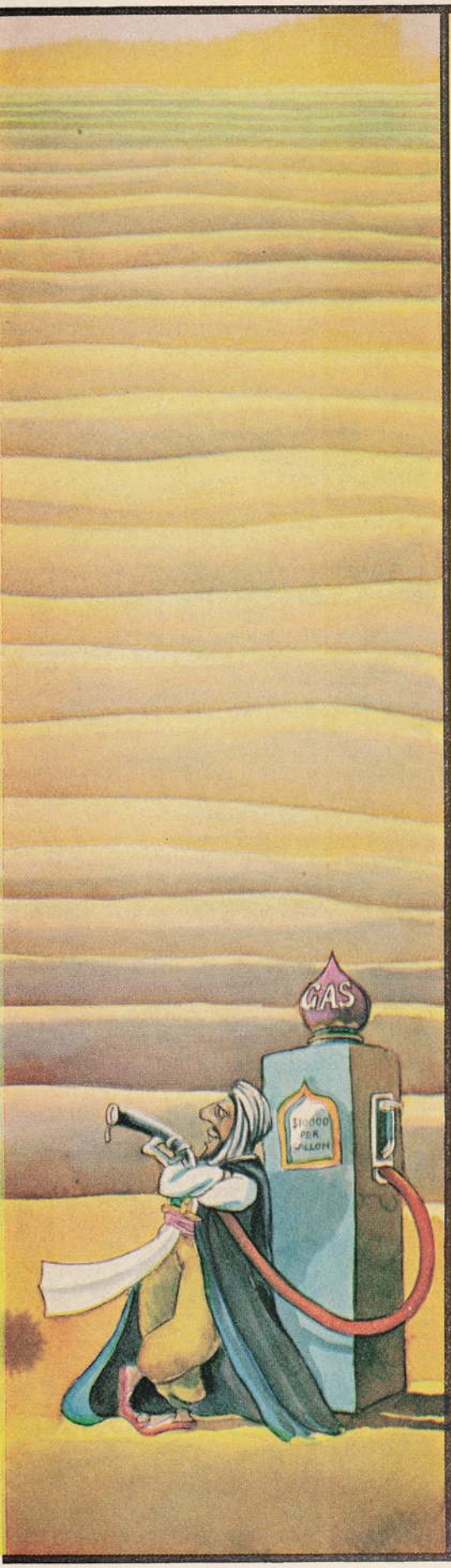


Mike Foreman



Gasoline prices are rising, rationing is around the corner. A nation on wheels is heading for a stall.

The Slowing of America

By Walter Gutman

Instead of an "Energy Crisis," about which we hear so much today, there are really three different crises, only one of which is real in the sense that it represents an actual shortage of fuel. This first—or "real"—crisis is at present felt only in the United States. Even in America, for those of us who haven't actually had trouble getting gasoline this summer or heating oil last winter, there is no energy crisis except in the scare headlines and in prices. And we have price crises all the time. For West and East Europeans, Canadians, South Americans and Asians, the energy situation is the same this year as last year, and it will be the same next year, except for price, and for quite a while. In fact, Europe, because of the North Sea discoveries, is better off than it ever was. One nation—Norway—is about to become an exporter of oil and gas. If the North Sea has the reserves some enthusiasts are guessing, blond "Arabs" may become an international problem in the 1980s. For us Americans, the situation will get worse for at least a half-dozen years.

Then there is the second energy crisis. This is political and financial. It is a threat, not a fact. It is caused by an immense concentration of petroleum in the hands of Muslim nations. If there were not this remarkable ethnic concentration of the world's known energy resources, there would be no worldwide energy crisis, since the total of known world reserves is statistically ample for the next quarter of a century or more. But, as it is, all of the Western industrial nations are afraid that the Muslims (not all Muslims are Arab), either because of their desire for global power or from sheer boredom with the paper money they are acquiring in enormous bundles, may cut back on production. The Europeans have a chilling memory, and the Muslims a glowing one, of that time, five hundred years ago, when Arab armies based in Spain were a menace to all of Europe, and when Arab navies cut the trade route from Europe to the Far East. Today, Arab-Israeli rivalries have given a sharp focus to the sudden, not-too-clearly expected rebirth of Muslim power; but even if there were no Israel, the situation would still exist. However, the nightmares of the rulers of the West may turn out to be nothing more than just that. The Muslim nations, like those of the Christian West, are constantly torn and inflamed by their rivalries; the paper money they are acquiring could easily be spent in the West for activating military and other national ambitions at home. It is probably overly dra-

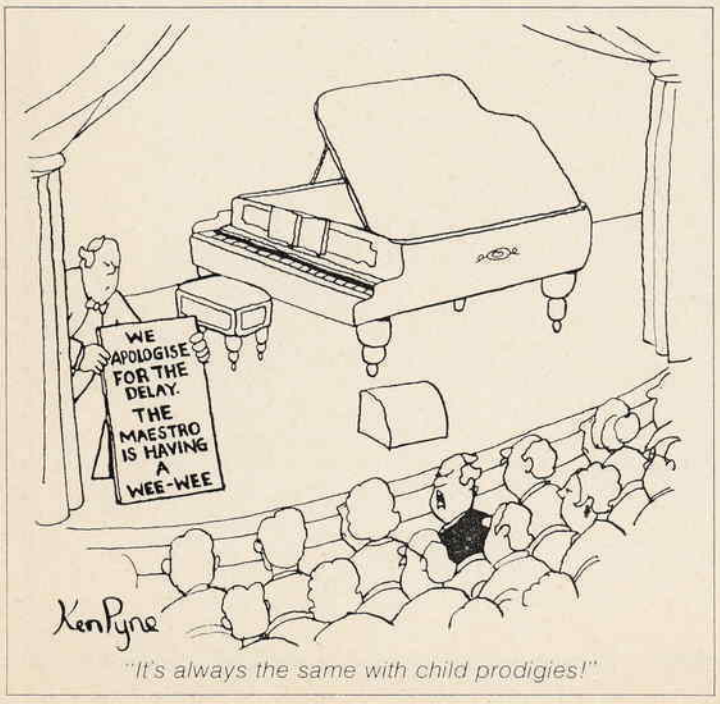
CONTINUED OVERLEAF

matic to imagine a rebirth of the ancient conflict of the Cross and the Scimitar, and the years may well continue to flow along in the usual way. Energy crisis Number Two may never occur.

But there is a third crisis, the distant one—at least it probably seems far away to a summer reader of *Penthouse*. It's obvious that if all the world seeks to live in the American style, while Americans seek to make this style groovier and groovier, then at some time we're going to run out of gas—and also out of coal, uranium, firewood, cow chips, geothermal steam, and even silicon chips for capturing solar energy. Just take a few statistics: at present we Americans use 37 percent of the world's energy output but we make up only 6 percent of the world's population. If all the world's people lived our way, it would take more than fifteen times as much petroleum, natural gas, nuclear power, coal and firewood as are being used now. And these statistics don't take into account the world's growing population, which is expected to double in less than thirty years. It's obvious that somewhere down the road there's going to be a drastic change in how we live, unless some extraordinary scientific breakthrough occurs. But that's "somewhere down the road"—something for governments to worry about more than for people.

There are historic examples of excessive concern for the future. In 16th-century England, for instance, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, the cutting of oak trees was restricted by royal decree. Oak was used to make charcoal, which then was used in the blast furnaces of the booming iron industry; but the oaks were also used as timber for the ships of the Royal Navy. Queen Elizabeth was afraid that the oak forests would be denuded because of the demand for charcoal. No one could then foresee that, three hundred years later, the British would no longer need oak for their warships and that coke from coal would have long replaced charcoal from wood. But we may not have three hundred years—the hope is that we may have, perhaps, one hundred. If we do have a scientific breakthrough, then the real energy crisis—the crisis beyond politics—may be long postponed.

Of the three crises, the one that most concerns Americans is the first. How did it happen? Well, it came about in that oft-described, Greek-tragedy way—that is, from our inherent strengths and later our inherent weaknesses. No member of the management of the fuel industry or of government will describe it that way—management blames government and government blames management—but a study of the history of the industry shows that what is happening now was made inevitable by what went before. Incidentally, when anyone today speaks of any of the energy crises, he is referring to the supplies of petroleum and natural gas, which currently fuel over 75 percent of the energy used in the United States. This doesn't mean we always use it directly; for example, 35 percent of the nation's electric power is generated by burning either oil or natural gas. Our dependence on these petroleum sources will decline in the future—especially if the planned rise in the use of nuclear power plants materializes—but in 1985, even if the growth trend of American economic activity is maintained, almost 70 percent of the energy base will still be oil and natural gas. There is no shortage of coal in prospect, and no clear shortage of uranium. As for solar energy, geothermal energy, and assorted other sources, they are still only dreams if one is thinking of really large-scale use; and water power already has been pretty thoroughly exploited, especially in the U.S.



"It's always the same with child prodigies!"

Now to history. Though Noah may have seen it first, petroleum was brought to the attention of the modern world by discoveries in Pennsylvania, where Edwin Drake drilled the first producing oil well in the United States in 1859. A new byproduct, kerosene, fueled a worldwide boom. Up until then, nighttime illumination had been accomplished throughout human history by log fires, wood torches tipped with tar from pine trees, candles made from animal and vegetable waxes, and whale oil. Compared to anything that had gone before, kerosene was an unbelievable improvement in intensity, safety and flexibility of illumination. Its only rival before the rise of the electric light was city gas—generated along with the manufacture of coke in some large cities. The young John D. Rockefeller took advantage of this new invention and quickly became the symbol of industrial ruthlessness. The brutality of Rockefeller's Standard Oil Co., plus sundry brutalities of other great industrialists, spawned the antitrust laws. Thus, the cracking of crude had a magnified social and political effect, far more important than the product itself, and it still does.

After kerosene, it became evident that a more volatile combination of petroleum's hydrocarbon molecules could be easily ignited. This was gasoline, and when engines capable of using gasoline were developed, the automobile and aviation ages had arrived. Although the automobile was developed in Europe, its first mass use came with Henry Ford's low-priced Model T. In what were then thought of as the vast reaches of the United States, the Model T was a marvelous new means of transportation and communication. With the widespread use of the automobile came, quite naturally, the need not only for the massive production of gasoline, but also for the construction of refineries and distribution systems throughout a huge country. This development wasn't needed in Europe, which wasn't ready yet for extensive use of either automobiles or gasoline. But the U.S. was, and as the search for petroleum expanded, many states were found to have petroleum deposits.

Crude oil and natural gas are currently produced in thirty-two of the Fifty States. On the West Coast, the wells around Malibu were one of the reasons that Hollywood is where it is. Easy money from these wells helped finance the movies. No other country has petroleum so widely distributed within its borders, and this has had certain effects that explain a good deal of the current American energy crisis.

The principal effect is political. Most American wells are small—the average daily production is only eighteen barrels, as compared with the 10,000 barrels a day typical of the Persian Gulf. This means that the number of producing wells in the U.S. is enormous, and that the number of individuals deriving some income from oil production is also enormous. At last official count, there were 629,000 producing oil and gas wells. Those having an interest in the wells ranged from companies—some of them, of course, the major giants—which through leases have the working interests, and the U.S. Government and various state governments, to the tens of thousands of individuals who own the land and, therefore, the underlying royalties.

The main political power of oil producers, however, does not come from the mass of votes of royalty owners, or even from their money funneled into political campaigns. It derives from the leverage of oil interests in the U.S. Senate. With thirty-two states producing some oil or gas, there are always likely to be sixty-four senators who have some sympathy for the plight of the petroleum industry. Though the political power of the industry

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TITLE	1956	ARTIST
1. Moonlight Gambler		Frankie Lane
2. I Walk the Line		Johnny Cash
3. Blue Suede Shoes		Elvis Presley
4. Tutti Frutti		Elvis Presley
5. Born to be With You		Cordettes
6. Go Away Little Girl		Steve Lawrence
7. I'm In Love Again		Fats Domino
8. Blueberry Hill		Fats Domino
9. Blue Monday		Fats Domino
10. Just Walking In the Rain		Johnny Ray
11. Since I Met You, Baby		Ivory Joe Hunter
12. Long Tall Sally		Little Richard
13. Love is Strange		Mickey & Sylvia
14. Why Do Fools Fall in Love?		F. Lymon/Teenagers
15. Canadian Sunset		Andy Williams
16. The Fool		Santord Clark

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
1. Diana		Paul Anka
2. That'll Be the Day		B. Holly/Crickets
3. Oh, Boy		B. Holly/Crickets
4. Come, Go With Me		Del-Vikings
5. Whispering Bells		Del-Vikings
6. Wonderful! Wonderful!		Johnny Mathis
7. The Twelfth of Never		Johnny Mathis
8. School Day		Chuck Berry
9. Jamaica Farewell		Harry Belafonte
10. Banana Boat Song		Harry Belafonte
11. Bee-Bop Baby		Ricky Nelson
12. Stood Up		Ricky Nelson
13. Butterfly		Charlie Gracie
14. Party Doll		Buddy Knox
15. Kisses Sweeter than Wine		Jimmie Rodgers
16. Honey Comb		Jimmie Rodgers

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
1. Oh, Boy		Buddy Holly
2. Maybe Baby		B. Holly/Crickets
3. Book of Love		Monotones
4. Happy, Happy Birthday, Baby		Tune Weavers
5. For Your Precious Love		Jerry Butler
6. Susie Darlin'		Robin Luke
7. Tears On My Pillow		Lil Anthony/Imperials
8. Summertime, Summertime		Jamies
9. Big Man		Four Preps
10. Whole Lotta Lovin'		Fats Domino
11. Sixteen Candles		Crests
12. Summertime Blues		Eddie Cochran
13. Johnny Be Goode		Chuck Berry
14. A Lover's Question		Clyde McPhater
15. To Know Him is to Love Him		Teddy Bears
16. Lonely Teardrops		Jackie Wilson

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
1. There Goes My Baby		Drifters
2. Lonely Boy		Paul Anka
3. Put Your Head on my Shoulder		Paul Anka
4. Teenager In Love		Dion
5. Come Softly To Me		Fleetwoods
6. Mr. Blue		Fleetwoods
7. The Big Hurt		Tony Fischer
8. Teen Angel		Mark Dinning
9. Broken Hearted Melody		Sarah Vaugh
10. We Got Love		Bobby Rydell
11. Tragedy		Thomas Wayne
12. M.T.A.		Kingston Trio
13. Here Comes Summer		Jerry Keller
14. Waterloo		Stonewall Jackson
15. It Doesn't Matter Anymore		B. Holly/Crickets
16. Heartbeat		B. Holly/Crickets

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
1. Blue Angel		Roy Orbison
2. Lonely Teenager		Dion/Belmonts
3. Where or When		Dion/Belmonts
4. This Magic Moment		Drifters
5. Harlem Nocturn		Viscounts
6. Puppy Love		Paul Anka
7. Georgia On My Mind		Ray Charles
8. Chain Gang		Sam Cooke
9. Walkin' to New Orleans		Fats Domino
10. Mule Skinner Blues		Fender Men
11. Tell Laura I Love Her		Ray Peterson
12. Wild One		Bobby Rydell
13. Calendar Girl		Neil Sedaka
14. Devil or Angel?		Bobby Vee
15. Rubber Ball		Bobby Vee
16. Mr. Custer		Larry Verne

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
1. Running Scared		Roy Orbison
2. Candy Man		Roy Orbison
3. Moody River		Pat Boone
4. Spanish Harlem		Ben E. King
5. Stand By Me		Ben E. King
6. Some Kind of Wonderful		Drifters
7. Twist		Chubby Checker
8. Cupid		Sam Cooke
9. The Mountain High		Dick & DeeDee
10. Tonight		Ferante & Teicher
11. Gypsy Woman		Impressions
12. This Time		Troy Shondell
13. I've Told Every Little Star		Linda Scott
14. A Hundred Pounds of Clay		Gene McDaniels
15. Moon River		Henry Mancini
16. Raindrops		Dee Clark

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
1. Only Love Can Break a Heart		Gene Pitney
2. If I Didn't Have a Dime		Gene Pitney
3. She Cried		Jay & the Americans
4. When My Little Girl is Smilin'		Drifters
5. Up on the Roof		Drifters
6. Twistin the Night Away		Sam Cook
7. Shout		Joey Dee
8. Sealed with a Kiss		Brian Hyland
9. Torture		Kris Jensen
10. Wolverton Mountain		Claude King
11. Love Letters		Ketty Lester
12. Let's Dance		Chris Montez
13. Leah		Roy Orbison
14. Any Day Now		Chuck Jackson
15. The Night has a Thousand Eyes		Bobby Vee
16. Sheila		Tommy Roe

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
1. Surfin USA		Beach Boys
2. Hey, Baby		Bruce Channel
3. Let Your Music Play		Drifters
4. Ruby Baby		Dion
5. Donna the Prima Donna		Dion
6. Detroit City		Bobby Bare
7. Rhythm of the Rain		Cascades
8. Mean Women Blues		Roy Orbison
9. Twenty Four Hours from Tulsa		Gene Pitney
10. Man Who Shot Liberty Valance		Gene Pitney
11. More		Kai Winding
12. Silver Threads, Golden Needles		Springfields
13. Since I Fell For You		Lenny Welch
14. Puff the Magic Dragon		Peter, Paul, Mary
15. If I had a Hammer		Peter, Paul, Mary
16. Blowin in the Wind		Peter, Paul, Mary

TITLE	1964	ARTIST
1. California Sun		Riviéras
2. Fun, Fun, Fun		Beach Boys
3. Needles and Pins		Searchers
4. Comes A Little Bit Closer		Jay/Americans
5. Oh, Pretty Woman		Roy Orbison
6. Dawn		Four Seasons
7. Glad All Over		Dave Clark 5
8. Do You Love Me		Dave Clark 5
9. She's About a Mover		Sir Douglas Quintet
10. Wishin and Hopin		Dusty Springfield
11. Suspicion		Terry Stafford
12. Memphis		Johnny Rivers
13. Don't Let Sun Catch You Cryin		Gerry/Pacemakers
14. Under the Boardwalk		Drifters
15. I Believe		Bachelors
16. House of the Rising Sun		Animals

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
1. It Was a Very Good Year		Frank Sinatra
2. California Girls		Beach Boys
3. Do You Wanna Dance		Beach Boys
4. What the World Needs Now		Jackie DeShannon
5. Mrs. Brown-Lovely Daughter		Herman's Hermits
6. Baby the Rain Must Fall		Glen Yarborough
7. Five O'Clock World		Vogues
8. You Were On My Mind		We Five
9. Spanish Eyes		Al Martino
10. Down in the Boondocks		Billy Joe Royal
11. Game of Love		Wayne Fontana
12. You've Got Troubles/I've Got		Fortunes
13. Keep on Dancin'		Gentrys
14. Ferry Across the Mersey		Gerry/Pacemakers
15. Cara Mia		Jay/Americans
16. Some Enchanted Evening		Jay/Americans

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
1. These Boots are Made for Walkin		Nancy Sinatra
2. Soop John B		Beach Boys
3. Bang Bang		Cher
4. Red Rubber Ball		Cyrkle
5. Cherry Cherry		Neil Diamond
6. I Fought the Law		Bobby Fuller 4
7. Love's Made a Fool of You		Bobby Fuller 4
8. Etuve Butterfly		Bob Lind
9. I Saw Her Again		Mamas & Papas
10. Woman		Peter & Gordon
11. Lady Godiva		Peter & Gordon
12. Where Were You, Needed You		Grass Roots
13. Georgie Girl		Seekers
14. I'll Never Find Another You		Seekers
15. A Place in the Sun		Stevie Wonder
16. Guantanamera		The Sandpipers

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
1. Baby I Need Your Lovin'		Johnny Rivers
2. A Whiter Shade of Pale		Procol Harum
3. San Francisco		Scott McKenzie
4. Brown Eyed Girl		Van Morrison
5. There's A Kind of Hush		Herman's Hermits
6. Judy in Disguise		John Fred/Playboy Band
7. To Love Somebody		Bee Gees
8. San Francican Nights		Animals
9. Kentucky Woman		Neil Diamond
10. Carrie-Anne		Hollies
11. I'll Never Fall in Love Again		Tom Jones
12. Jackson		N. Sinatra/L. Hazelwood
13. Different Drum		Stone Poneys
14. Silence is Golden		Tremeloes
15. Somebody to Love		Jefferson Airplane
16. White Rabbit		Jefferson Airplane

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
1. Young Girl		G. Puckett/Union Gap
2. This Magic Moment		Jay & Americans
3. MacArthur Park		Richard Harris
4. Abraham, Martin & John		Dion
5. Words		Bee Gees
6. The Unicorn		Irish Rovers
7. The Look of Love		S. Mendes/Brazil '66
8. Tuesday Afternoon		Moody Blues
9. Hold Me Tight		Johnny Nash
10. Simon Says		1910 Fruitgum Co.
11. Ramblin', Gamblin' Man		Bob Seger System
12. Born to be Wild		Steppenwolf
13. Turn Around, Look at Me		Vogues
14. My Special Angel		Vogues
15. Master Jack		4 Jacks & a Jill
16. She's a Heartbreaker		Gene Pitney

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
1. Suspicious Minds		Elvis Presley
2. In the Ghetto		Elvis Presley
3. Everybody's Talkin'		Nilsson
4. Good Morning Starshine		Oliver
5. Jean		Oliver
6. The Boxer		Simon & Garfunkel
7. Games People Play		Joe South
8. Traces		Classics IV
9. Lodi		CCR
10. Suite: Judy Blue Eyes		Crosby/Stills/Nash
11. Sweet Caroline		Neil Diamond
12. Laughing		Guess Who
13. Ruby, Don't Take Love to Town		K. Rogers/ 1st Edition
14. Baby, It's You		Smith
15. Welcome Me Love		Brooklyn Bridge
16. One		Three Dog Night

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
1. Ride Captain Ride		Blue Image
2. It Don't Matter to Me		Bread
3. Ticket to Ride		Carpenters
4. Make Me Smile		Chicago
5. Knock Three Times		Dawn
6. Your Song		Elton John
7. Reflections of My Love		Marmalade
8. Question		Moody Blues
9. Big Yellow Taxie		The Neighborhood
10. Mr. Bojangles		Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
11. Band of Gold		Freddy Payne
12. Black Magic Women		Santana
13. Celebrate		Three Dog Night
14. Have You Ever Seen the Rain?		CCR
15. For the Good Times		Ray Price
16. Long, Long Time		Linda Ronstandt

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
1. American Pie (Full Version)		Don McLean
2. Superstar		Carpenters
3. Joy to the World		Three Dog Night
4. Colour My World		Chicago
5. Night Drove Old Dixie Down		Joan Baez
6. Stones		Neil Diamond
7. She's a Lady		Tom Jones
8. Me and Bobby McGee		Janis Joplin
9. Me, You, a Dog Named Boo		Lobo
10. Brand New Key		Melanie
11. Without You		Nilson
12. It's One of Those Nights		Partridge Family
13. Moon Shadow		Cat Stevens
14. Gypsies Tramps & Thieves		Cher
15. I Don't Know How to Love Him		Yvonne Elliman
16. Superstar (Jesus Christ)		M. Head/Trinidads

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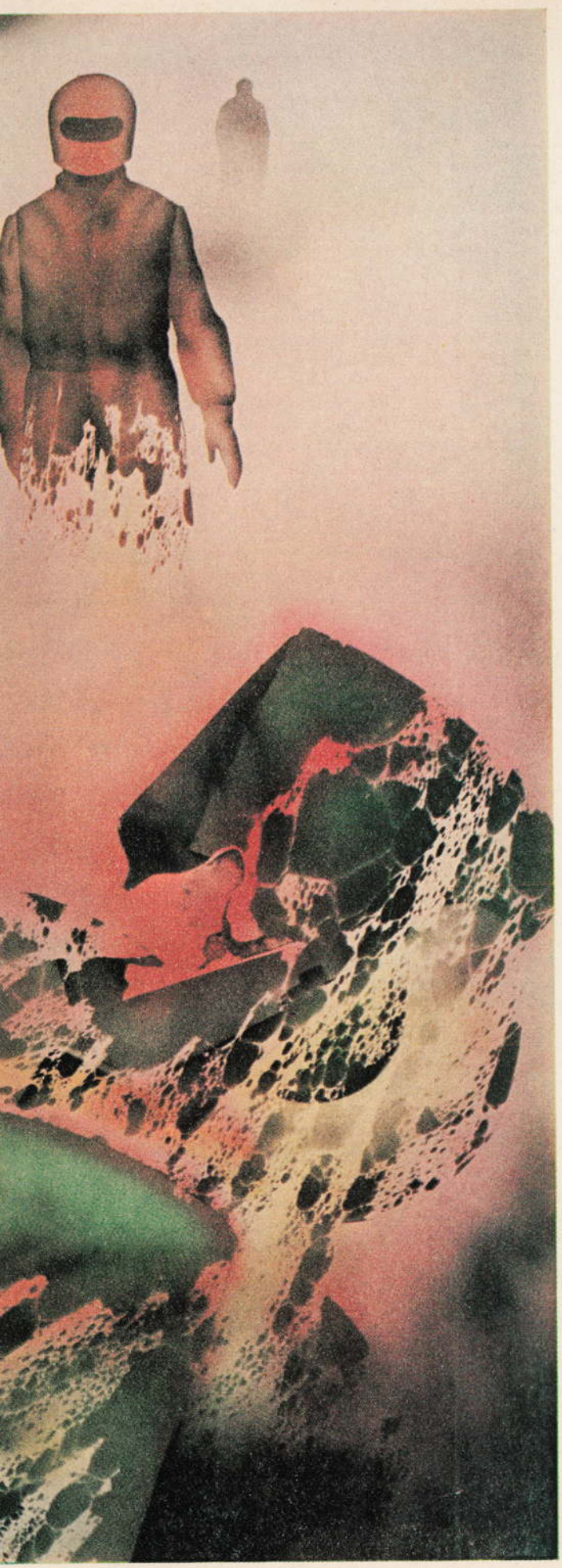

Alistair MacLean's

the way to dusty death

*As have most of his previous suspense novels, Alistair MacLean's newest—**The Way to Dusty Death**—will be made into a movie. **Penthouse** offers the first and last chapters from the story of racing driver Johnny Harlow, who seemingly loses his nerve after a crash. He turns out to be an undercover agent tracking men who sabotage cars, fix Grand Prix races, engage in kidnapping, and run a dope ring tied to the international Grand Prix circuit.*

Harlow sat by the side of the race track on that hot and cloudless afternoon, his long hair blowing about in the fresh breeze and partially obscuring his face, his golden helmet clutched so tightly in his gauntleted hands that he appeared to be trying to crush it; the hands were shaking uncontrollably, and occasional violent tremors racked his entire body.

His own car, from which he had been thrown miraculously clear, miraculously uninjured just before it had overturned, lay, of all places, in its own Coronado pits, upside down and with its wheels spinning idly. Wisps of smoke were coming from an engine already engulfed under a mound of foam from the fire extinguishers; it was clear that there was now little danger left of an explosion from the unruptured fuel tanks.

Alexis Dunnet, the first to reach Harlow, noticed that he wasn't looking at his own car, but was staring, trance-like, at a spot about two hundred yards further along the track, where an already dead man called Isaac Jethou was being cremated in the white-flamed funeral pyre of what had once been his Grand Prix Formula One racing car. There was curiously little smoke coming from the blazing wreck, presumably because of the intense heat given off by the incandescent magnesium alloy wheels, and when the gusting wind occasionally parted the towering curtains of flame, Jethou could be seen, sitting bolt upright in his cockpit, the one apparently undamaged structure left in an otherwise shattered and unrecognizable mass of twisted steel: at least Dunnet *knew*

From the book *The Way to Dusty Death*, copyright © 1973 by Alistair MacLean. To be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

it was Jethou—though what he was seeing was a blackened and horribly charred remnant of a human being.

The many thousands of people in the stands and lining the track were motionless and soundless, staring in transfixed and incredulous awe and horror at the burning car. The last of the engines of the Grand Prix cars—there were nine of them stopped in sight of the pits, some drivers standing by their sides—died away as the race marshals frantically flagged the abandonment of the race.

The public address system had fallen silent now, as did a siren's ululating wail as an ambulance screeched to halt at a prudent distance from Jethou's car, its flashing light fading into nothingness against the white blaze in the background. Rescue workers in aluminum asbestos suits—some operating giant-wheeled fire extinguishers, some armed with crowbars and axes—were trying desperately, for some reason wholly beyond the bounds of logic, to get sufficiently close to the car to drag the cindered corpse free. But the undiminished intensity of the flames made a mockery of their desperation. Their efforts were as futile as the presence of the ambulance was unnecessary. Jethou was beyond any mortal help or hope.

Dunnet looked away and down at the overalled figure beside him. The hands that held the golden helmet still trembled unceasingly, and the eyes that still fixed immovably on the sheeted flames that now quite enveloped Isaac Jethou's car were the eyes of an eagle gone blind. Dunnet reached for his shoulder and shook it gently, but Harlow paid no heed. Dunnet asked him if he were hurt, for his face and trembling hands were masked in blood; he had cartwheeled at least a half-dozen times after being thrown from his car in the final moments before it had upended and come to rest in its own pits. Harlow stirred and looked at Dunnet, blinking like a man slowly arousing himself from a nightmare, then shook his head.

Two ambulance men with a stretcher came toward them at a dead run, but Harlow, unaided except for Dunnet's supporting hand under his upper arm, pushed himself shakily to his feet and waved them off. He didn't, however, seem to object to what little help Dunnet's hand lent him, and they walked slowly back to the Coronado pits—the still-dazed and virtually uncomprehending Harlow; Dunnet—tall, thin, with dark hair parted in the middle, a dark pencil-line mustache and rimless glasses, everyone's idealized conception of a city accountant, even though his passport declared him to be a journalist.

MacAlpine, a fire extinguisher still held in one hand, turned to meet them at the entrance to the pits. James MacAlpine, owner and manager of the Coronado racing team, dressed in a now-stained tan gabardine suit, was in his mid-fifties, as heavily jowled as he was heavily built, with a deeply lined face under an impressive mane of black and silver hair. Behind him, Jacobson, the chief mechanic, and his two red-haired assistants, the Rafferty twins, who for some reason unknown were invariably referred to as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, still ministered to the smoldering Coronado. Behind the car, two white-coated first-aid men were carrying out more serious ministrations of their own: on the ground, unconscious but still clutching the pad and pencil with which she had been taking lap times, lay Mary MacAlpine, the owner's black-haired twenty-year-old daughter. The first-aid men were bent over her left leg and scissoring open to the knee wine-red slacks that had been white moments ago. MacAlpine took Harlow's arm, deliberately shielding him from the sight of his daughter, and led him to the little shelter behind the pits. MacAlpine was an extremely able, competent, and tough man, as millionaires tend to be. Beneath the toughness lay a kindness and depth of consideration that no one would have dared to accuse him of.

In the back of the shelter stood a small wooden crate that was, in effect, a portable bar. Most of it was given over to an icebox stocked with a little beer and lots of soft drinks, chiefly for the mechanics, for working under that torrid sun was thirsty business. There were also two bottles of champagne, for it had not been unreasonable to expect that a man who had just reeled off a near-impossible five consecutive Grand Prix victories might just possibly achieve his sixth. Harlow opened the lid of the crate, ignored the icebox, lifted out a bottle of brandy and half filled the tumbler, the neck of the bottle chattering violently against the rim of the glass: more brandy spilled to the ground than went into the glass. He required both hands to lift the glass to his mouth, and now the rim of the tumbler, in castanet-like fashion, struck up an even more erratic tattoo against his teeth than the bottle had on the glass. He managed to get some of it down, but most of the liquid overflowed both sides of his mouth and coursed down the blood-streaked chin to stain the white racing overalls to exactly the same color as the slacks of the injured girl outside. Harlow stared bemusedly at the empty glass, sank to a bench, and reached for the bottle again.

MacAlpine looked at Dunnet, his face without expression. Harlow had suffered three major crashes in his racing career. In the second one, two years previously, he had sustained near-fatal injuries: on that occasion, he had been smiling, albeit in agony, as his stretcher was loaded aboard the ambulance plane for the flight back to London, and the left hand that he had used to give the thumbs-up signal—his right forearm had been broken in two places—had been as steady as if graven from marble. But more dismaying was the fact that, apart from a token sip of celebration champagne, he had never touched liquor in his life.

It happens to them all, MacAlpine had always maintained, sooner or later it happens to them all. No matter how cool or brave or brilliant they were, it happened to them all, and the more steely their icy calm and control, the more frangible it was. MacAlpine was never a man to be averse to the odd hyperbolic turn of phrase, and there was a handful—but only a handful—of outstanding ex-Grand Prix drivers around who had retired at the top of their physical and mental form; sufficient, at any rate, to disprove MacAlpine's statement in its entirety. But it was well enough known that there existed topflight drivers who had crashed, or who had suffered so much nervous and mental fatigue, that they had become empty shells of their former selves. There were, among the current twenty-four Grand Prix drivers, four or five who would never win a race again, because they had no intention of ever trying to do so, who kept going only in order to shore up the façade of a now-empty pride. But there are some things that are not done in the racing world, and one of these is that you don't remove a man from the Grand Prix roster just because his nerve is gone.

But that MacAlpine was more often right than wrong was sadly clear from the sight of that trembling figure hunched on the bench. If ever a man had gone over the top, had reached and passed the limit of endurance before tumbling over the precipice of self-abnegation and hapless acceptance of ultimate defeat, it was Johnny Harlow, the golden boy of the Grand Prix circuits. Unquestionably, until that afternoon, he was the outstanding driver of his time and, it was being increasingly suggested, of all time; with last year's world championship safely his, and the current year's—by any reasonable standards—almost inevitably his with half the Grand Prix races still to run, Harlow's will and nerve would have appeared to have crumbled beyond recovery. It was plain to both MacAlpine and Dunnet that the charred being who had been Isaac Jethou would haunt Harlow for however long his days were to be.

Not that the signs hadn't been there before for those with eyes to see them, and most of the drivers and mechanics on the circuits had those eyes. Ever since the second Grand Prix race of the season, which Harlow had won easily and convincingly, unaware that his brilliant younger brother had been forced off the track at something over 150 miles per hour, and had telescoped his car into a third of its length against the base of a pine tree, the signs had been there. Never a sociable or gregarious person, he had become increasingly withdrawn, increasingly taciturn, and when he smiled, and it was rarely, it was the empty smile of a man who could find nothing in life to smile about. Normally the most icily calculating and safety-conscious of drivers, his impeccable standards had become eroded, and his previous near-obsession with safety dismayingly decreased while, contradictorily, he consistently kept on breaking lap records on circuits throughout Europe. He had continued on his record-breaking way,

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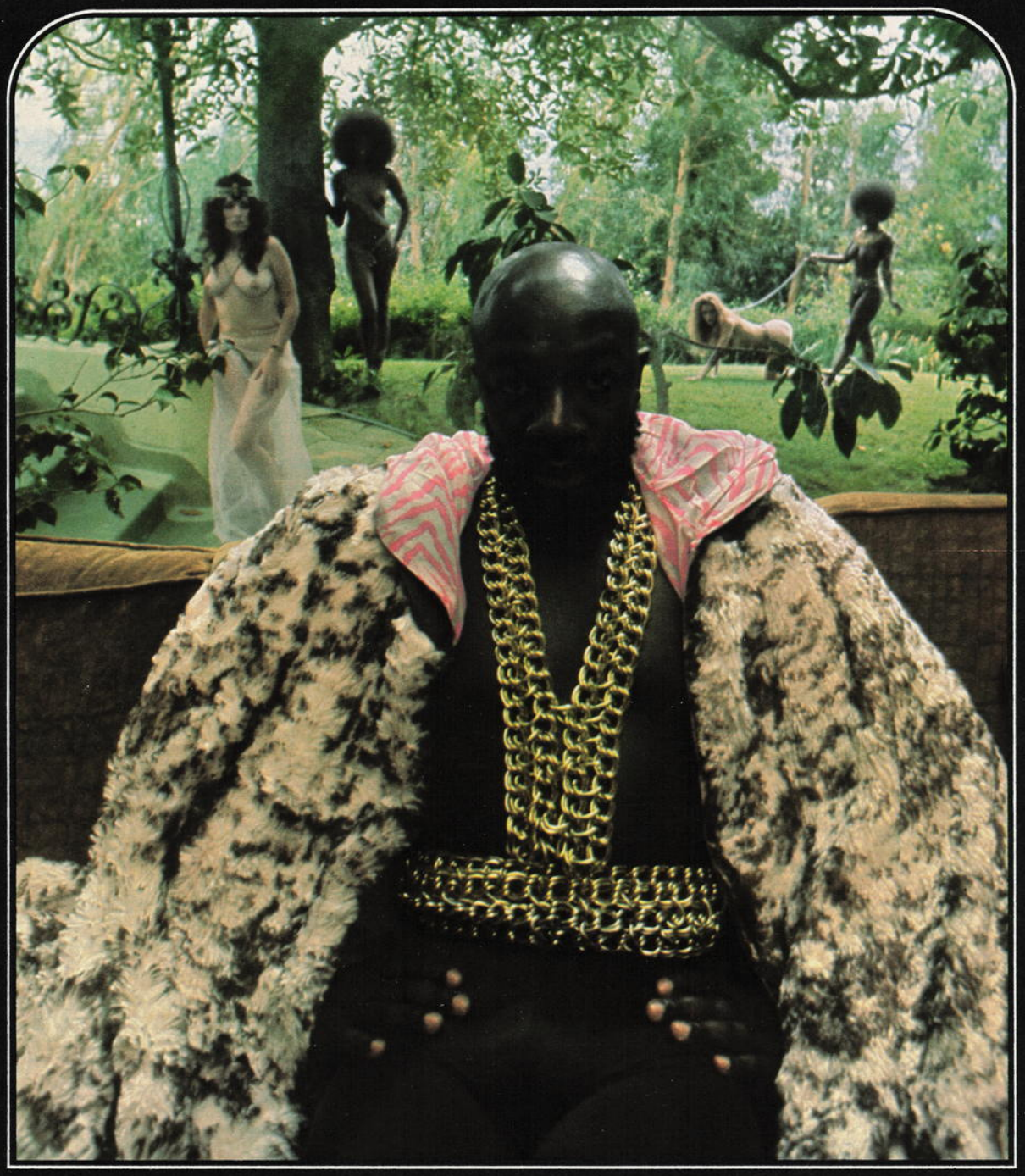
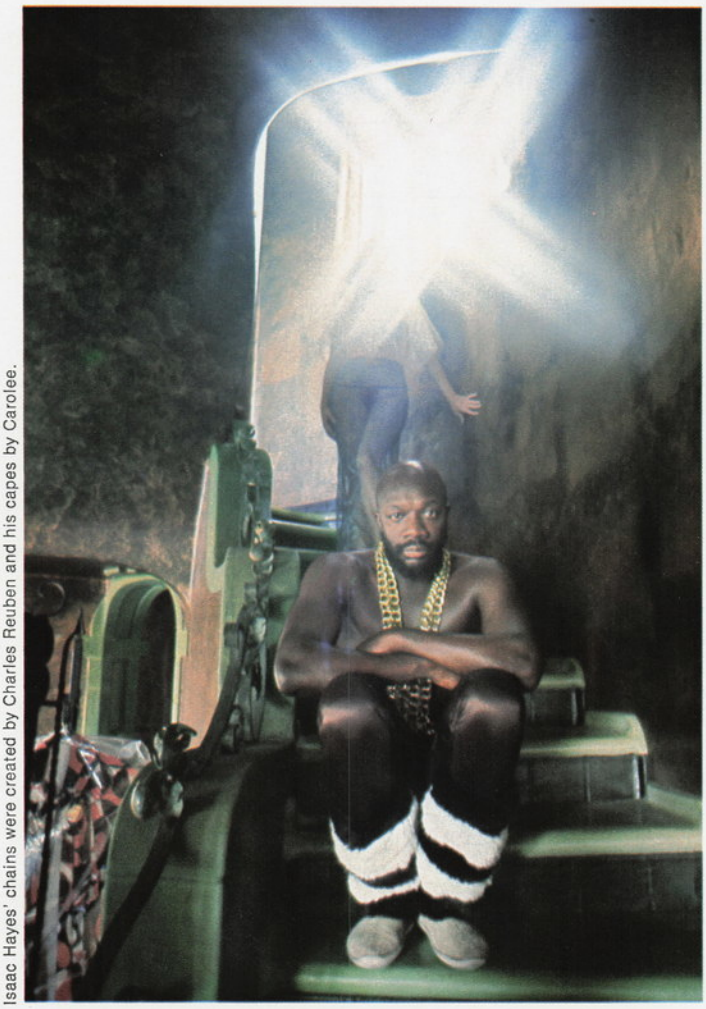


"I discovered that
I was a sex fiend, maniac, whatever...
and it reflects in
my music."



Isaac Hayes' chains were created by Charles Reuben and his capes by Carolee.

BLACK MOSES

ISAAC HAYES: A SELF-PORTRAIT

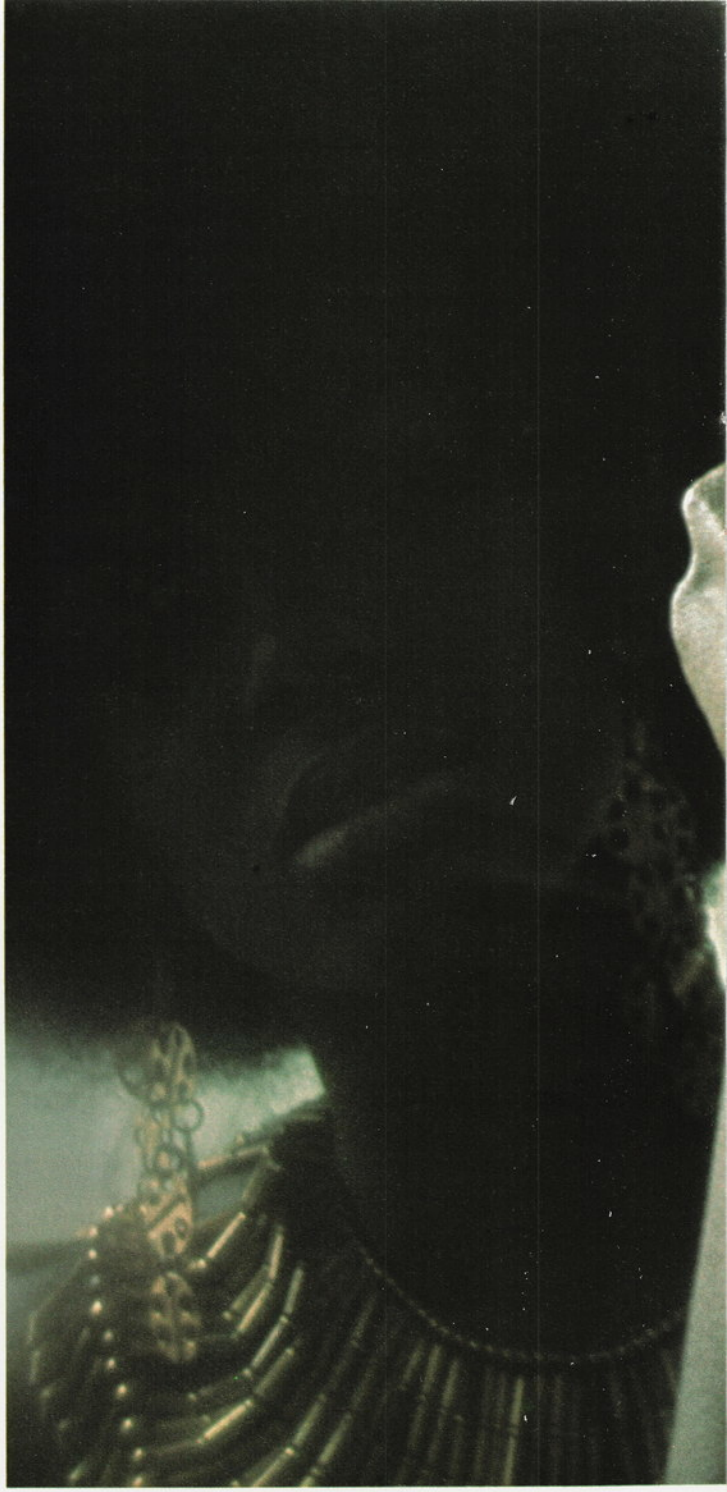
Edited by John Riley

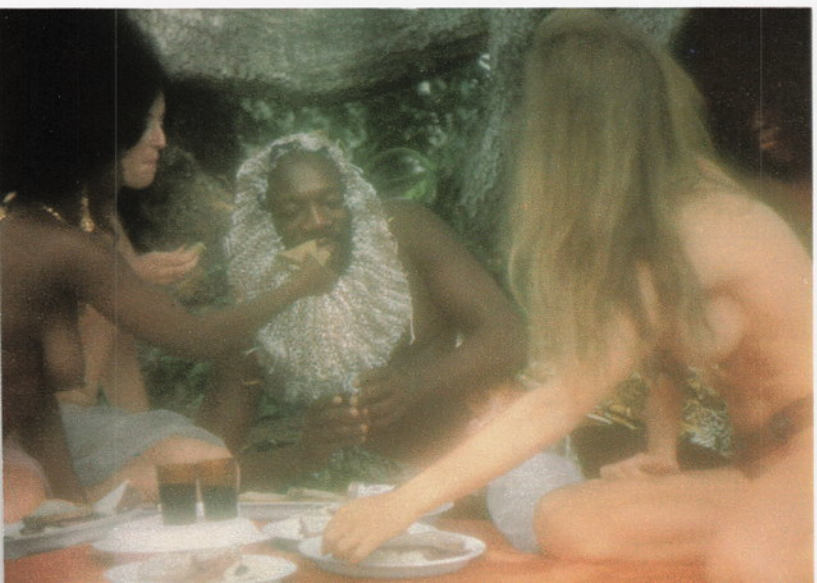
Isaac Hayes... Black Moses... the resurrected soul slave... the super star who moves with consummate genius from one musical idiom to another... the mother lode... obsessed with sex, motivated, he says, by black glands genetically programmed to breed a stronger, more virulent strain. "I like all kinds of women, but I can't help feeling that the black woman is stronger sexually than the white woman. It's her background. When blacks were brought to this country, they had young, strong men whose job was to mate with the black women and produce strong slaves."

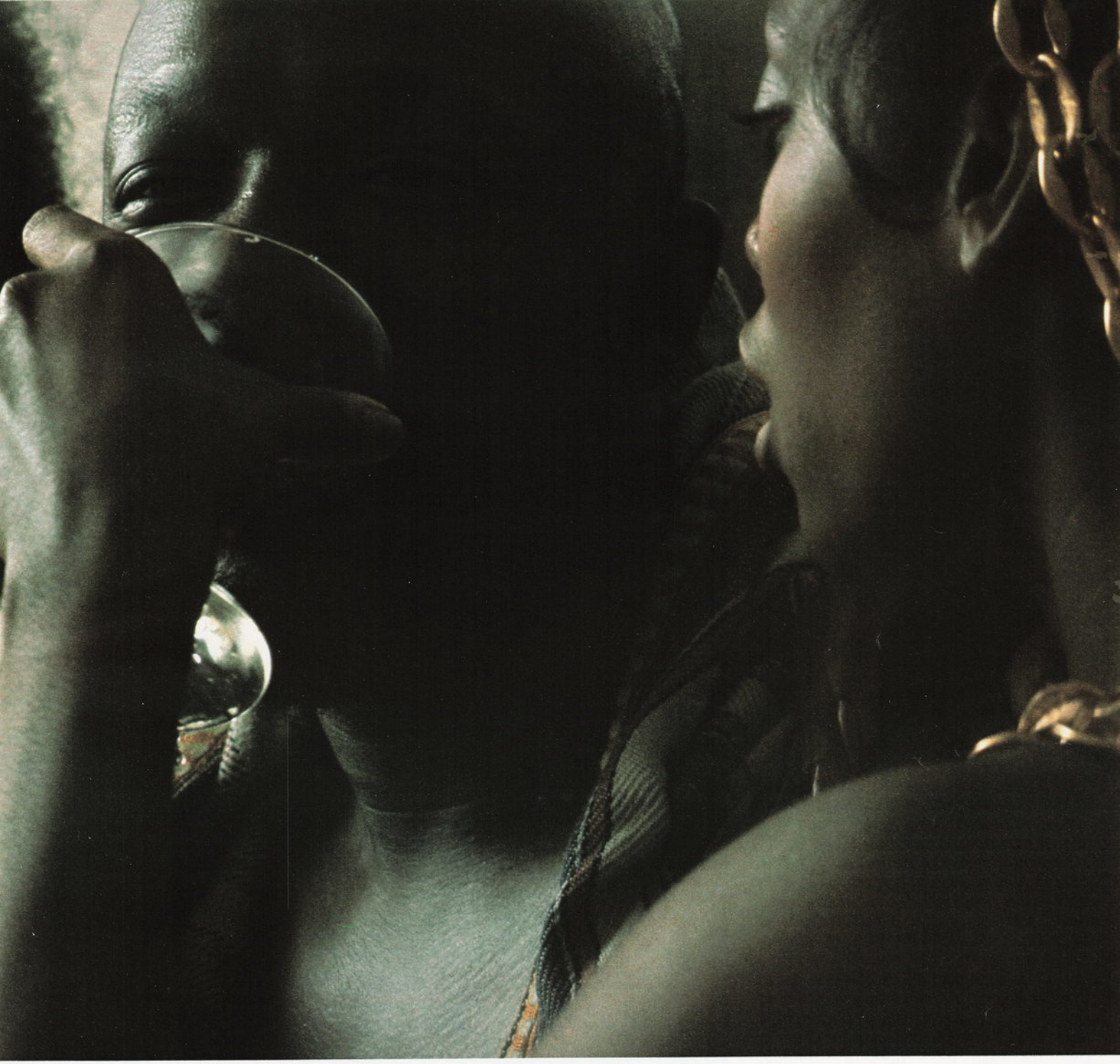
Hayes, who won an Academy Award for the musical score of ***Shaft,*** *is a classic product of America's black tragedy. His mother was committed to a mental institution when he was two. His father abandoned him. He was reared on a plantation by his sharecropper grandparents. His earliest recollections are of old people moving through the cotton fields; his grand-*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

"I was always like a perfect example of failure. I couldn't attract the girls I wanted."







father dying; his half sister, sick with hunger, scratching in the snow for bits of wood for the fire. His grandmother, a gentle, loving, toil-weary woman, watched him develop slowly and painfully as a musician...watched him play for a dollar a night and all the booze he could drink. Hayes remembers. The trauma of being black in a white world. Picking cotton himself. Dusty roads that led from one nameless Southern town to another. The ghetto. The managers, hucksters and con men who would have guided his career. "You can sing, boy...tell ya what I'm gonna do...."

But no one manages Isaac Hayes. He has his "advisers." Money is something else. You look after money yourself. Hayes is a businessman not by training but by predilection, instinct, and determination to prove that a black artist can also manage his own affairs.

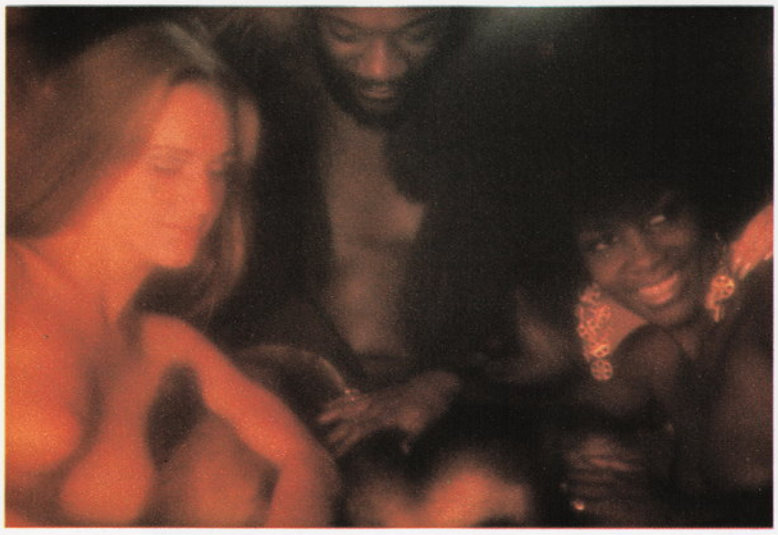
He divides his time between Memphis, his business headquarters, and a big white house atop Cold Water Canyon, Los Angeles. It was once the home of Her-

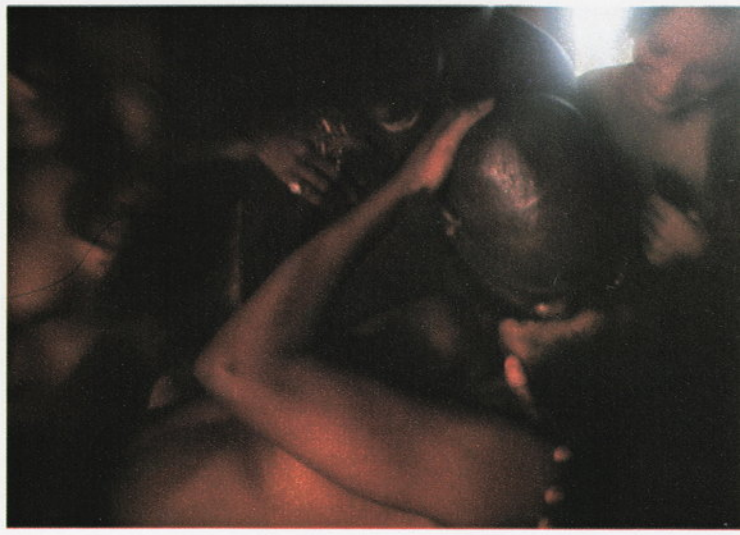
"Today a lot of women come on all the time because I'm Isaac Hayes. Well, I like that, but then I don't like it, too."

mione Gingold. The furnishings have an air of transient living... odd, unsettled pieces of oversized furniture, sound equipment and pictures of Hayes. A portrait of him, in purple on velvet, looks down from above the fireplace like a beleaguered devil. Another, in the dining room, has been slashed across the face. He smiles, "A jealous lover."

"D," his manicurist, barber and cook, fixed breakfast. We were seven, including the girls. Scrambled eggs, bacon, two kinds of sausage served with juice and hot, oven-fresh biscuits. Hayes ate quietly, laughed a little, and finally settled down in front of the fire. He began to talk.

The first thing most people ask me about is the way I look—about my bald head and the beard and the chains. Well, I've had the beard for about ten years



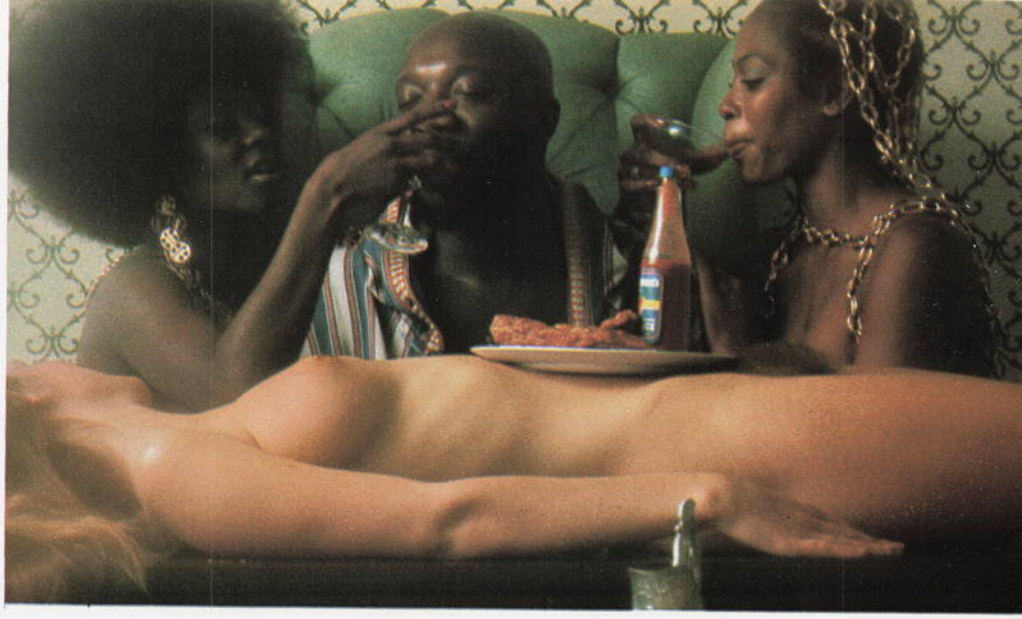


"The chains symbolize a lot of things... at one time they meant slavery, but today I can make a mockery of what they once represented."

now. The bald head less than that. I cut the hair off, and I don't want to change it now. At first people took it as a gimmick, but it was something I always leaned toward. I took a lot of teasing, but I kept it anyway. Now it's becoming a fad. In every town I go into there's a cat in the audience with a bald head, beard and shades.

A lot of people read sexuality into it. I was just trying to do what I did. I've had a beard for a long time. When I was in high school, I had to cut it during the school season. I grew it in summer. After high school I let it grow. My hair was in what was called a process. It wasn't real high. I had it low, tight to my head, and it was long down the back —like the Beatles. It was hot in summer, and it bothered me to keep it up. So one day I said, "I'm tired of it, I think I'll cut it off." It was cold, but it felt so *good,* the breeze blowing over my head. So I just kept on cutting it. One time I let it grow out for a while and my head hurt. I started getting migraines and stuff. Now when I put a wig

"I stay away from politics... it's like walking on a minefield. I do indulge in other things, though. I don't have to be hungry anymore, and I lean toward luxury."



on I get chills. I can't stand for anything to touch it. Believe it or not, it's one of my sensitive, erotic spots. Anywhere on my head.

I started wearing the chains about three or four months after I began doing concerts, after the success of my album *Hot Buttered Soul*. It was hot on the stage—real hot—and I went on with just a vest with fringes on my chest. I had a chain belt, and a chain around my neck. When I posed for the picture for *The Movement* album, it looked so good, and I got so much response to it, that I just left the vest off and wore the chains around my neck. And the belt. And I started wearing tights and leotards on stage, first black and then wild colors.

The chains symbolize a lot of things. Some people say I've innovated a certain style of music, representing the black man and using the chains that at one time meant slavery to him. But today they mean a totally different thing. And I can make a mockery of what they once represented, saying, well, that day's past and gone. Now you can take the chains and make them mean what you want them to mean. For some people it's a sex thing; for others it's a sign of strength. Anyway, it's a part of my thing now.

At first I wondered how it would go over, but I got no negative comments at all. It was all shock and surprise, and then—a-a-ah! You know. Especially the leotards. You know, when an entertainer's on stage he should really do something to give the audience a charge, a boost. First he should get them up, and then he can do whatever he wants to with them. So I do it by degrees. I take off a flop hat and they o-o-o-oh! at the bald head. And then I throw the robe open and there are chains and tights and fur boots! It really gets them set, sets the pace of excitement.

They say sex permeates—maybe dominates—my music. I've never actually analyzed it. Why this? Why that? I just play it because it feels right to me. I don't know why psychologically. And I guess this type of thing, this hypnotic thing—repeating and repeating and then giving—is in most of my stuff. Well, so goes a sexual relationship. And I've had quite a bit of experience with sexual relationships. I've been married twice. Right now, I'm in the process of divorce from the second one.

When I first started—because of my background, the complex I had toward women, about not having fine clothes and that kind of thing—I was naive. But when I entered high school, I really became conscious of the girls. Because of the type of dress I had, and the way the other fellows were dressed, I took a lot of teasing. I was always like a perfect example of failure. I couldn't attract the girls I wanted. Maybe some girls wanted to be with me, but they risked being talked about or teased. They didn't take that chance. So I thought, I'm nothing, I'm very unattractive, I'm poor—and I quit singing, too, from the age of, let's say, about twelve to around fifteen, because my voice had changed. I used to have a real high-pitched voice. The fellows used to tease me and say I was a girl, that I was a sissy. During that time when it changed, it would crack and break, and I couldn't sing. But then it finally settled down.

They had auditions for a show at my high school, and the lady who was the counselor said, "What can you do?" I said, "Well, I want to sing." She said, "What are you going to sing?" and I told her, "Looking Back." That was Nat Cole's hit. The accompanist started playing, but he didn't know my key, so he said, "You start singing and I'll catch it." Well, I started singing and it got quiet, you know, and I went through the whole song. Then the girls started screaming and applauding. I'd never known anything like that, and I was embarrassed. There I stood, ragged and embarrassed. And they said, "Hayes, you're going on tomorrow"—so I ran home and told my grandmother. The next day, word circulated throughout the school about this guy named Isaac Hayes. When it was time for me to come out, things got very quiet. I sang "Looking Back" and won the talent show. And

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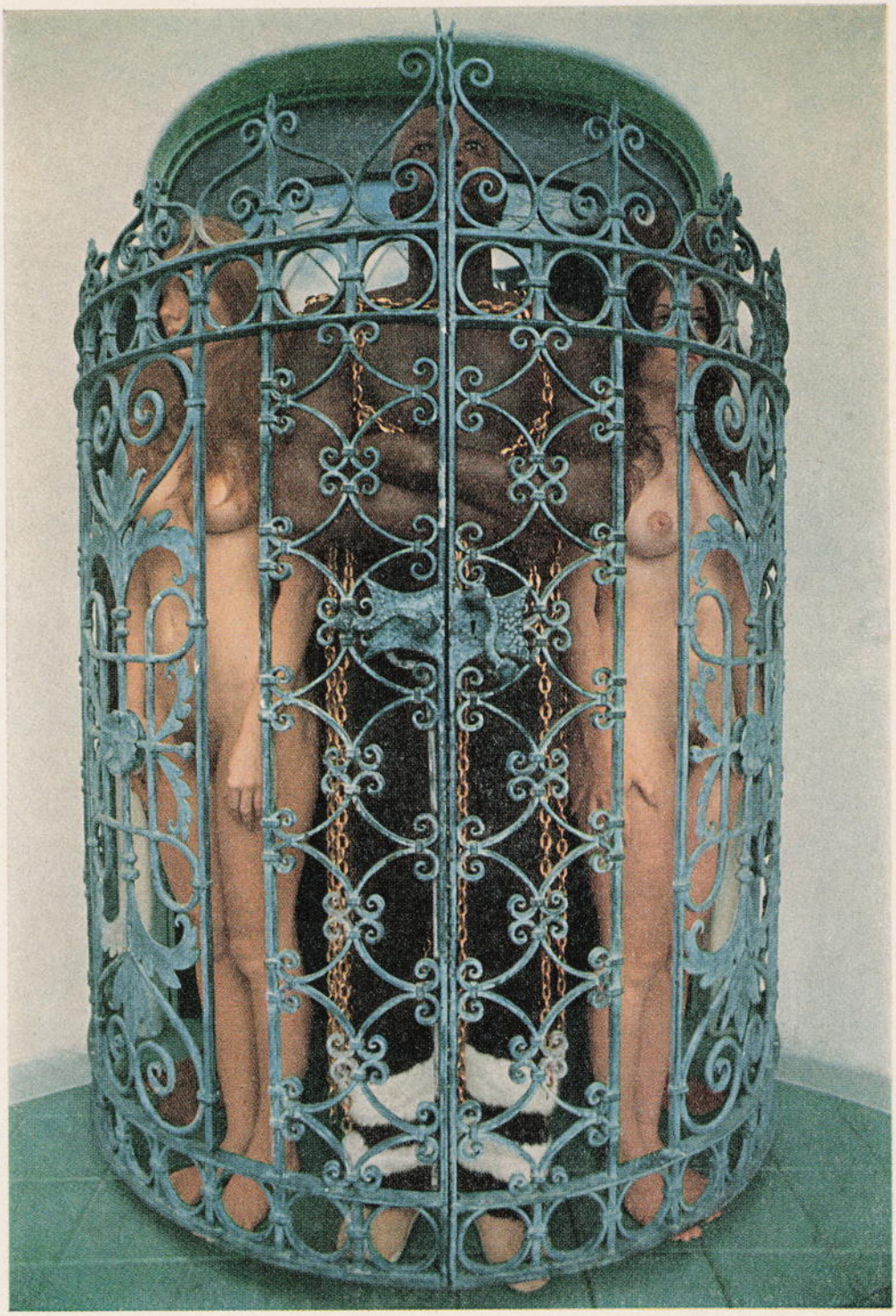


From *A Fairy Tale of New York*, to be published in book form by Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, New York, in September, 1973. Copyright © 1961, 1963, 1973 by J. P. Donleavy

“The whole point in having an ass
worth millions is to sell it for millions. I
sold mine for millions.
But I've still got my ass. I guess I could
sell it for more millions.”

Standing on the deep maroon pile of Fanny Sourpuss's carpet. Where she lives twelve floors up, the phone constantly ringing, on the east side of town. I hold a tall glass of scotch poured over dancing ice cubes and splashed with bubbling soda. This sprawling apartment of marble tables and icons. Looks down on the gray wind swept slate roof of an embassy, its flag flying in snow and darkness.

Friendly Glen shoveling sticks of chewing gum between his jaws, drove us downtown under the elevated train. Along the cobbled trolley tracked avenue called White Plains. Past drifts piling high against darkened store fronts and up steps and over porches. Cars stalled and buried lining empty white wasteland streets. The big limozine skidded and slid crossing a trestle bridge into Manhattan. Lights of barges on the river and edges of ice along the shore. Mrs. Sourpuss's hand came searching for mine under the furry rug. And as we pulled up outside a frozen marquee halfway down the canyon of Park Avenue she said you must come

THE MILLION DOLLAR A$$

by J. P. Donleavy

ILLUSTRATION BY MARCIA MARX

in for a hot drink. A gray uniformed Irish doorman in knee boots led us across the black and white tiled lobby to the elevator.

"By the powerful strengths of himself on high, weren't you lucky to get back safe from your husband's funeral."

"Yes. This is my nephew Mr. Peabody."

A pigeon crouches sheltering, fluttering its wings in the snow on the window sill. Just to feel the warm softness here. Stare out at the blizzard. And other yellow lighted windows. The city stopped. I could not desert the bereaved. Lost as we were in the blizzard. Believe me Mr. Vine, it was somewhere in the god forsaken Bronx, east of Eastchester. West of Hart's Island. Where prisoners bury the amputated arms and legs and the unclaimed dead. And Clarance I sincerely thought of all the money you were losing.

"How about some cold cuts Cornelius. I got some potato salad. Don't be shy. Make yourself at home."

Cornelius Christian sitting at the black grand piano. Playing a sad melody. Up and down the smoothest of ivory keys. Staring at a white fluffy ceramic dog. Fanny sweeping in and out in a long green dress with legs. Heard her raised voice speaking to someone and then a door slammed. She came back carrying a platter. Placed it on the coffee table in front of a sofa. Stacks of rye bread, white little tub full of cubes of butter. Bowls of olives, swiss and pimento cheese, potato chips and plates of liverwurst, bologna and salami.

"Come on. Dig in Cornelius. What are you waiting for."

She stands eyes lurking under longer lashes. Notches tighten a chain of silver buckles around her waist. Golden slippers and a black satin bow tying her hair behind her head. She knelt. Stared up at me. Blazing away with her blond skilled beauty. As I bit a bologna and swiss cheese sandwich. Cemented together with mustard. Chewed down with a cascade of olives.

"You hungry boy. You don't mind if I just sit here and watch you."

"No."

"Have you always been fearless."

"Yes."

"How did you get that way."

"I don't know."

"I don't think I've ever met anyone like you before. Just watching you play the piano. So beautifully. So effortlessly. You've got something more than just nerve. I can't understand what you're doing in the funeral business. With your kind of class there are hundreds of better slots for you. Let me ask my lawyer."

"Mrs. Sourpuss."

"So formal."

"I am when I talk about my business. Being an undertaker is performing a guardianship. Both for those living and dead. Bringing one closer to people. It's dignified. Might even say it achieves the quality of art. Death also brings a renewing pause in the life of others."

"I'll go along with that."

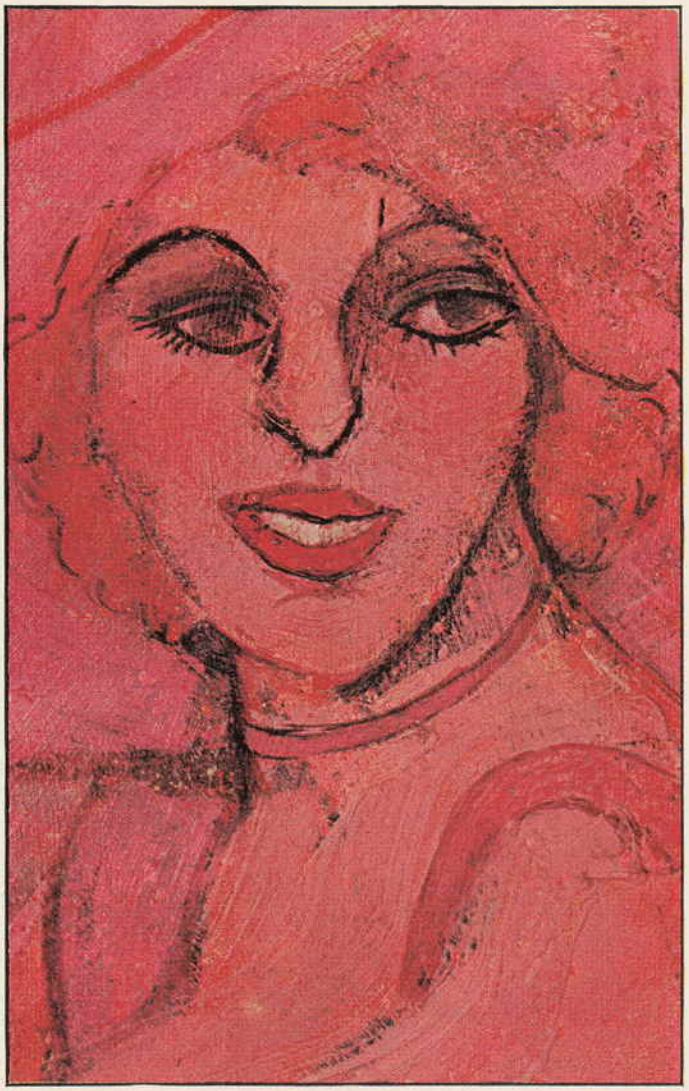
"It also allows me to meet someone like you. And Mrs. Sourpuss believe me when I say, I know the real tears of death and they don't go down the cheeks."

"Christ almightly. Sitting here like this. With an undertaker. Don't get me wrong, I've got nothing against your business. But it really takes the cake. My phone is off the hook. Because every guy I ever knew is ringing me. Want to rush right over. So I can put my head on their shoulders. And there I am. Harry threw his seven. And I'm with the man who buries him."

"I merely assisted. And I hope I'm not imposing."

"Who's imposing. You protected me. A big guy like Willie, that'll humiliate him for the rest of his life. All he had. Just being able to stand up and say I'll kill ya. With his bare hands."

Mrs. Sourpuss stabbing an olive. Licking it with the tip of her tongue. Then wrapping her lips around the green and sucking it into her mouth. To chew and wash it down with whiskey and soda. She sits over on her side propped up by a hand. The fat oval diamond on her finger glinting blue and flashing white. Raises her foot and kicks the sole of mine with her slipper. Lamp light fanning up on the wall. The gift framed gold red and blue of icons. Holding up crosses. Heads of saints. Photographs and drawings of the Nevski Cathedral. And my crotch is rotted out of my underwear.



"This is a very pleasant apartment."

"Harry owns an interest in the building. Which according to my lawyer is my interest now. I knocked down a lot of walls his first wife had up. Her taste was for the birds. What lousy taste she had. I got in these two queers. They danced around flinging up the fabrics. Put in those blue and white ties around the fireplace. I think it looks kind of cute. Those green glass balls hanging there used to hold up real fishing nets. They call it seaport elegant. They said fabric was going on walls these days. These days. Who knows what days. A month later they were telling me spring was coming and nobody who was somebody would want to get caught with the winter walls. So I went along with them. Knocked all the paster off down to the brick. That lasted the summer. Till it was the New England drift wood look in the autumn. I finally said take every god damn thing off the walls, plaster them and paint them orange."

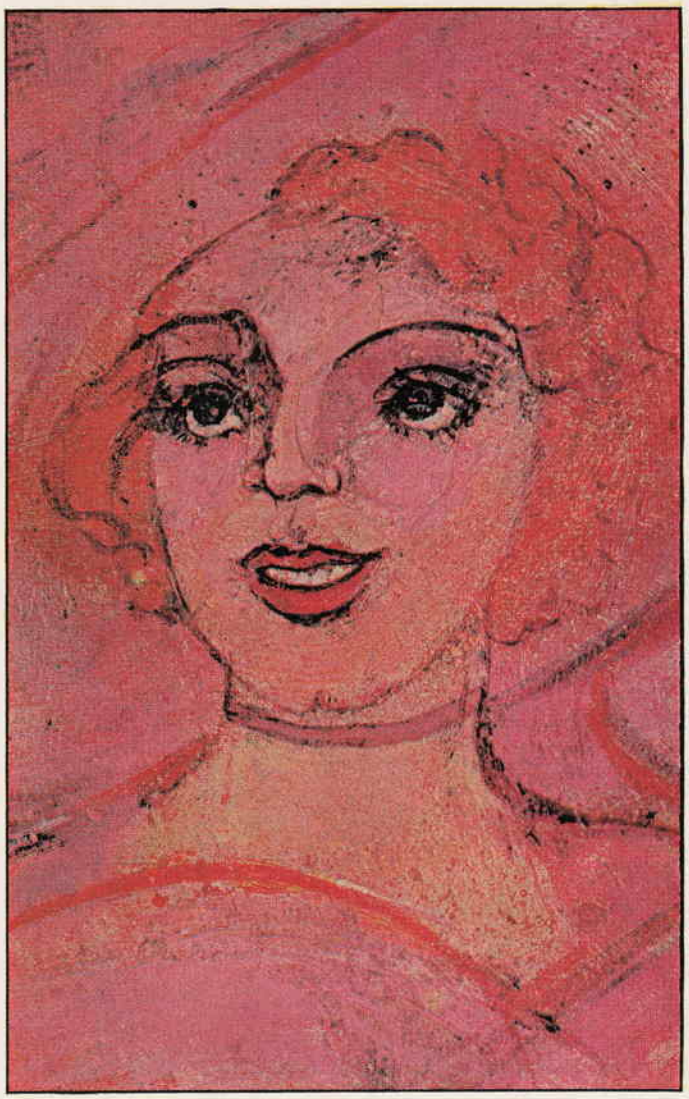
"It's very nice."

"Help yourself to some more whiskey, Cornelius."

"Thank you. Will you."

"Yes. Fill her up. I guess I could say I have what most girls want. Anyway I always knew I was made for fancy living. I sure didn't want my mother's life. Ironing in the cellar. Upstairs putting our best table cloth over the table for Sunday dinner. Bored me crazy. Since the age of five I was always trying to escape. I was married and divorced at sixteen. Married again at seventeen. Holding out in the little hole in the wall while Willie was getting his nose broken trying to make a living playing football. We never went out. He wouldn't let me make friends or anybody see me. Then at exactly three boring o'clock one afternoon. I was sitting

reading a magazine. I remember everything on that table. A box of fig newtons. A glass of milk. I read if you eat beets you pee pink. This was the biggest thing I had to look forward to. So I had two beets I was trying to peel. And a box of cookies I had just ate. Then I turned this page. There were these bunch of rubes with a god damn motor boat on a tropical island that one guy owned. With his own golf course and seaplane. And these babes drinking mint juleps on the beach. I said fuck this shit I'm getting out of here and going there. In one big god damn hurry. I did. And here I am all my gray hairs later and boy do I like it. At least I'm going to from now on. Soon as I get over all these damn worries. You just don't know when you're safe. Like today. The detectives leave. Willie shows up. They cost a hundred dollars a day. But it's cheap compared to Harry keeping a dozen sluts in about a dozen very expensive hotel suites in about eight states. Right this minute they're all checking out. I called each one personally. With the happy news. That it was the last stop on the gravy train. All get off. Because now I'm the only one getting on. And boy. Let me tell you. But for christ's sake what am I telling you. What would a mere infant like you know. But I guess you do know. The way you're just sitting there listening. Wish I was an orphan like you."



Mrs. Sourpuss getting up. Changing the record on her player. Which says spelled out in elegant letters, Stromberg Carlson. Mandolins throbbing. She puts up her arms, wiggling her hips across the floor. Staring at Christian with his mouth in the middle of his latest sandwich. As she put out her left hand she pulled in her right and the left came out like a snake again. Hard to know what to do with a mouthful. Go on chewing. In tune with the music.

"Tell me something Cornelius. I don't know that much about you. You're not by any chance married."

"No."

"Little late anyway to be calling your wife. Who wants to wait on the end of a phone. Live your own life. That's what it's all about. You look for ways to kill an afternoon. Ice skating in Rockefeller Center when every time you look up you know half the people looking down are detectives. Checking on the dolls. Pirouetting on the ice. Cornelius you want to dance."

Christian chewing through a nice garlicky bit of salami. The skin of which is wrapped strangling around a couple of my molars. Each window shade with its little knitted ring hanging on a string to put a finger in and pull down. Far away from the west side of town. Across a park by now a mountainous wintry waste of snow. Over here they have money. Flows out of some secret vault down deep somewhere in the bowels of these giant structures. So they can live in the soft of the big. In the ripe of their flesh. If they let you sit down in their glamor you never want to leave. Shy till you get there like starting a new term at school. Autumn. A little boy come with the smell of fresh squeaking books, sniffing the sweetness breaking between the pages. All the empty lines. You'll fill with a newly sharpened pencil. Last year's books thrown away. Another chance. And maybe they won't leave me back again for being dumb.

"Ouch. Whoops. Cornelius. It's all right but I've got an ingrown toe nail on that foot. You can step on the other one if you want."

"Sorry I'm not so good at dancing."

"You're doing fine."

Feel her green hips moving, the bones turning in there. Flesh and cartilage alive under my hand. In this orange inferno. Disappeared out of the world. Where no one knew I was anyway. Warmly tucked up in here. Arms around me. Her breath smelling of apples. Her throat of perfume. Long lashes make her eyes look bigger. All those guys on the telephone. Might be heading over here on their sleighs, balls jingling. Barge in and find me. Up to my neck in bologna, down to my arse in olives. And popping fly buttons. Off my flag pole.

"Cornelius you've got a little bit of everything."

"I beg your pardon."

"You know, make some nice girl a nice husband. You have such etiquette. I took an elocution course. But I think I sound better the way I am which is the way I get whatever I do, especially if I have a few drinks. Do I scare you."

"No."

"Come on, don't tell me all mourners are like me. Dancing after her husband's funeral."

"Well it's not the usual behavior of the bereaved."

"I always knew I was different from the first time I could remember. My parents' neighbors on the street. All they ever thought was what hot shit they were. They were them and I was me. And me. I really knew I was hot shit. I just figured I belonged up there and everybody should know it. But ouch. That's a corn. Hey why don't you say something. You say yes, you say no, you say I'm sorry. But you don't really say anything. Hey you didn't by any chance, I mean I don't want to sound gruesome, but did you embalm Harry. Maybe you shouldn't tell me."

"I'm a front of house man."

"That sounds like you sell tickets to a movie or something."

"I didn't embalm your husband."

"O well I guess it's, you know, you feel somebody's hands did something, and you think what the hell those hands did that and maybe, well I'm ticklish and there are other things you don't want hands to do if they've done something else. Let's have a drink. I mean let's have a party. I want to see some action. For christ's sake let's wreck this joint."

Mrs. Sourpuss picking up an oval piece of glass etched with a swan. Throwing it across the room hitting the wall above the record player and crashing down on the record.

"Come on Cornelius, don't just stand there. For christ's sake can't you see me trying to wreck the joint. Let's wreck it."

"Mrs. Sourpuss, these things are valuable."

"Sure I sold my ass for them. You're damn right they're valuable. Don't you think my ass is valuable. It's the most valuable god damn ass in New York. My ass is worth millions. Millions."

"I perfectly agree."

"You perfectly agree. Now isn't that nice. You've said something.

Well I'm glad you do. But now Cornelius I'm going to tell you something, what good is it having an ass worth millions if I've already got millions. The whole point of having an ass worth millions is to sell it for millions. I sold mine for millions. And I've got millions. But I've still got my ass. I guess I could sell it for more millions. That's the answer. More millions. Now come on. Let's wreck this joint. I've been wanting to get these god damn icons out of here for ages. Take that. And that. Right in the eyes I got that son of a bitch bishop. Who the hell does he think he's blessing. Come on. Poke the eyes out of this bastard too."

"Mrs. Sourpuss I would very much like to help you wreck your property. But."

"Well come on then."

"If Mr. Vine heard that I went home with the bereaved and tore her apartment apart, smashing paintings, wrecking the place, well I don't think he'd like it."

"If he doesn't like it, I'll buy him out."

"Mr. Vine's a big operation."

"Not for me he isn't. I could buy him out just like that. Hey what are you trying to do, ruin the party. Where's all that gism you had flipping Willie to his knees."

"I'm tough when it's required Mrs. Sourpuss but painfully shy otherwise."

"Okay you be painfully shy now while I'm just going to break this fucking god damn French piece of imported eighteenth century gilt shit bureau or something that Harry's first pot bellied sag tit wife paid seventeen thousand dollars for with its crummy inlaid flowers. Just watch me. With this other god damn swan. Now. Carumph."

The glass swan smashing down in the middle of the table. A book, vase and salt cellar bouncing off to the floor. Could be my life time wages. As she stands there wide eyes with joy.

"Well what do you know, it's strong. Try again."

"I think I should be going, Mrs. Sourpuss."

"You're not going to leave me."

"I think I'd better go home."

"Don't leave me. Don't do that. Please."

"I have to be at work and with the snow I'll have to get up early."

"I don't have anybody. Nobody. I'm just so god damn unhappy. I just never got what I wanted. Before I got too old. O jesus I'm crying. Am I crying. I guess I'm emotional. I didn't want it to get like this. Only up till a month ago I thought I was dying. And every god damn friend I had hoped like hell I was. I swear when I knew that, I swore I wouldn't god damn well die to please them. O jesus I'm crying. Don't leave me. I beg of you, Cornelius don't leave me. I'll do anything if you don't leave me."

"I won't leave."

"Just come here. Come on. The second you walked up to me in the funeral parlor I wanted you. Jesus you said is there anything I can do. I could have anybody. Anybody I want. Are you glad I want you."

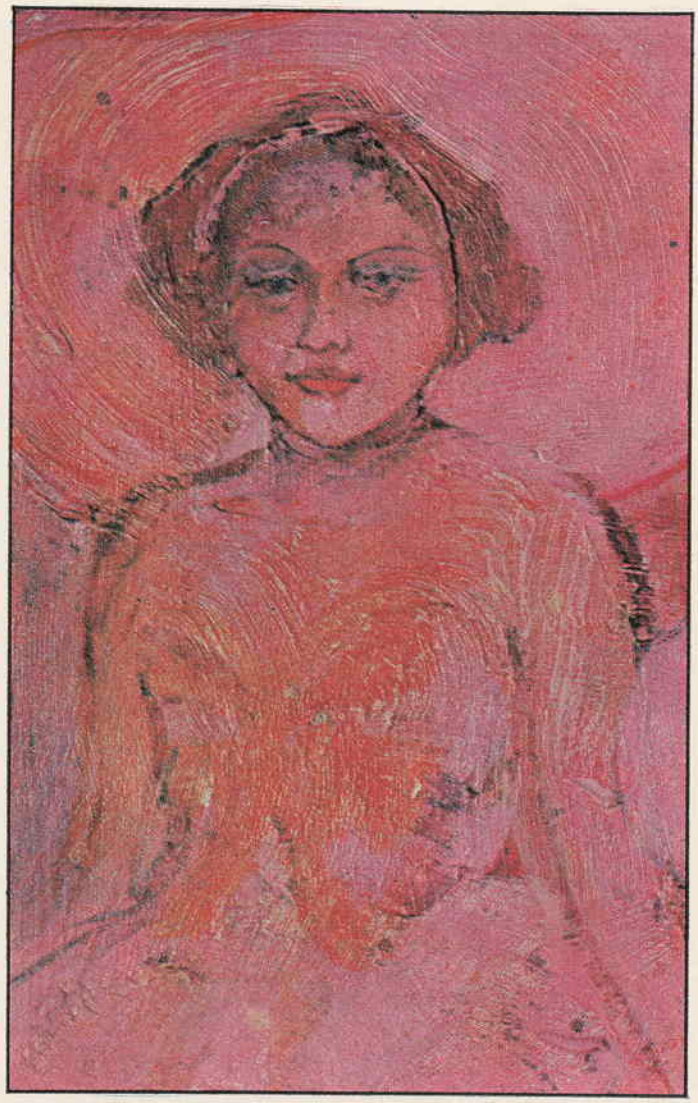
"Well yes. I'm glad you feel that way, Mrs. Sourpuss."

"Don't you do that don't you do it. Stop. Don't you ever call me Mrs. Sourpuss again. I'm Fanny Jackson. Queen of the fucking may. Don't ever ever ever call me Mrs. Sourpuss again. Ever."

"All right."

"Kiss me. Kiss me for christ's sake."

Mrs. Sourpuss standing up on her sandaled toes. Ingrown with a nail, pained with a corn. Putting arms up around the neck of Christian. Widow and widower. Entwined. Squeaking and buzz from the record player. Her lips a parting soft big peach. Go deep down. Sinking. Little fissures. All the people wait. In the silence of the snow. Till it melts. Then they'll gather up their little pieces of paper and their envelopes. And come out again. Spend their late mornings and afternoons wandering from crapper to water cooler. Across the thousands and thousands of floors. Built up from the ground where I was born. In this city where I walked my frozen way to school. Stood mild and big eyed thinking you could reach out and touch the world and they wouldn't mind. And kids shoved me out of their games. And once. Just once. A man was kind to me. When I walked on small legs with a troubled fearful soul. Dressed the first time in beauty. With my hair combed, face washed wearing a little sailor suit. Standing on a broken piece of sidewalk. This tall man towering came up to me, smiled down and patted me gently and kindly on the head. And a whole new world began. Where I've looked for that smile ever since. Mrs. Sourpuss I know what you mean. The heart spills out its diamonds. They lay awhile. Till other greeds come. To take them away. When the years make you hard. And you must pull them back. Tears dry. The precious moments keep. Safe stepping stones through soul poisoned faces. All my forty nine dollars wouldn't buy me a ride on a flea making a landing on your million dollar arse. But dead it could go to Vine. He'd get a feel without charge. Bargains galore. Here. Come this way. Where arses are dead.



"O god Cornelius I like your mouth. You're a baby. My poor baby. I've never had one and you're the kind I've always wanted. You really are. Talk. Go on. Talk. Say Fanny."

"I don't know what to say."

"Fanny, Fanny, god damn it call me Fanny, just once please."

"Fanny."

"Now did that hurt."

"No."

"Sorry about my tears, they dripped all the way down to my chin. Weren't the real tears of death. But of being horny as hell. Christ almighty I need a screw. Your boss Vine lays on everything a mourner needs. You can't go, or I'll complain. If you don't take your cock out. Right now."

Fanny hanging herself like a cloth on Christian's chest, her mouth open, teeth glowing and arms languishing. Stepped out of her sandals. A bell clanging. A fire engine down below in the street. She must have been a package guys paid ransoms to unwrap. Cover by cover. Filling her vault with gold.

"Come on you big strong mortician, undertake me."

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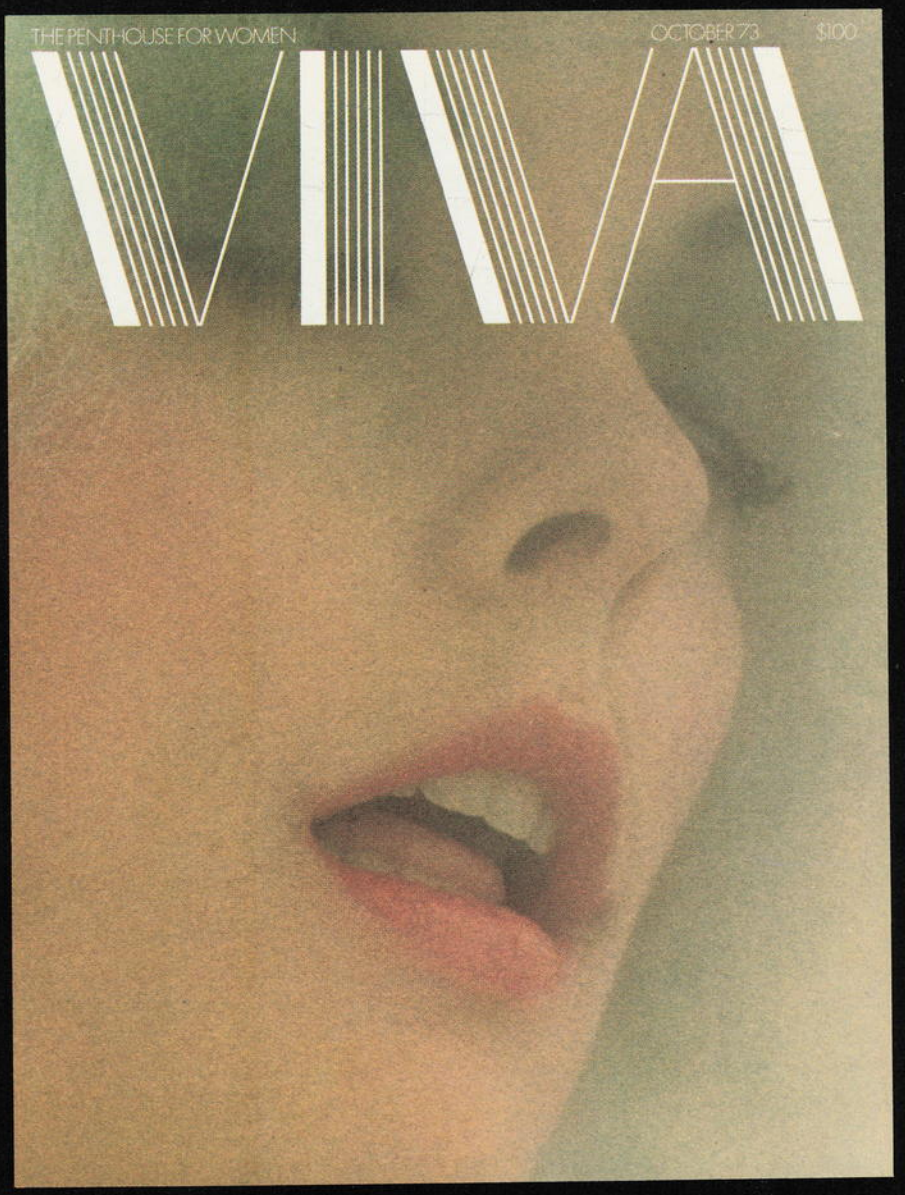

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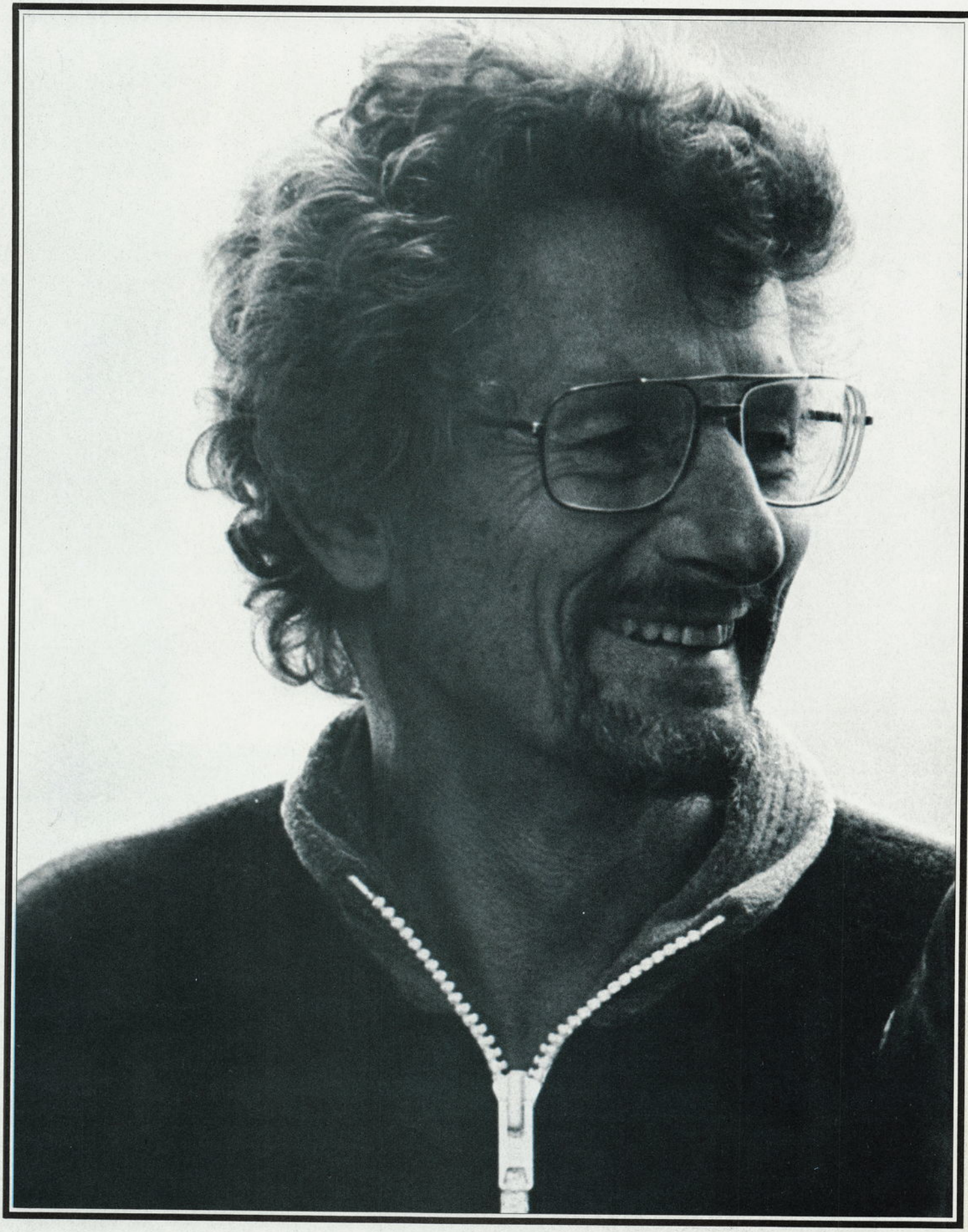


Photograph by Ken Marcus

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

Dr. John C. Lilly

—NO ONE MAY CALL HIMSELF A SCIENTIST WHO DOES NOT USE *HIMSELF* AS THE FIRST OBJECT OF EXPERIMENTATION.

Dr. John C. Lilly is a volatile amalgam of mystic and scientist who has been waging a long campaign against the established ways of looking at life.

He believes that if man is to communicate with other species, he must be ready to accept any contact, including the sexual.

He is best known for his efforts to learn how dolphins communicate, and for seeking a method by which men might "talk" with them. He abandoned that project because he felt that humans should not experiment with a captive species that is superior to man. Out of this experience came his books *Man and Dolphin* and *The Mind of the Dolphin.*

Instead of making dolphins descend to man's level, Dr. Lilly devoted his time to raising his own consciousness. His conclusions from this experience are in his latest book, *The Center of the Cyclone.* But they are only his *latest* conclusions. They are temporary, he says, because "what one believes to be true either *is* true, or *becomes* true in one's mind, within limits to be determined experimentally or experientially. *These limits are beliefs to be transcended."*

Dr. Lilly was born on January 6, 1915, in St. Paul, Minn. He graduated from the California Institute of Technology and became fascinated by the possibilities of the human mind. He decided he needed a medical degree, which he obtained from the University of Pennsylvania, and became a psychoanalyst. He then began research in biophysics, neurophysiology and psychophysiology. Working with the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness and the National Institute of Mental Health, he engaged in "isolation" experiments. He would immerse himself for long periods of time in the silent and weightless world of a tank filled with salt water.

His experiments led to a twelve-year study of dolphins in the Virgin Islands and Florida. They also brought him into conflict with the Federal Government, which balked at backing pure research unless the results could have some "practical" application, such as harnessing the dolphins for military duty—for instance, carrying explosives into enemy harbors. Dr. Lilly finally released his dolphins from captivity and left. He says now that he will only experiment with them again if he has the use of an underwater laboratory so constructed that the dolphins would be free not to participate in experiments.

From the Caribbean he went to Big Sur, Calif., and joined the Esalen Institute, where he worked in consciousness-raising experiments. From 1964 to 1966 he performed a series of experiments with LSD. He warns that acid should be used only under rigorously controlled conditions.

Dr. Lilly holds that no one may call himself a scientist who does not use *himself* as the first object of experimentation; therefore, he believes, only one who has taken LSD should make pronouncements on it.

After two years at Esalen, he went to Arica, in Chile, and studied for nearly a year under Oscar Ichazo, leader of a mystic cult.

Out of his experiences, Dr. Lilly has developed the belief that man is ready for an evolutionary jump in consciousness, and that it is already happening. He claims to have had telepathic experiences, including the separation of mind from body and the sensation of the collapse of time—a merging of past, present and future.

He believes there are four levels of higher consciousness. The first level contains creative and objective thought as intelligent beings normally define it. At the second, one acts without thinking, because prior planning is unnecessary. Existing at the third level is a powerful and constant flood of energy that makes man feel like a conduit through which a creative tide continually flows. At the fourth, the mind leaves the body in order to explore those spaces about which we have heard so much. At this point, Lilly says, men become as gods under God.

Dr. Lilly is the father of three children. He now lives with a lady, Antoinetta.

The *Penthouse* interview was conducted by Jules Siegel at Dr. Lilly's home in Los Angeles.

Dr. John C. Lilly

Penthouse: Traditionally, most scientists confine themselves to the scientific journals and don't speak directly to the public. Why have you stepped forward?

Lilly: Because I have to do it. I've been assigned that role and that's all I can do. I've tried to escape it. Have you ever talked to anybody about Edgar Cayce [the clairvoyant]? He tried to escape his fate and he damned near went off his rocker. He had to get back in and help people. I have to get back in and help people. Every time I've tried to stop, I've been driven off my rocker. There's something inside that says I've got to do this.

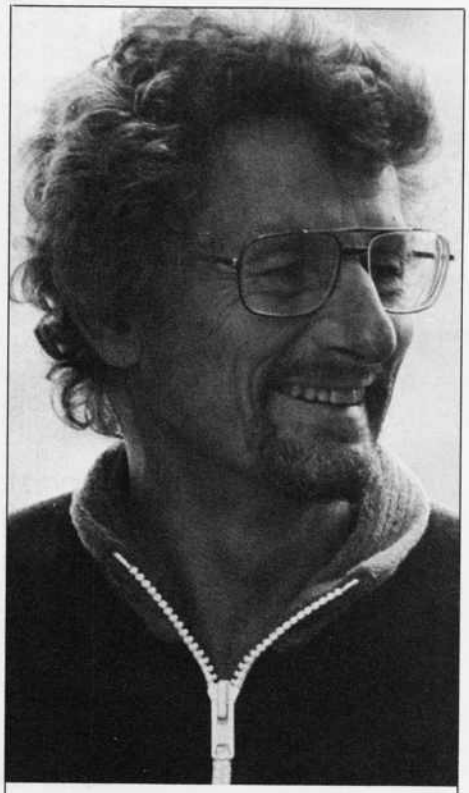
When I look at the mess that scientists have allowed to accumulate in the name of science, I just couldn't keep quiet any longer. Take the development of the atomic bomb. Leo Szilard and Enrico Fermi and Albert Einstein all laid a heavy trip on President Roosevelt to convince him to go ahead. They then voluntarily went under topmost security in order to build the bomb. That's where the scientist stepped out of the role of finding the truth and realizing it. Anybody who pretends to be a scientist when he's building weapons is full of nonsense. They are engineers, using the results of scientific advances to design and build weapons.

If you are going to live in a society in which the fruits of your labors in science are going to be taken over by others and applied in the service of that society, you have to take some sort of responsibility for it as a human being—not as a scientist. Szilard found out too late what he had done. He wrote a frantic letter to Truman, asking him not to drop the bomb on Japan. Leslie Groves, the military head of the project, held up the letter. It never got to Truman. It's a very dangerous game to get into, this business of the application of science in a social way.

Penthouse: Would that apply to LSD?

Lilly: When LSD came to this country, it came with a psychotomimetic label. So the psychiatrists were all interested in it. LSD automatically came with a program that said it causes something that looks like psychosis. It came in with a negative program, as did atomic energy. They both came in with destructive programs. So who can love scientists as a result of that? A team of psychiatrists tested out LSD-25 on patients but not on normal human beings. It's never been done under the auspices of government. Government, by definition, is out to get the heretics. It's the Inquisition story all over again. And so you build atomic bombs to deal with your enemies as a *science.* Our time is a very bad time for scientists to give anything in public. It doesn't make any difference what it is, because the military is in control of so much of what's going on. Military and industry are hand-in-glove on the whole thing.

When I was originally approached by the Navy, they said they would give me a million dollars a year for dolphin research and set up a big center, but it all had to be done under top-secret security. I said, "Fuck it; there isn't going to be any secrecy. If you guys want to set up your own show, go right ahead. But I'm publishing everything I find." So they said, "Okay, but you're not going to have our support. And you're not going to have the support of the scientists that we support." I said, "Okay, I'll fight the battle on my own; I'll go to the public." Herman Wouk said, "You've got to write a book. This is too good to leave hidden in somebody's file." And I said, "I'm just a scientist; I don't want to go out on a social trip." And he said, "You've got to go out on a social trip if you are going to make any sort of an impact with these ideas. These are important ideas." So I wrote *Man and Dolphin.* I got up on my white charger and went off and became a missionary for dolphins.



> She lived with a dolphin in a house that had been flooded for the experiment. She developed love for Peter, a male dolphin, and a complete identification with his point of view, realizing that he was another lonely entity . . . and she sat down in the water and cried at that discovery.

Penthouse: How successful were you?

Lilly: I'm not sure that I was successful at all. Every time I released something the Navy took it up. I mean, all this nonsense about dolphins taking weapons into Vietnam, under water, and going after enemy frogmen. Those are the kinds of ideas the Navy intends to put out—this *Day of the Dolphin,* this damned movie and the book. Someone gave Robert Merle [author of *The Day of the Dolphin*] an awful lot of material he shouldn't have had. It's in that book. Stuff like that just shouldn't be made public. It irritates me that they would do it.

Penthouse: You mean material about the dolphins and what they do?

Lilly: No, some things that happened to me. My security file was tampered with in the Department of Defense. For example, I went to a meeting in Washington where they were supposed to decide whether they were going to support me openly. But apparently the decision had already been made. They weren't going to support me. I presented my briefing, and I was to be followed by a guy I had educated, who was going to show some movies which he had made of a donkey controlled by means of a sun compass stimulating electrodes placed in his brain so that the animal would walk over mountains in a perfectly straight line. Suddenly someone came into the room and said, "You can't stay here, Dr. Lilly. You don't have a security clearance." The hell I didn't. But, no, he couldn't do anything about it. Later, I got my contacts working on it. Within a week, the Under Secretary of Defense called me up and said, "I'm going to be in Miami next week, and I'd like to bring an apology from the Secretary of Defense." Somebody had stuck an indicted criminal's record in my file. He had the identical name as mine.

Penthouse: Was this an accident?

Lilly: Not as far as I could make out. They were trying to cover their tracks. It occurred at too critically a convenient time for the Navy. Now, I don't want to put too paranoid a trip on this whole thing, because I got through it by being straightforward. The man who was supporting me in the Department of Defense was moving over to NASA. Meantime, the dolphin project was funded by the National Institutes of Health, which didn't have any security problems. Then we got a NASA grant.

Penthouse: Was it your experience that the space program was cleaner and better than almost anything else in the Government?

Lilly: Well, then we ran into trouble with the

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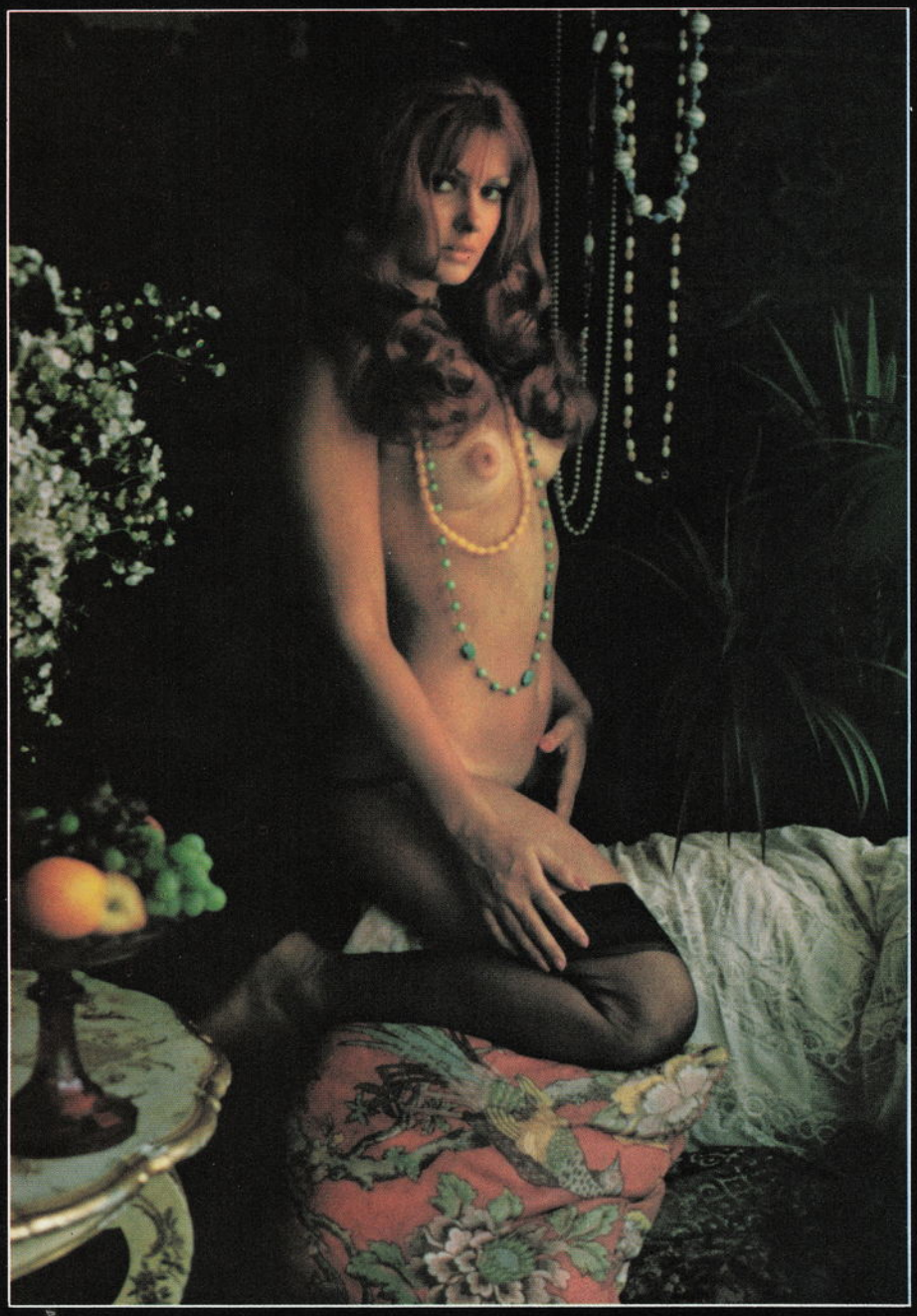
Anneka . . . a flier, an aerialist . . . a dreamer
who comes down slowly, but
hangs on to her dreams and fantasies . . .

ANNEKA



BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

She is not much more than twenty-one. A few months. But in the grown-up world of Anneka de Lorenzo, she is a flyer, an aerialist in an electric head circus, a dreamer who comes down slowly with the meticulous grace and ease of an albatross... a painted lady in a painted dream. "Waking up... coming back to reality is a bummer. What's reality? It's what everyone else is doing and what everyone else has. My little daydreams are *me*. Exclusively. It's my head. A boy I once knew was studying to be a psychiatrist. He told me I was an escapist, that I couldn't face up to life, that I was inadequate. So I made love to him and guess what? *He* was inadequate. Psychology was *his* escape and trying to put other people down was the only source of power he had. Take that away and he's just another frightened human being."

Anneka was born and bred in St. Paul, Minnesota. At fifteen she quit school and ran away from home with an older man. The then realities of St. Paul were her squab-

bling parents, a father who beat her, and a mother who wanted to put her away for being incorrigibly interested in boys. "For a long time I loved school. I was ambitious and I always made the honor roll. When my parents got divorced everything changed. I couldn't understand how two people I loved so much could no longer love each other. That was my first taste of the reality everyone is so fond of. I began to hate school. I was too upset in class to con-

centrate. I couldn't study. I wanted to get the hell out. I met a bunch of musicians. It was a small band that toured the college towns and played the proms. I went off with them but it didn't work out. They were crazy and fell into the habit of fighting over me. It began to feel like home without the hope, so I left them and went back to St. Paul. That's when my mother started to threaten me with reform school. I couldn't understand what had happened to

our lives. The whole world seemed to collapse in a heap around me. Then a man came along. A much older man, as gentle and adoring as I wanted my own father to be. I was fifteen and very impressionable. He asked me to come to California and I accepted. He could have asked me to step in front of a train and I would have done it. That's how much I trusted him."

To Anneka, the West Coast was more than just a new kind of world; it was an alternate state of being. The sprawling metropolitan basin of Los Angeles bubbled with youth. Eager young people living in a burgeoning community; fresh attitudes toward love, sex, and the arts; a sense of freedom that gushed rather than flowed through the social body corporate. Hollywood was having a renaissance and the old dream mill began pumping new eddies of economic and aesthetic hope into a waiting community. Anneka grew up and shed the biblical roots of God and family. She became a free-form spirit intent upon nourishing the vanities of mind and flesh. "I did everything and anything. I danced in clubs... sometimes in the nude... once when I was still only sixteen. I played bit parts in films and television. The more I did the stronger I felt as a person. I began to lose my inhibitions... not the deep, sacred kind that makes one person different from another, but the shallow ones that keep you down and fearful. I became determined and actually started to believe I could generate my own luck. Today I feel as if I could overcome any problem... accomplish anything I set my mind to. I entered four beauty contests in the past two years because they were a challenge. I won all four of them. The contests were not important, but my determination to succeed over hundreds of other girls was satisfied."

If there is strength in numbers, then at 5'6", Anneka's 36-22-35½ provides all the cosmetic muscle she'll ever need. Intellectually, she absorbs processes and reapplies information in practical, lifestyle terms with the rapidity of a computer. She knows precisely where she's at, where she wants to go and—in somewhat broader terms—how she's going to get there.

"But I hang on to my dreams and my fantasies... especially in sex, which is a very important part of my life. I'm still

not sure what I'm really into these days but I'm aware that there are changes going on. It's a kind of slow evolution, like a restless, aching sensation deep in your stomach. You know you want something but you can't quite identify it. I have lots of normal woman-type fantasies, of course, like the thought of being raped. Eventually, I'm sure to become more and more masochistic sexually. The thought of being raped by two men, even more than one, really thrills me. I suppose that's why men like Kirk Douglas and George C. Scott turn me

on. They have a strong, masculine charisma. The kind of facial character I really dig. Young boys are a turn-off. Especially the ones with pretty faces. Can't stand them. Girls are interesting. Haven't really made up my mind about them yet, but I think if I found the right girl, I could get into her sexually. I would have to be the one that controls and dominates the relationship, though. I can be submissive to the man but never to the woman."Oh, well, as the poet once said, "is all that we think or seem but a dream within a dream . . . ?"

MISS ANNEKA DE LORENZO/ PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

dusty death

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

capturing one Grand Prix trophy after another, at the mounting expense of himself and his fellow competitors. His driving had become reckless and increasingly dangerous, and the other drivers, tough and hardened professionals though they all were, began to go in fear of him, for instead of disputing a corner with him as they would have normally done, they had nearly all of them fallen into the habit of pulling well in when they saw his lime-green Coronado closing up on their driving mirrors. This, in all conscience, was seldom enough, for Harlow had an extremely simple race-winning formula—to get in front and stay there.

By now, more and more people were saying out loud that his suicidally competitive driving on the race tracks signified not a battle against his peers, but a battle against himself. It had become increasingly and painfully obvious that this was one battle he would never win, that this last-ditch stand against his failing nerve could have only one end, that one day his luck would run out. And so it had, and so had Isaac Jethou's, and Johnny Harlow, for all the world to see, had lost his last battle on the Grand Prix tracks of Europe and America. Maybe he would move out on the tracks again, maybe he would start fighting again: but it seemed certain that no one knew with more dreadful clarity than Harlow that his fighting days were over.

For a third time, Harlow reached out for the neck of the brandy bottle, his hands as unsteady as ever. The once-full bottle was now one-third empty, but only a fraction of that had found its way down his throat, so uncontrollable were his movements. MacAlpine looked gravely at Dunnet, shrugged his heavy shoulders in a gesture of either resignation or acceptance, and then glanced out into the pits. An ambulance had just arrived for his daughter, and as MacAlpine hurried out, Dunnet set about cleaning up Harlow's face with the aid of a sponge and a bucket of water. Harlow didn't seem to care one way or another whether his face was washed; whatever his thoughts were, and in the circumstances it would have taken an idiot not to read them aright, his entire attention appeared to be concentrated on the contents of that bottle of Martell. He was the picture of a man, if ever there was one, who desperately needed immediate oblivion.

It was as well, perhaps, that both Harlow and MacAlpine failed to notice a person, standing just outside the door, whose expression clearly indicated that he would have taken some pleasure in assisting Harlow into a state of permanent oblivion. Rory, MacAlpine's son, a dark, curly-haired youth of a normally amiable and even sunny disposition, now had a dark thundercloud on his face, an unthinkable expression for one who for years, and until only a few minutes previously, had regarded Harlow as the idol of his life. Rory looked away toward the ambulance, to which his unconscious and blood-soaked sister was being carried out on a stretcher, and then the unthinkable was no longer so. He turned again to look at Harlow, and now the emotion reflected in his eyes was as close to outright hatred as a sixteen-year-old was ever likely to achieve.

The official inquiry into the cause of the accident, held almost immediately afterward, predictably failed to indict any one man as the sole cause of the disaster. Official race inquiries almost never did, including the notorious investigation of that unparalleled Le Mans holocaust in which seventy-three spectators were killed and no one was found to blame, though it was common knowledge at the time that one man and one man only—dead now these many years—had been the person responsible for it.

This particular inquiry failed to indict, despite the fact that some two to three thousand people in the main stands would have unhesitatingly laid the sole charge at the door of Johnny Harlow. But even more damning was the incontrovertible evidence supplied in the small hall where the hearing was held with a TV playback of the entire incident. The projection screen had been small and stained, but the picture was clear enough and the sound effects all too vivid and true to life. In the rerun of the film—it lasted barely twenty seconds but was screened five times—three Grand Prix cars, viewed from the rear, but being closely followed by the telescopic zoom lens, could be seen approaching the pits. Harlow, in his Coronado, was closing up on the leading car, a vintage, privately entered Ferrari that was leading only because it had already lost a lap. Moving even more quickly than Harlow, and well clear on the other side of the track, was a manufacturer-entered fire-engine-red Ferrari driven by a brilliant Californian, Isaac Jethou. In the straight, Jethou's twelve cylinders had a considerable edge over Harlow's eight, and it was clear that he intended to pass. It seemed that Harlow, too, was quite aware of this, for his brake lights came on, in keeping with his apparent intention of easing slightly and tucking in behind the slower car while Jethou swept by.

Suddenly, incredibly, Harlow's brake lights went out and the Coronado swerved violently outward, as if Harlow had decided he could overtake the car in front before Jethou could overtake him. If that had been his inexplicable intention, then it had been the most foolhardy of his life, for he had taken his car directly into the path of Isaac Jethou who, on that straight, could not have been traveling at less than 180 miles an hour and who, in the fraction of the second available to him, never even had the most remote shadow of a chance to take the only braking or avoiding action that could have saved him.

At the moment of impact, Jethou's front wheel struck squarely into the side of Harlow's front wheel. For Harlow, the consequences of the collision were serious enough, for it sent his car into an uncontrollable spin, but for Jethou they were disastrous. Even above the cacophonous clamor of engines under maximum revolutions and the screeching of locked tires on the tarmac, the bursting of Jethou's front tire was heard as a rifle shot, and from that instant Jethou was a dead man. His Ferrari, wholly out of control and now no more than a mindless mechanical monster bent on its own destruction, smashed into, and then caromed off, the near-side safety barrier and, already belching red flame and black, oily smoke, careened wildly across the track to strike the far-side barrier, rear end first, at a speed of still over 100 miles per hour. The Ferrari, spinning wildly, slid down the track for about 200 yards, turned over twice, and came to rest on all four wrecked wheels, Jethou still trapped in the cockpit, but even then almost certainly dead. It was then that the red flames turned to white.

That Harlow had been directly responsible for Jethou's death was beyond dispute, but Harlow, with eleven Grand Prix wins behind him in seventeen months, was by definition, and on his record, the best driver in the world, and one simply does not indict the best driver in the world. It is not the done thing. The whole tragic affair was attributed to the race-track equivalent of an Act of God, and the curtain was discreetly lowered to indicate the end of the act.

In this last chapter, Johnny Harlow is at the wheel of his Ferrari. He is in full control—of his car, the situation, and himself. He is trying to catch an Aston Martin containing two men and the girl they have kidnapped. Johnny is determined to destroy the men and save the girl, for he is in love with her. A duel is about to begin between two Grand Prix racing drivers and their machines.

The nightmare journey to the Col de Tende, a journey that would live in the minds of Dunnet and Rory forever, was conducted, with only one exception, in absolute conversational silence, partially because Harlow was completely concentrating on the job at hand, partially because both Dunnet and Rory had been reduced to a state pretty close to abject terror. Harlow was not only driving the Ferrari to its limits—in the opinions of his two passengers he was driving it far beyond its limits. As they drove along the *auto route* between Cannes and Nice, Dunnet looked at the odometer. It read 260 k.p.h.—something over 160 miles per hour.

He said, "May I say something?"

For a flicker of a second Harlow glanced at him. "But of course."

"Jesus Christ Almighty. Superstar, if you want. The best driver in the world, like enough the best driver who's ever lived. But in all bloody hell. . . ."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

How good it is

Winston tastes good,
when a cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

"Language," Harlow said mildly. "My young future brother-in-law is sitting behind us."

"This is the way you earn a living?"

"Well, yes." While the seat-belted Dunnet clung in desperate apprehension to any available handhold, Harlow braked, changed down, and with all four wheels in a screaming slide and at just under 100 miles an hour, rounded a corner that few other drivers, however competent, would have attempted at seventy. "But you must admit it's better than working."

"Jesus!" Dunnet lapsed into a semi-stunned silence and closed his eyes, as a man in prayer. Very probably, he was.

The N204, the road between Nice and La Giandola, where it links up with the road from Ventimiglia, is a winding one with some spectacular hairpins, and it rises in places to over 3,000 feet. But Harlow treated it all as if he were driving along the *auto route*. Presently, both Dunnet and Rory had their eyes closed: it could have been from exhaustion but, more likely, they didn't want to see what was going on.

The road was entirely empty. They crossed over the Col de Braus, went through Sospel at a ludicrously illegal speed, and reached La Giandola without having met a single car, which was perhaps just as well for the nerves of any driver who might have been coming the other way. Then they went north through Saorge, Fontan and finally the township of Tende itself. It was just beyond Tende that Dunnet stirred and opened his eyes.

He said: "Am I still alive?"

"I think so."

Dunnet rubbed his eyes. "What was that you just said about your brother-in-law?"

" 'Just' was a long time ago." Harlow pondered. "Looks as if someone has to look after the MacAlpine family. I might as well make it official."

"You secretive so-and-so. Engaged?"

"Well, no. I haven't asked her yet. And I have news for you, Alexis. You're going to drive this car back to Vignolles while I sleep the sleep of the just. In the back seat. With Mary."

"You haven't even asked her yet and you're certain you're going to get her back." Dunnet looked at Harlow in disbelief and shook his head. "You, Johnny Harlow, are the most arrogant human being I've ever known."

"Don't you knock my future brother-in-law, Mr. Dunnet," Rory said sleepily from the back. "By the way, Mr. Harlow, if I *am* going to be your brother-in-law, can I call you Johnny?"

Harlow smiled. "You can call me anything you like. Just as long as it's said in a tone of proper respect."

"Yes, Mr. Harlow. Johnny, I mean." Suddenly his voice was no longer sleepy. "Do you see what I see?"

Ahead of them were the headlights of a car negotiating the vicious hairpins of the lower end of the Col de Tende.

"I've been seeing it for quite some time. Tracchia."

Dunnet looked at him. "How can you tell?"

"Two things." Harlow dropped two gears as he approached the first hairpin. "There aren't half a dozen people in Europe who can drive a car the way that car is being driven." He dropped another gear and slid round the hairpin with all the calm relaxation of a man sitting in a pew in a church. "Show an art expert fifty different paintings, and he'll immediately tell you who the artist is. I'm not talking about anything so wildly different as Rembrandt and Renoir. The same school of painters. I can recognize the driving technique of any Grand Prix driver in the world. After all, there are fewer Grand Prix drivers than there are painters. Tracchia has the habit of braking slightly early for a corner, then accelerating quickly through it."

He threw the Ferrari, tires shrieking in protest, round the next corner. "That's Tracchia."

It was indeed Tracchia. Seated beside him, Jacobson was peering anxiously through the rear window. He said: "There's someone coming up behind."

"It's a public road. Anyone can use it."

"Believe me, Nikki, this is not just anyone."

In the Ferrari, Harlow said: "I think we better get ready." He pressed a button and the windows slid down. Then he reached for his gun and placed it beside him. "And I'll be greatly obliged if neither of you shoots Mary."

Dunnet said: "I just hope to hell that tunnel's blocked."

The tunnel was certainly blocked, completely and solidly blocked. A very large furniture van was jammed diagonally, and apparently immovably, into its mouth.

The Aston Martin rounded the last hairpin. Tracchia swore bitterly and braked the car to a halt. Both men gazed apprehensively through the rear window. Mary looked, too, though with hope.

Jacobson said: "Don't tell me that damned truck jammed there is sheer coincidence. Turn the car, Nikki. God, there they are!"

The Ferrari came sliding round the last corner and accelerated toward them. Tracchia tried desperately to turn his car, a maneuver made more difficult when Harlow, braking heavily, rammed his Ferrari into the side of the Aston. Jacobson had his gun out and was firing at apparent random.

"Jacobson," Harlow said urgently. "Not Tracchia. You'll kill Mary."

Both men leaned out of their windows and fired just as their windshield smashed and starred. Jacobson ducked low for safety, but he ducked too late. He screamed in agony as two bullets lodged in his left shoulder. In the confusion and noise, Mary opened the door and jumped out as quickly as her crippled leg would permit her. Neither man, for the moment, even noticed that she was gone.

Tracchia, only the top of his head visible above the windshield, eventually managed to wrench his car round and clear. Then he desperately accelerated away. Four seconds later, with Dunnet having practically dragged Mary inside, the Ferrari was in pursuit. Harlow, apparently oblivious to the inflicted cuts, had already smashed his fist through the shattered windshield. Dunnet completed the work with the butt of his pistol.

Not once, but several times, Mary cried out in fear as Harlow took the Ferrari down through the hairpins of the Col de Tende. Rory had his arm round his sister and, although he did not voice his fear, he was plainly just as terrified as Mary. Dunnet, firing his gun through the empty space where the windshield had been, didn't look particularly happy, either. Harlow's face was still, implacable. To an observer, it must have appeared that the car was being driven by a maniac, but Harlow was in complete control. To the accompaniment of the sound of tortured tires and engine bellowing in the lower gears, he descended the Col as no one had ever done before and, assuredly, no one would ever do again. By the sixth hairpin, he was only feet behind the Aston.

"Stop shooting," Harlow shouted. He had to shout to make himself heard above the sound of the engine.

"Why?"

"Because it's not final enough."

The Aston, now only a car's length ahead, slid desperately round a right-hand hairpin bend. Harlow, instead of braking, accelerated, spun the wheel viciously to the right, and the car slid halfway round the corner on all four screaming, skidding tires, at right angles to its line of travel only a second previously, apparently completely out of control. But Harlow had judged matters to a hair-raising degree of nicety: the side of the Ferrari smashed fairly and squarely into that of the Aston. The Ferrari, practically stopped, rebounded into the middle of the curve. The Aston, moving diagonally now, and hopelessly unmanageable, slid out toward the edge. Beyond the edge there was a drop of 600 feet into the darkened and unseen depths of a ravine below.

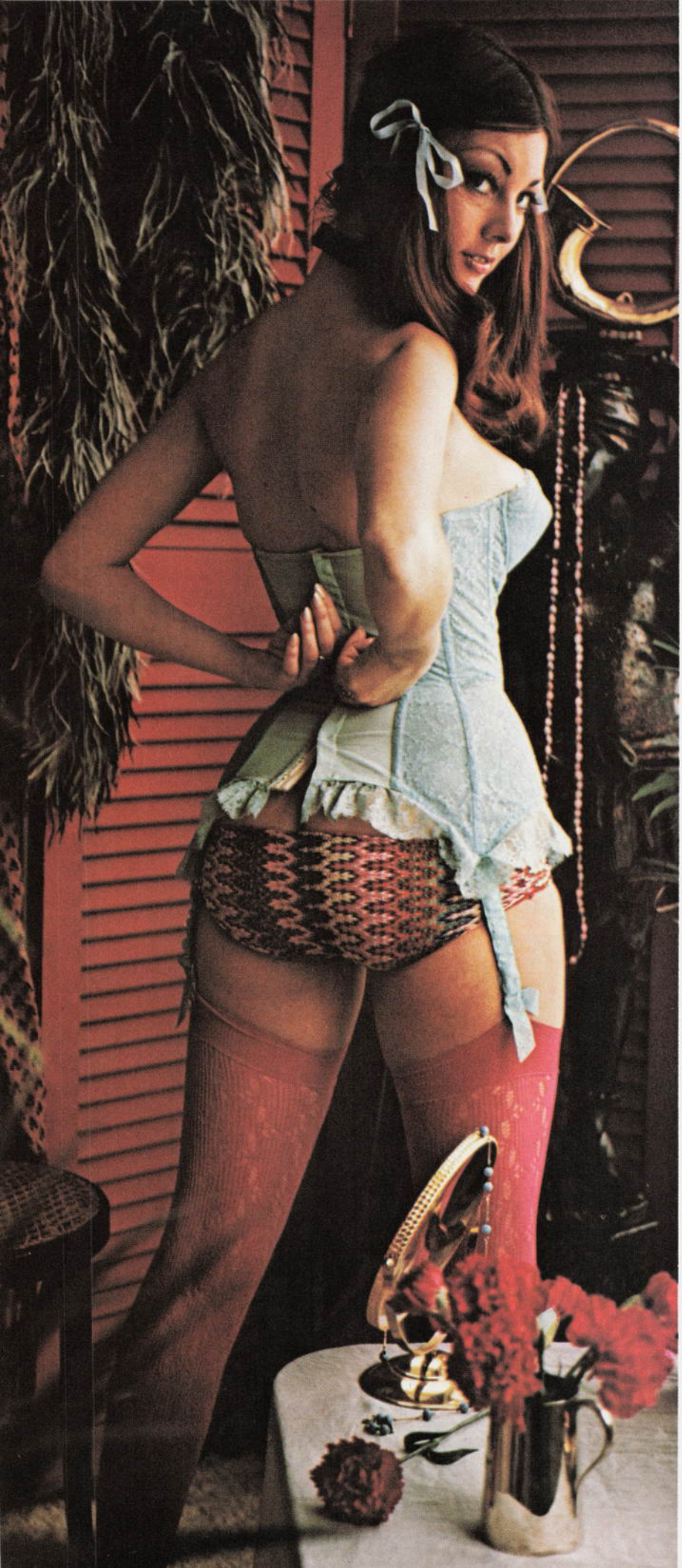
Harlow was out of the stopped Ferrari just before the teetering Aston vanished over the side. He was followed almost immediately by the others. They peered over the edge of the road.

The Aston turned slowly over and over as it fell. It disappeared into the depths and the darkness of the ravine. There was a brief thunderclap of sound and a brilliant orange flame that seemed to reach halfway up to where they stood. Then there was only the silence and the darkness.

On the road above, all four stood quiet and still, as people in a trance. Then Mary, shuddering, buried her face in Harlow's shoulder. He put his arm around her and continued to gaze down into the hidden depths of the ravine.

To love and win is best,
to love and lose can be better

BILLIE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

BILLIE'S HOLLIDAY

So heated was the disputation, so fiercely was the Pet of the Year's crown contested, so torrentially did the votes pour in, so close were the two front-running favorites, that our duty to reader and Pet became clear. As proof positive, therefore, that Second Pet doesn't necessarily mean second best, we herewith present Miss Billie Deane, our precedent-breaking runner-up, in a much deserved pictorial feature of her own.

Twenty-year-old Billie's special attractions (39-25-37) have won her first place in the hearts of the members of the London *Penthouse Club,* where our nubile cocktail Pet is known to her many friends by her preprofessional name, Gillian Duxbury. Billie adopted her *nom de théâtre* as a tribute to her favorite singer, Billie Holliday, film star James Dean, and "e," her fa-

vorite letter. Billie's modeling-cum-acting career has received many a boost from her various Pet appearances—she's received an offer to play Nora in a forthcoming production of *A Doll's House* and has already completed several smaller parts in a recent spate of Anglo-American productions. But while stage and silver screen beckon, television and photographic modeling also call—Billie is now in urgent demand for television commercials. "It's very exciting, having almost all my wishes coming true like this. I've always had stars in my eyes—but I'm a practical girl really. I'm going to save my

money and invest in real estate. I love London, but someday I'd like to live on my own land again. I feel my spiritual roots belong in the earth rather than the clouds."

When Billie came to London two years ago she shared a flat with two girl friends. "I'm from the country, but I've never been afraid of being a little-girl-in-the-big-city, and it's never had any of its so-called horrors for me. Men have always treated me with a lot of respect—and there've certainly been a few times I haven't deserved it. That's why I don't have much interest in Women's Liberation. If they'd just try to get over their guilt and fear about sex, they'd find out life is beautiful, and a lot easier." Fear and guilt about sex are feelings Billie has never known: "The funniest thing I've heard in months is the U.S. Supreme Court's decision on pornography. Censor-

ship is barbaric, but it's also a joke—you can't lock up human sexuality any more than you can pass a law against breathing.... I've always thought sex is wonderful, even as a child. At school I had an awful lot of curiosity about the games older people played. But I was seventeen when I lost my virginity, and since then I've been a one-man woman. I guess, like all girls, I like to tease a little and play around a little, but if the man I love told me we're going to the North Pole, I'd go pack my parka." How does Miss Billie Deane feel about being number two Pet of the Year? "Thrilled to death. There must be a million girls more beautiful than me, but *Penthouse* could only find one. And let me tell you a secret," she winks confidentially, "the girl *I* voted for won."

FILTH in THE NURSERY

by Henry Morgan

Since the advent of Marshall McLuhan, the Canadian dish of stale sauerkraut, reading has fallen even more out of fashion. When the Toronto wizard declared that printed letters appearing in a straight line were old hat, he brought great happiness to millions of kids who had no intention of learning how to read anyway.

That is all to the good. Too many of us were brought up on the kind of trash that warped our little minds so badly that to this day we are nothing but lascivious beasts. Consider the following examples of insidious obscenity, of irresponsible fact-distortion, of plain unvarnished *Shrecklichkeit:*

Jack and Jill went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown
and Jill came tumbling after!

Is this the kind of thing children should be reading? It is common knowledge that these so-called nursery rhymes are based on fact. Jack and Jill existed, of course. Jack later grew up to become Sir John Evinshiter, the popular rapist. Jill, a typical English girl, later married Avram Topl, the fiddle player and mah-jongg dealer.

Their careers could have been predicted from the way they carried on when they were kids. " . . . to fetch a pail of water" indeed! Since when has there ever been a well at the *top* of a hill? Then what did they go up there for? "Tumbled" is the operative word here. Jill was tumbled *after* they got up the hill.

If Jack actually fell down, which most authorities dispute, the crack on the sconce didn't make him a lecher. He was a dirty little boy on the way *up*. It merely removed what few inhibitions had remained.

See-saw, Marjorie Daw. . . .

A clear case of a girl who is AC-DC.

The fact that "Jack shall have a new master" shows precisely the relationship that had previously existed between him and Marjorie, the Amazon. "She paid him but a penny a day because he can't work any faster" is, of course, self-explanatory. Havelock Ellis was the first to point out that she was not, as commonly believed, "crazy for it," but on the contrary, frigid. Even if Jack could have worked faster it wouldn't have helped. Masters and Johnson proved this.

Little Miss Muffett sat on her tuffet. . . .

"Tuffet" is the Olde English word for "small tuff"—a sarcastic way of referring to an overdeveloped behind. The girl's name was slightly changed in order to accommodate the rhyming scheme—originally it was Muff.

If, as some claim, it should have read "Little Miss Muff sat on her duff," the meaning would be even clearer: that she wouldn't get off it even to make a buck.

A spider sat down beside her?

No entomologist in the world believes this for a second. Your typical arachnid has a cephalothorax and an abdomen, the cephalothorax containing *four pairs* of legs. Bullshit, he sat down.

There is more than a hint here that the spider wanted to eat the "curds and whey."

Nobody, not even a lazy tart like Ms. Muff, would eat that crap.

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief. . . .

Typical piece of British snobbishness. "Taffy" is a Welsh nickname for "David." A "Welsh rabbit" is a British put-down, meaning that a Welshman can't afford rabbit; he must eat melted cheese instead.

In the States this is pronounced "rarebit"—another reason for the English to call us "colonials." Actually, the Americans are lucky, since, to the British, everyone else is a wog.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep. . . .

Another crock. Bo was a Chinese-English girl whose father was Samuel Pepys, the notorious womanizer, whoreson and mother-cozener. His Oriental daughter didn't lose her sheep at all—she sold them to an Australian.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
how does your garden grow?

"Contrary" is merely a euphemism for "lesbian." This is proved by the fact that she had "pretty maids all in a row." The verse was written originally about the notorious Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, who changed her name to George (Sand).

"Silver Bells" was the trade name of an early form of DDT.

"Cockleshells" refers to the shells you get from cockles.

Hey diddle diddle, the cat
and the fiddle. . . .

An early way of announcing that the "cat," or "contact," had arrived. The cat always carried a fiddle case filled with Horse.

One of the signs of a "high" was to see a cow jumping over the moon.

There was a little girl who had
a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good she was
very, very good,
When she was bad she was horrid.

As in many of these vignettes, there is some exaggeration. For example, when this kid was good she wasn't all *that* good. Gordon Sinclair, a sailor who had picked her up in Bayonne, N.J., said there were girls in East Hartford who could give her cards and spades.

As for being bad, Pierre Berton, the celebrated sheep-dip millionaire, is on record as saying, "Bad? Well, maybe, but not when you compare her to a knothole in a fence."

There was an old woman
who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
she didn't know what to do.

Evidently.

She had nineteen kids and once, when they were all stuffed into a hay wagon, so that there wasn't room for one more person, a passerby addressed the old broad.

"Geez," he said, "you almost screwed yourself out of a seat!"

And so we come to the three prime examples of what not to teach a young child:

1. **Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater**
2. **Little Jack Horner**
3. **Jack Sprat**

Each of these creeps had a different *modus operandi*, of course.

1. "Eating pumpkin" has been popular for over 300 years.

2. Horner was very likely the most finicky of the lot. To this very day, comparatively few practitioners are satisfied with merely "sticking in the thumb.

3. It has always been a question among experts as to whether Sprat actually *couldn't* eat fat or merely wouldn't. Some of these guys were just out-and-out kinky.

It is certainly marvelous that children can't read any more. Nursery rhymes have wrecked far too many lives.

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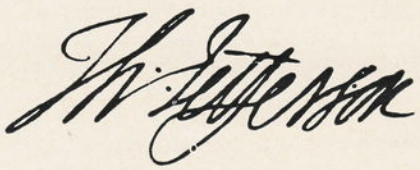
AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT NIXON ON THE MATTER OF THE RECENT SUPREME COURT RULING ON OBSCENITY

MR. PRESIDENT,

"I am...mortified to be told that, in the United States of America...a question about the sale of a book can be carried before the civil magistrate...are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold and what we may buy?

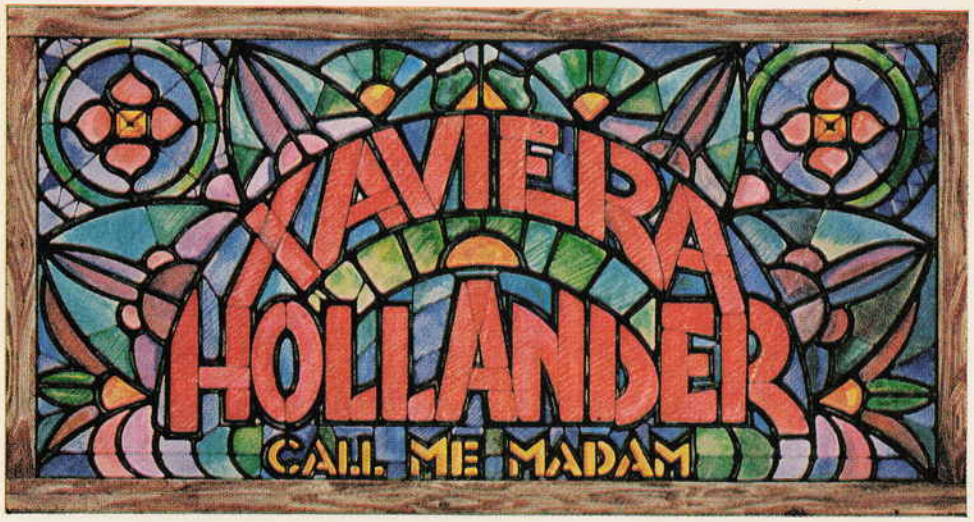
Shall a layman, simple as ourselves, set up his reason as the rule for what we are to read?...It is an insult to our citizens to question whether they are rational beings or not."

RESPECTFULLY,



Thomas Jefferson

Intimate letters to **Xaviera Hollander**



All inquiries are treated in confidence.
Send to Xaviera Hollander,
Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue,
27th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets
that no private replies or photographs etc.
can be supplied.

UNSUITABLE WETSUIT

My husband insists that we both wear rubber panties during foreplay. It doesn't turn me on, but it certainly does him. How do you rate this behavior?—N.R.

Be thankful he does not insist you wear a wetsuit. With one of my favorite slaves (also a leather and rubber fetishist), I had to buy an entire wetsuit and dress him from top to toe in rubber. I really pitied the man inside that hot and horrible suit. I had to humiliate him and tie him down to the bedpost. He loved it, but when he finally got out of his suit, he realized that he had better stick to rubber panties in the future, because the heat inside the costume was unbearable. If you read all the articles in this column, you will see that your husband's addiction is among the mildest of deviations. I don't think you have much to worry about.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS . . .

This girl that I know is very pretty, but uses the foulest language I've ever heard from a woman. I want to go to bed with her, but the minute she opens her mouth she puts me off. When we go out together she is very ladylike, but when we are alone she turns the air blue with obscenities. Does her bad language mean that anything goes with her as far as sex is concerned, or is she just trying to get attention?—Harry

You remind me of a middle-aged lady who once called me on an open-line radio program and said: "Miss Hollander, I enjoyed both your books, but why did you have to use so many four-letter words? Couldn't you say it differently?" I answered, "Can you imagine your husband coming home, and when the two of you get undressed in a passionate mood, he says: 'Annabelle, come let's fornicate, or let's copulate.'" Some people like to use sexual phrases because they turn them on. Is it better to throw clinical terms at each other, or use good old-fashioned four-letter words? Dear Harry, I honestly think you are far too prudish.

I knew only very few call girls who really liked to swear or use four-letter words, but any good call girl or hooker will know that when the time is right, and her customer is in that particular mood, she can use any foul language to turn him on. Some men loved it, in particular the ones who were married to sweet little housewives who never said a word and just spread their legs and let their husbands do their thing. This woman is the type who prefers to count the stripes on the wallpaper during sex, and would rather watch late-night TV than make love. She is the one who just tolerates her husband's hornyness, and when he finally gets the clue that she is not even faking pleasure, it virtually drives him in the arms of an understanding, passionate hooker, because not all hookers fake orgasm or pleasure, I want you to know.

I myself like to use foul language, not too often, but this depends on the man and the mood. It doesn't mean that anything goes, or that I'm trying to get attention. It's part of being straightforward and sexy.

DRESSING DOWN

Boy, have I got a problem. I'm an eighteen-year-old transvestite who wants to come out of the closet. I still live with my parents, who live in the Victorian Age, and I want to complete high school. If I ever appeared before my parents in a miniskirt and panty hose, they would disown me. I'm very masculine-looking and I'm a linebacker in the school football team. When I dress gay, I don't look like a woman. Lately, I've been wearing panty hose and lace panties under my male clothing. Please tell me what you think about this.—J.H.

I'm a sixteen-year-old boy who feels a strong attraction for wearing female lingerie, especially black, seamed stockings. I'm not queer, and have no trouble making it with girls. My problem is that when I try to buy lingerie I feel sure that the saleswoman knows that I'm shopping for myself. What should I do?—P.S.

Both your problems have to be handled with silk gloves, if you would like to add those to your collection of ladies' wear. Being a transvestite is still not generally acceptable in society, though there may be nothing seriously amiss with those who have this fetish. After all, you don't hurt anybody. The only ones who seem to be able to get away with it are the true transvestite-exhibitionists, who don't care about reputation or being disowned by their parents. These are the ones who even enter beauty contests, appearing to be a real girl for quite some time, until someone eventually finds out.

In my new book, which came out in August, Letters to the Happy Hooker, *I devote one chapter to a gorgeous transvestite whom I entered for a contest at a drag-queen ball in Toronto. He, she, or it—whatever—won the contest gloriously, which helped him to discover that he had*

Winchester separates the men...from the boys.

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You're a big boy now. And when your taste grows up, your smoke should, too. Winchester is a very mature smoke. Ask any woman. She'll tell you that Winchester is slim and sexy, with a filtered smoothness. Mild and light. She'll tell you that Winchester isn't heavy-handed on aroma. One gentle whiff whispers in her ear: "It's not a cigarette. Not just another little cigar. It's a whole 'nother smoke." Very adult. And she'll tell you that when you're man enough for Winchester, you're man enough for her.

Winchester. It's a whole 'nother smoke.

20 LITTLE CIGARS.

homosexual tendencies. He had long suppressed these emotions, taking them for self-love, or narcissism. Thus, my dear friend became far more uninhibited, and even fell in love with a gorgeous young man for whom he gave some remarkable private showings. By the way, some transvestites are heterosexual rather than homosexual.

If you are really afraid of being found out, stick to ladies' underwear only. But don't start necking or petting that same night with a straight girl friend. As far as buying the lingerie is concerned, the salesladies will quite often figure you out, but so does the druggist with the boy who buys rubber condoms when he is very young. Remember, you have a right to practice this harmless fetish, and what a saleswoman thinks is not important. Be brave—and enjoy yourselves!

PERIOD PIECE

My lady friend always likes to have intercourse during her menstrual cycle. During the course of our sex, she makes all these painful-sounding moans and groans. I enjoy having intercourse with her at these times, because I find it easy to slide in, and it produces a pleasant, warm feeling. But I'm afraid of hurting my woman. Could you please tell me if it is safe to have intercourse when she is menstruating?—D.C.

A lot of women get very excited when they have their period—me in particular. On the second and third days of my period, I get as horny as a bitch in heat. Why? It's probably psychological. The chance of getting pregnant is smaller when a woman has her period. Also, she has been feeling moody and depressed for two or three days before she gets her period, and not really into sex. With the menstruation itself adding two or three more days of abstinence, about four days can go by without really good sexual activity. On the third day, while she is still flowing, but more lightly, she has a chance to make up for lost days of sex.

As you say, she usually does not need any lubrication or warming up because of the blood temperature and the liquid inside her, which makes her vagina warmer and juicier than ever. Her moans and groans might sound like pain, but did you ever think they might just be passionate love-screams, since she digs it so much?

Sometimes a woman is very horny during her period, but her husband refuses to have intercourse because he does not want to play the butcher. There are little surgical sponges available at almost any drugstore, or a diaphragm can be inserted shortly before intercourse. Either the sponge or the diaphragm will hold back the menstrual flow, and should be removed very shortly after intercourse so as not to cause any discomfort. If you don't want to insert the sponge or diaphragm, douching just before sex will stop the flow temporarily. It helps, too, if the man does most of the work and the woman lies relatively quiet on her back, with a pillow keeping her bottom up. Remember to put a towel underneath—bloodstains are hard to remove. I don't think sex during menstruation is physically harmful, but ask your doctor for advice if you're worried.

COME, FLY WITH ME

I have a really big problem. I am twenty-five, white, and a male nymphomaniac. I know a few girls, but nearly all of them treat me like a brother. This is very frustrating. I have only had sex six times in my life. The last time was with a prostitute six months ago. Do you know where I can get some Spanish fly or other chemical that will work to get girls in bed with me?—L.L.

I really had to chuckle when I finished reading your desperate letter—a male nymphomaniac, huh? With six attempts at sex in your entire life and with intervals of six months each time? Whom are you kidding? A nymphomaniac is someone who does it all the time and never gets enough, but has to keep on having more and more sex.

You sound more like a neglected Don Juan, a love-starved young man in need of a serious companion, who will take your hand and walk away in the moonlight—and then fuck you silly. In your case, you don't need aphrodisiacs. They rarely work; and as far as Spanish fly is concerned, it is not only a highly dangerous irritant, but almost impossible to get anywhere.

It is you who have to perform the miracle within yourself. Grow up, become a man, become more confident about yourself. You seem confident enough about your looks, now—match your act to that.

What might help is to get your girl friend a bit drunk. That may remove any inhibitions she has had toward you. Be more aggressive, more overtly sexual, and girls will stop treating you as their big brother.

INAUGURATION BALL

I am going out with a man who is much older and more experienced than I am. In fact, this is the first time I've had any kind of sexual relationship. I'm nineteen and have never played around before. My problem is this: I am going to start taking the Pill, so our relationship will advance much further (we haven't made love yet). I know my man will help me, but I'm scared of messing everything up for him. I want to be able to handle myself properly in bed. We have petted and it has always left me feeling good, but I never know if I have climaxed. I'm also afraid that my first time will be painful, although I don't have my hymen any more. Please help me and give me some advice. The time is coming very close and I want to be ready for it.—S.B.

I still remember pretty vividly how I lost my virginity. I was about seventeen and a half, it was in Amsterdam, and I had been going "steady" for over a year with a boy about two years older. Danny and I had done some petting and necking. I had even allowed him to play with my cunt after having dated him for over half a year. Eventually we went on his scooter, to find some hidden spots outside Amsterdam. So, while laying low in the bushes behind dikes or near lakes, we started to explore each other's body more thoroughly, although we were quite often harassed by nosy onlookers and horny voyeurs, who would crawl against the dike while watching us, playing with themselves as they did so.

Danny and I eventually started to put things together, but not "all the way" since I always kept thinking about my mother's words: "Marry as a virgin; if not, your hus-

band will throw your past at you and blame you for behaving as a whore" (how true her words were!). I managed to keep this good principle, until one day Danny and I were allowed to use one of his best friend's bedrooms, while his mother was away for the afternoon.

That was the very first time we ever were together in a full-size bed. Up till that point, sex had always been a secret business in the bushes or in the dunes, always alarmed by guards with dogs, whom we had to bribe not to turn us in for indecent exposure. It was just too good to be true, and Danny finally slid his cock inside me, all the way. For the very first time I experienced that warm, moist, all-filling, all-satisfying feeling. You better believe I came. Kiddo, when you get to that point, hymen or no hymen, if it's done delicately, you will know what it is like to experience your first orgasm.

From then on, I started to enjoy sex. Each time we did it better and more often. Eventually I had to find out what other men were all about, so I became promiscuous and left sweet Danny behind me, thanking him for my inauguration ball.

This is my story. In other words: there was no bleeding, no pain. Since you seem to be so sure that you have no hymen (wonder how you got to that conclusion, unless the doctor told you so), why worry about pain? A girl who has never experienced a penis inside her may feel pain.

Since your boyfriend is considerably older than you are, I see no reason for you to worry about messing everything up for him. He could mess you up more, since you're not ready mentally for your first balling session. When you're both ready for sex, leave the details to him. He seems to have a fair amount of common sense, and together the two of you should be able to work out a satisfying sex relationship.

MY HUSBAND, MY MOTHER, AND ME

Recently I learned that my husband and my mother have been having an affair. We have been married for almost three years, and are both twenty-four. My mother (who was divorced five years ago) visits us two or three times a year. On her latest visit, my suspicions were aroused and I confronted her. She admitted that she had been having sex with my husband. She said it was purely a physical thing that helped relieve her frustrations. She said I should be more understanding and less selfish. I was so shocked, I couldn't sleep for days, but my husband said he was glad everything was out in the open, and it didn't affect the way he felt about me or our relationship. To help me accept the situation, my mother let me watch them one night, but it didn't help one little bit. I couldn't believe some of the things I saw, and wouldn't think of describing them. I love my husband very much; should I try and accept this situation?—T.C.

I cannot understand how your mother's suggestion for you to watch things could make it easier for you to accept. What a diplomat she is! You obviously dig your husband, but how far can one really go in being tolerant? Besides, she gave an exhibition and obviously gave a good one, since it seems you were shocked. The old lady seems to know exactly what she is doing. It happens quite often that younger men are attracted to older ladies with more experience than their virginal bride-daughters, but this does not mean that both of them have to give a live sex show.

I would suggest you try to keep the peace with both your husband and mother. In your letter, you say that your mother comes to visit a few times a year. Tell her plainly to keep her hands off your husband or you will not allow her to set foot in your house anymore. And if she wants to see you, go and visit her without your husband. I definitely won't suggest incestuous orgies. That would really mess your sex life up for good.

KEEPING SEX IN THE DARK

I am a blindfold fetishist. I go to pieces whenever I see a blindfolded girl, whether she is on television, participating in a psychological experiment, or has her eyes covered for any other reason. I even like to masturbate wearing one. Have you ever made love blindfolded, or with somebody who was? If you have, do you feel (as I do) that not being able to see heightens the strength of your orgasm?—J.B.

Very often, when a person lacks sight, his other senses, such as hearing, touching, and tasting, become stronger. A blind man will often hear better than one who sees. I have come across quite a few men who liked to be blindfolded, but all of them wanted this to be done while they were humiliated, and usually put in bondage. Your blindfold obsession could have several causes. It may be you find it difficult to achieve orgasm, and the absence of vision helps you to concentrate. You may be embarrassed to have girls look at you, or perhaps you don't like the looks of your own body. Maybe your blindfolded sexual act can be compared to the old-fashioned way of making love with the lights off.

JOY BOYS

If women want to be stimulated all day, they can insert a dildo or joy balls into their vaginas. Is there anything that can produce continuous stimulation for men?—B.W.

No, there are no gadgets to produce continuous stimulation. However, if you want to have some kind of artificial masturbation, there are various products in sex markets that can provide stimulation for a short while.

1. The mammoth pussy-tingler is an artificial, hollow penis, attached to a battery that vibrates. The artificial penis can be put over the man's penis, and, with the battery going full speed, he gets excited and reaches erection soon after. The advantage of this gadget is that, if the man has a fairly small penis, he can insert the entire package in his wife's vagina to excite her even more, and drive himself into ecstasy as well. His semen will be discharged in the shaft of the artificial penis (which has to be washed out like a woman's diaphragm).

2. The artificial latex-rubber vagina (either with or without vibrators attached to it), comes in different sizes. They are sometimes combined with a life-size rubber doll with boobs, etc.

3. The hangman's noose is a thin rubber ring, which is inserted around the base of

"I've got German measles!"

the penis and tightened. This causes stimulation, and prevents the already erect penis from going flaccid. It numbs the penis in a pleasurable way, and is an excellent method for teaching premature ejaculators how to hold back their orgasm.

SPANKS A MILLION

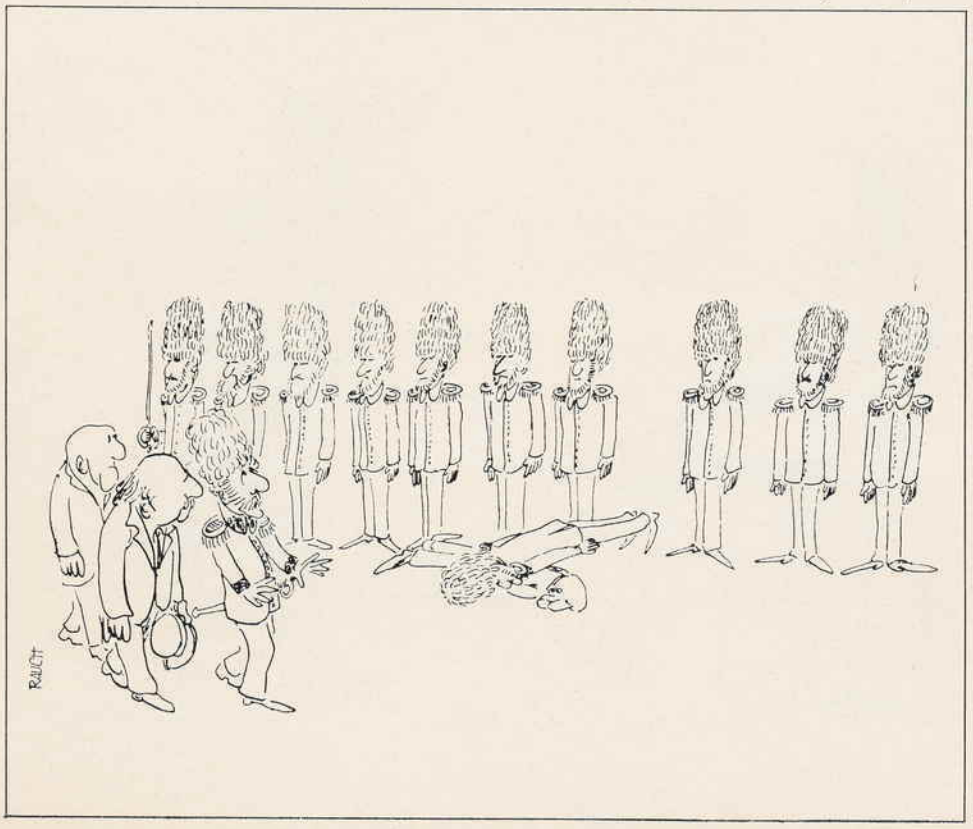
My wife and I have been married for a while and want to experiment. The idea of spanking—mostly me spanking her—excites us, but we're apprehensive about how to do it. Since you once said you enjoyed it, do you have any ideas on how to get started? Can you tell us about implements, positions, etc.? We don't want to be sadists, just occasional paddlers for kicks.—S.Q.

I myself like to get spanked occasionally, in particular when I am involved in a group-sex scene. Somehow the masochist in me seems to come out more when I know other people are watching. On a few occasions, I feel the need to be spanked by my boyfriend, but never too hard. It usually starts when I feel like wrestling him a bit (though I know he is far stronger than I). He will then, of course, play my game and we will roll over the bed laughing. Once he overpowers me, with my hands behind my back, I love him to put me on my knees and give me a healthy spanking; or better still, while he penetrates me, as I lay on top of him, he will give me a good spanking just before we reach orgasm. In my opinion, the only turn-on, for either a man or a woman, is getting spanked right on the bottom and no other area. You can do the spanking with your bare hands, or if you wish to get hurt a bit more, use a belt. But be careful you don't really hurt the other with the buckle. There are certain paddles or whips on the market, some of them in stores where they sell horseback-riding equipment. But be careful not to hurt your partner, and don't get carried away. Don't take me for a heavy masochist. As I said before, it happens occasionally that I get into the mood, and I guess that is more or less what your scene is all about. Some men I have known were really heavily into the S and M scene, and wanted virtually to be beaten all over their body, good and heavy. Most of them liked the humiliation of getting slapped in the face, over and over again. But that's not for me —and I don't think it's for you.

A PIECE OF COCKTAIL

My girl friend and I have discovered a most ingenious and gratifying form of sexual arousal, and we wish to share it. We chanced upon this idea while enjoying oral sex one night. We had been to a party, and when we got into bed my girl friend asked for another drink. At the time, I wasn't in any mood for leaving the scene, but she persisted, and an ingenious idea occurred to me. I got some vodka and poured it down the object of my attention. She, in turn, poured scotch all over my penis, and said it was the best "cocktail" she had ever had. We both enjoyed it thoroughly. I would suggest this for anyone who enjoys a nightcap before bedtime. We even went so far as to give different cocktail names to each other; she is a "screwdriver" and I am a "scotch on the rocks." Have you ever experienced anything like this, and if so, do you know of any variations?—W.M.

If I were you, I would change from hard liquor to fruit juices, like pear nectar, or maybe champagne. How about pouring some juice over her belly, and then licking it all up. An even better suggestion is the following, which happened to me a few weeks ago when I was in an orgy in Montreal. Buy an aerosol can of whipped cream. Put your girl friend on her back and then start spouting the whipped cream all over her belly and breasts in different shapes. You can even write your name on her belly. To give it a finishing touch, spout the last splurch of whipped cream in her pussycat, while she has her legs spread apart up in the air, and finish this masterpiece by inserting a peeled banana inside her, or top it off with a cherry jubilee. Then eat it all up. That will taste a lot better than hard liquor!



A WAIT OFF MY MIND

I'm eighteen years old, and my girl friend and I enjoy having sexual intercourse frequently. We both like to reach climax three or four times every session, but I find this sometimes difficult. After my first ejaculation, my penis has trouble becoming erect until it's had about thirty minutes of rest. Is there anything I can do to shorten this rest time?—M.E.

One of the greatest pleasures I get when I make love to my man, is after we both have reached our first (or sometimes, my second or third) orgasm, and I feel his penis inside my vagina growing bigger again. Only very few men have managed to do this. Most men indeed are as you. They come once and take some time—between fifteen and thirty minutes—to recuperate. That's completely normal. However, if you would like to prolong the pleasure, why not try to hold back that very first orgasm, so you can keep it up longer and please your girl friend a few more times?

If your own willpower cannot help you, here are some ideas that might help. There are certain creams on the market to prevent a man from coming too soon (how reliable they are, I cannot tell you, but they are worth trying at least). There is also novocaine, which slows down orgasm because of the numbing effect it has on the penis.

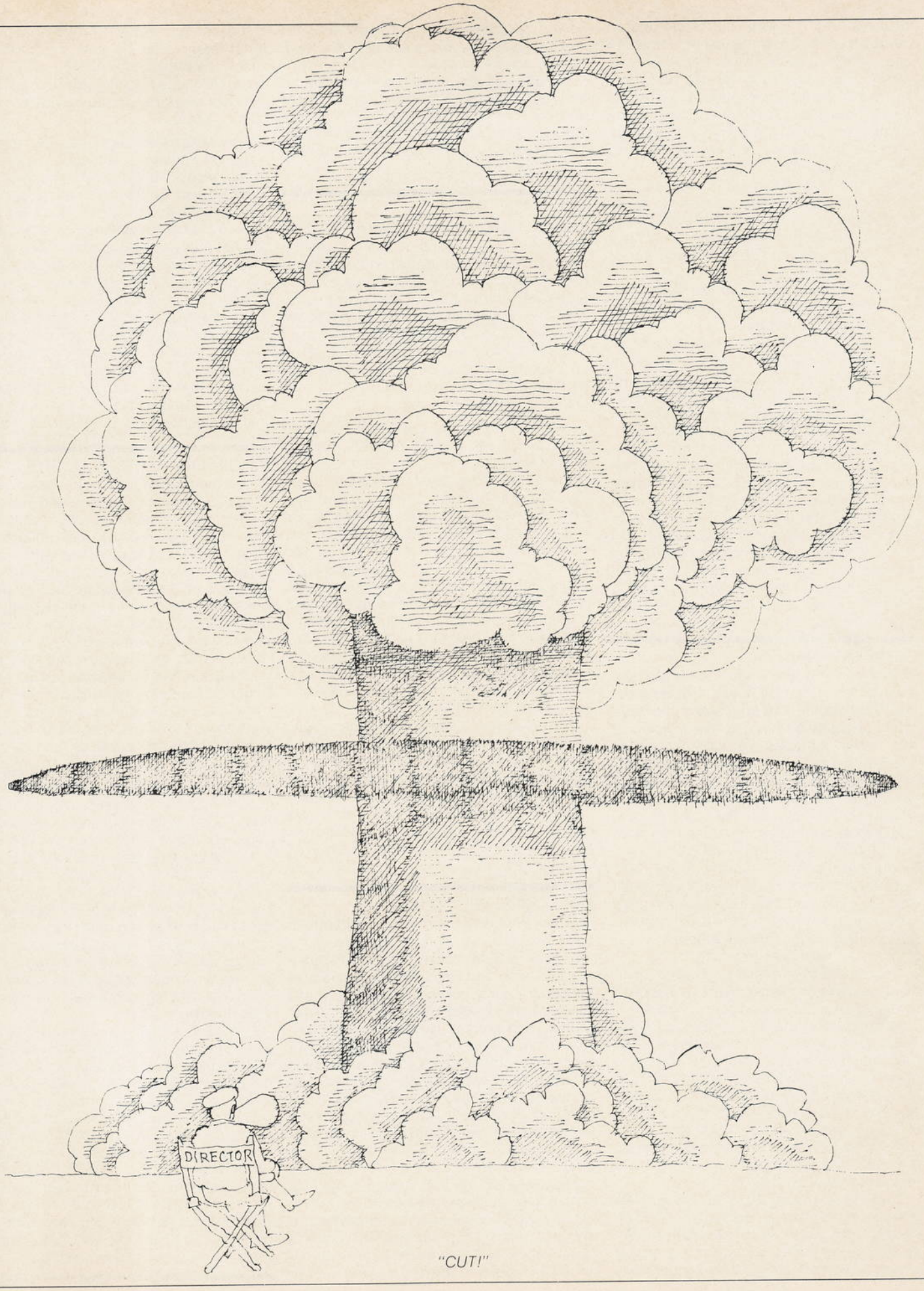
WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING IN *MY* BED?

My present boyfriend and I have been seeing each other for nearly a year. He says he loves me, but just a few days ago he screwed my best friend. He did it in my apartment and in my bed. In my opinion that's really cold-blooded, and what's more, it's the second time he has done it. Should I tell him to forget our relationship, or should I just dismiss it as unimportant?—Toots

It is time you realize that your boyfriend doesn't have any scruples and won't hesitate to hurt and insult you. I think it is time you tell him the party is over, before he comes to you and says: Tootsie, tootsie goodbye . . .

LET IT ALL HANGER OUT

My girl friend has an anal fetish. She refuses to blow me, masturbate me, or let me perform cunnilingus on her. All she wants to do is lick my anus. Then she bends a wire coat hanger straight, lubricates it and



"CUT!"

Walter Velez

slowly moves it in and out of my anus. I usually have a sudden bowel movement in bed, which I wouldn't mind if it weren't so messy. She won't even let me screw her any more; she just turns me over and starts working away with her tongue. Please hurry up and reply to this letter. I'm in a desperate state of mind, but I don't want to hurt my girl's feelings.—D.F.

Wow, man, your girl friend is really far out. I have come across men who wanted either to see a girl shit on them, or went even further by asking the girl to feed them her shit. Lucky boy, you at least don't have to feed her or eat it yourself.

Your girl friend seems to like some kind of coprophagy, unless she does this whole act to simply humiliate you.

But what kind of man are you, to let all this happen? First of all, can't you figure out for yourself how highly dangerous such an act is, putting a coat hanger up your ass? Have you ever thought what damage that might do to your body, about eventual infections? Are you crazy, to tolerate this foolishness? If you still really dig her, I suggest she give you a legitimate enema, maybe that will help her get her rocks off. At least that is not so damaging and I know of quite a few enema lovers. If she does not stop her coat hanger treatment, why not suggest that you do it to her once. See how quickly she refuses you. Otherwise, it is time for you to look for a normal girl friend, with a normal sexual appetite.

GERM OF AN IDEA

When I perform cunnilingus on my girl, she always lies on her back and I lie between her legs, keeping her thighs on either side of my head. What I would like to know is this: If she straddles me, with her vagina over my mouth, will I receive more germs than if we do it our normal way? Also, she will only blow me if I wear a condom. I prefer skin-to-skin contact, but she says I'm lucky to have her do it at all, because men have more germs. Is she right?—M.A.C.

If your girl friend is a healthy young lady, who takes care of her body, washes herself properly, and douches occasionally, then I see no reason why you have to worry about germs. Otherwise, I would advise you not to put your head near her cunt.

The same is true for men. In Europe, quite a few men are not circumcised, as opposed to the U.S. and Canada, where almost every young man nowadays is circumcised. For those who are not, it is essential to keep their penes in a clean condition, because there is nothing worse for a woman than to go down on her lover when he smells. So, men, those of you who are still complete, including foreskin—wash yourself often and well. Once both men and women consider themselves absolutely clean, why should they worry about germs?

I have never heard about a blow job with a rubber on, except for the hookers, in Amsterdam, who work in the red-light district on the canals. They always slip a rubber around their customers' penes, either while having sex or while giving a blow job. This is done so quickly that quite often their customers don't ever notice.

I doubt your girl friend is as experienced as these hookers. Since you are not a john, and she is not a hooker, convince her there is nothing dirty about her sucking you off. Maybe, if she does not like the taste of your sperm, she can spit it out.

SEX IS FOR *WHAT!!!*

I happen to be on my honeymoon right now. My wife is very beautiful, and I love her very much, but I married her without having had sex with her. On our first honeymoon night, we went to a hotel, and I tried to do what any normal man would. She would not even let me touch her. Her argument was that sex is only for having children. How do I convince my wife that sex is not only for reproductive purposes, but also for fun, rest, and relaxation?—A.F.

I have heard of quite a few old-fashioned ideas about sex, but never that a woman did not want to give herself to her husband on her honeymoon night. I think you ought to talk to her parents, and ask them what kind of sexual advice she had. But I hope that by the time this letter is printed, you either have had your share of sex, or you are on your way out of this frigid marriage. I would tell your wife: "Darling, either shape up or ship out." I am flabbergasted that, in this day and age, there are still women who think like that, with all the books and movies on sex that are around. Has she been sleeping all those years? Does she not know anything about women's liberation and sexual permissiveness?

Try and get her stoned or high some night, and show her who is really wearing the pants in your house. I know, a lot of women's libbers will be infuriated, but in your case you have to wear them, otherwise you will end up masturbating 99 percent of the time, and the one percent she will let you have will be spent making a baby. How many kids can you handle?

HAVE WIFE, WILL SHARE

I am forty-one, and a very highly paid public relations executive. During the course of my job I often have to provide clients with beautiful call girls, and I myself have a fondness for good, classy hookers, although I can't stomach streetwalkers or gang-bang types working in doorways. Now, here is my problem: I have a funny desire which keeps popping into my mind. I want to let my beautiful wife put on a wig and dark glasses, and be paid to entertain one of my clients, just for kicks. I wouldn't want a penny of the money myself; she could burn it, gamble it away, or do as she wished with it. The client would not know the identity of his companion, and I would make sure he was an overseas customer who could never find out. My wife is twenty-eight and very sharp, and we have had group sex with another couple. I haven't approached her with my idea, yet I feel she might go along with it. If she was agreeable, I would arrange perhaps three to six liaisons a year for her. Am I treading on thin ice with these thoughts? I don't want to spoil our marriage. Tell me straight, because you know the score.—P.M.

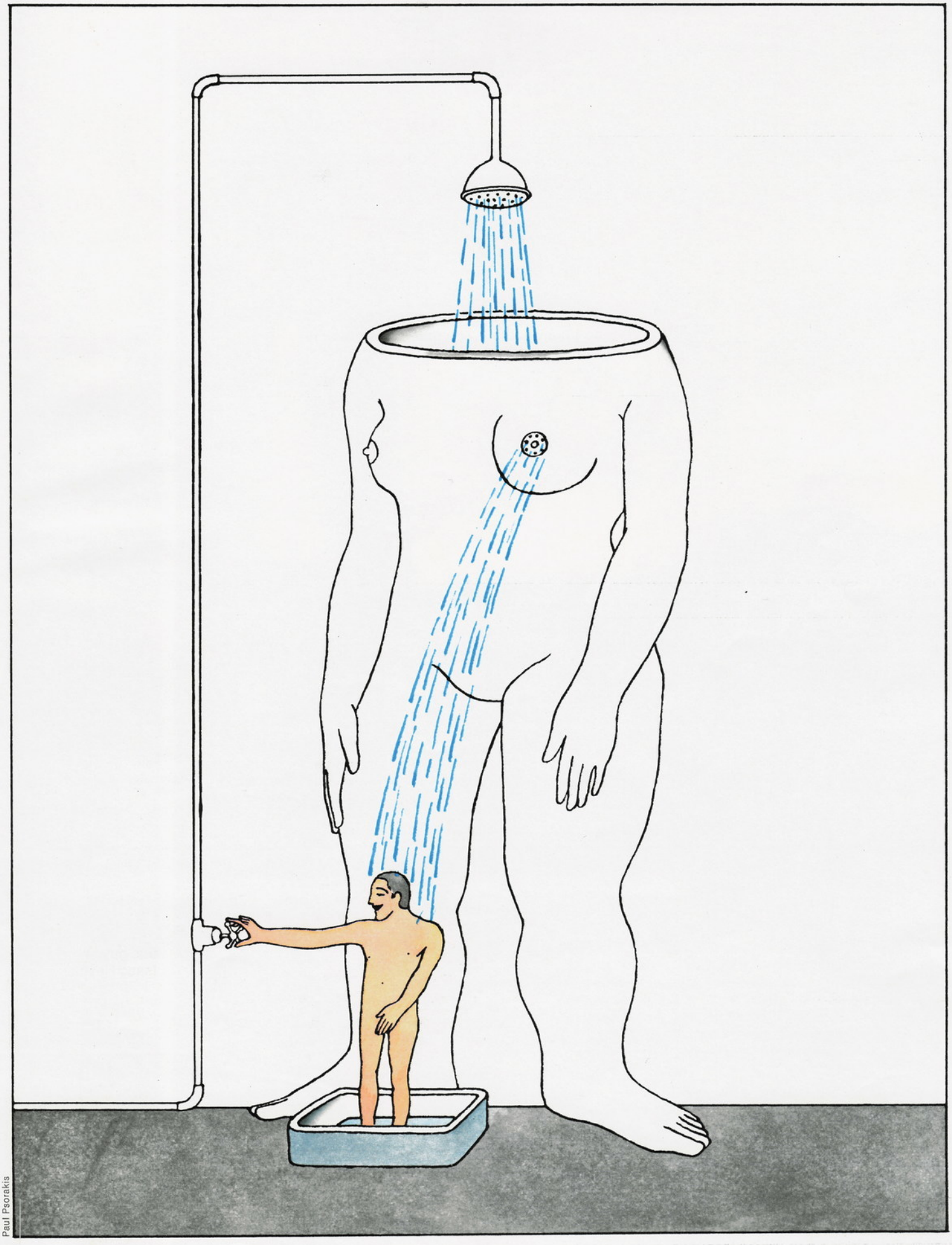
Every man's dream, at some time in his marriage, is: If only my wife could be a queen in the kitchen, a lady in the lounge, and a whore in bed. So there is nothing essentially wrong with your dream. But I honestly couldn't tell you whether it is a good idea to have her become a whore with another man. It really is a decision for the two of you to make. Since she likes sex, and has been involved in swinging, she might very well like the idea. Also, the thought that she can make some extra spending money might turn her on. If she agrees, make sure that you give her complete strangers, who won't spread the word around, and also try to be as selective as you can. Don't give her a ghastly man who might turn her off.

VIRGIN ON THE RIDICULOUS

I have been going out with the same guy for quite a while. I like him, and I think I'm falling in love. The trouble is, I really enjoy sex, but he is very shy and I think he's a virgin. He'll start making out with me, but stops at my pants. Once I started to take his pants off, and he nearly died of embarrassment. When we're in the car, and he's defenseless, I start running my hands up and down his legs and unzip his pants; he gets nervous and very excited. I've never met anyone like him before, as far as sex is concerned. How can I get him to screw me without being curt or obvious? I don't want to hurt him. He also wears pajamas to bed, which strikes me as funny.—Lee

Yes, there is such a thing as a virgin boy, and I guess you have to treat him as delicately as a man has to treat a virgin girl. Don't hurry, push or force him into making it with you. Your telling me that he wears pajamas when he goes to sleep, indicates to me that you have spent some nights together already. I don't think the car is the most appropriate place to take care of his virginity. How about hugging next to him one night when he is sleeping with his pajamas on. Put your hands around his chest and start moving your body from behind him, back and forth. Then, put one leg in between his legs and start pushing a bit.

I can almost bet you anything that when you do this, he will get a hard-on really soon. In particular, when you both wake up in the morning, he will, like 95 percent of all men, wake up with a huge morning hard-on, whether he wants it or not. It will be up to you to help him get rid of it by simply finding the right moment. I hope that he doesn't feel that you are oversexed and he is inexperienced. He might very well be timid and shy about not being a good lover yet. Maybe he is impotent and cannot get it up at all. It is for you to find out which of the above is true.



Paul Psorakis

On January 23, 1973, the Helgafell (Holy Mountain) volcano on the island of Heimaey erupted, producing a one and one-half mile fissure of seething molten lava and an ash fall that buried the entire township. All five thousand inhabitants were evacuated safely. Helgafell still spews forth fire and smoke, but residents are determined to return.

The wool plaid jacket, combined with gray suede sleeves, also has knit waist, collar, and cuffs: $95, by Pierre Cardin Boutique. High-waist gray plaid corduroy trousers by Robert Schafer for Burma-Bibas. Fleur-de-lis sleeveless pullover: $15, by Braten. Shoes by Hush Puppies. Background: *Orange and navy wool plaid bomber jacket: $45, by Robert Lewis. Camel wool pleated trousers: $55, by Barney Sampson Co. Sweater by Robert Bruce. Belt by Ram Leather. Shoes by Verde. Beret by Leo Loring.*

Fashion by Ed Emmerling/Photography by Bill Silano

DESTINATION: FIRE AND ICE

Exploring Iceland's Wonders
in the
Season's Newest Sportswear

The country is called Iceland—and many people presuppose that it offers nothing but ice and empty wastes. Thanks to the Gulf Stream, however, it is an environmentalist's dream: green grass and undergrowth—and much more. It is a land of glaciers, bubbling hot springs, vast lava fields, volcanoes, moors and sand deserts, with countless lakes and rivers. And pure, clean air. In a land of such rugged contrasts, dressing well means sportswear day and night. The diversity of fashions this fall enables you to meet that challenge. There are some new shapes around; but almost everything is a revival, or better yet, a renaissance. Because some of these styles haven't been seen for some time, they'll look new and refreshing—the feeling of the Thirties with a Seventies' adaptation.

Everything has as its genesis the short jacket, worn either as an outercoat or

a sportswear top, with a fitted or a belted waist. The belted wool cardigan sweater-jacket stands on its own as outerwear fashion. Sweaters with textured cables, jacquard stitches and intarsia constructions hug the waist and cuffs by means of ribbed-knit waistbands. This blousing at the waist and arms achieves the loose and comfortable look in sweaters and jackets that means easy living.
Iceland's once utterly remote natural phenomena are now easily accessible via Icelandic Loftleidir Airlines. It offers one- to three-day stopovers in Iceland on your way to Europe. Stopover prices start at $29 and include hotel accommodations, breakfast, lunch and sight-seeing. The sights are spectacular: cosmopolitan Reykjavik, Iceland's capital, lava fields, geysers and hot springs.
For those with a sense of discovery, Iceland is it.

Above: *brown, mottled sheepskin jacket with real sherpa lining: $165, by Robert Lewis. Red bag trousers: $30, by Boulette. Shoes by Verde. Intarsia motif turtleneck sweater: about $15, by Himalaya. The camel wool baseball jacket features knit elasticized waist and collar: $55, by Robert Lewis. Sweater: $28, by Elaine Post. Green plaid bag trousers; $30, by Boulette. Shirt by Barney Sampson Co. Pile-lined ankle boots by Hush Puppies.*
Red wool baseball jacket (right) *has white knit collar and cuffs: about $75 by Zero King, with deep pile lining by Glenoit. The black sweater says "Rhythm" in lurex: $35, by Nik-Nik. Plaid bag trousers: $30, by Boulette. Cap by Kangol of England.*

Opposite page: *Wool herringbone tweed belted jacket: $110, by Barney Sampson Co. Geometric motif virgin-wool sweater by Pendleton. Navy corduroy trousers by Johnny Carson Apparel. Socks by Esquire/Interwoven. Shoes by Hush Puppies. The shawl-collared wrap-tied cardigan is $26, by Forum. Pin-striped trousers: $30, by Boulette. Shoes by Verde. Scarf by John Weitz Designs. The unique, green-satin jacket* (left) *has silver-lamé diamond motif on both front and back. Designed by Bruce Smith for Jizz, it costs $37. Black wool pleated trousers: $55, by Barney Sampson Co.*

The brushed-denim jean suit (above) *is updated by the navy knit collar and waistband: about $180, by Rafael Fashions. The lemon-cotton collegiate sweatshirt: $6.50, by Robert Bruce. Shirt by Pierre Cardin for Eagle Shirtmakers. Shoes by Hush Puppies. Cap by Kangol of England.*

The Slowing of America

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

has lessened in recent years, both because of the growing shortage of crude coming from American wells and the undeniable need for massive imports, the petroleum lobby in Congress has been very effective until quite recently.

The effect of the lobby was to keep imports to a minimum—especially from the Near East. The reason for keeping out Near East crude was its extremely low cost and hence, until recently, its low price. Petroleum exists in enormous concentrations in the Near East, and the huge fields there can deliver oil at a handsome profit for a quarter of the cost of extraction from all but a few American wells. There can be no doubt that if foreign crude had been allowed free entry into the American market years ago, most of the wells in this country would have been capped and exploratory drilling would have just about stopped. Recently, however, the Arabs have discovered that while they can grow rich selling crude for one dollar a barrel, they can grow even richer by raking off two dollars. Moreover, two countries, Kuwait and Libya, have also found out how to prorate. Of course, this new Arab knowledge is what much of the West, especially Europe and Japan, is afraid of, but so far as the United States is concerned, it has come in the nick of time. Higher prices for Near East oil are just what a doctor would have ordered to make it possible for us to lower the import barriers without wrecking our own production industry. Still, now that we are willing and eager to import Near East and other crudes, we are in danger of being hung by our past history.

Because in the past we brought in only a small part of our total requirements from overseas, we did not build up our tanker fleet and terminal facilities as the Europeans and Japanese have. The largest tanker that most U.S. ports can handle, especially on the East and Gulf coasts, is an 80,000-tonner, while the typical tanker moving into a U.S. port is a coastal ship of 35,000 tons. Many are much smaller. There is no American port that can handle a supertanker of 250,000 tons or more, and there are no terminal facilities to receive the crude from such a tanker and store it.

Moreover, there are few refineries in the United States that can work on the sour, high-sulfur crudes that are typical of the Near East. No more than 30 percent of American refining capacity is currently suitable for sour crudes. This, too, is a result of our history. American crudes are typically sweet—that is, they have a low sulfur content. Therefore, American refineries generally have been built to handle that type of crude. The environmental laws restricting sulfur emissions have further discouraged both the use of sour crudes and the construction of refineries to process them. While it takes only simple legislation to throw open our ports to imports, finding the tankers and the type of foreign crude that our refineries can process is proving much more difficult. The enormous reserves that you read about in the Near East and in some other areas mean nothing to us unless we can use them—and to an unpleasant extent we can't use them right now. This is one of the reasons we are experiencing a shortage of gasoline, though other nations are not, and why our shortage is likely to get worse.

What is going to actually happen—as opposed to what theoretically might happen—can only be learned *as* it happens. Most tankers work under long-term contracts, and the number that are free varies as contracts begin or terminate. There are no precise statistics. And until there is legislation—tested in court by environmental groups—the building of ports for supertankers cannot start. Therefore, it will probably be years before the availability of tonnage for the U.S. market will be sufficient to make the situation comfortable. In the meantime, those smaller tankers that are available sell their services on the spot market, and prices are as volatile as the stock market. This means that the costs of imported crude and semi-processed oil and gasoline can skyrocket; in fact, they already have. Some refineries and distributing systems won't be able to afford some imports, especially if our price controls are rigid; this means less gasoline and heating oil at any price. The only reasonable hope that the United States has for a large increase in available small tankers is to reopen the Suez Canal; because it means a shorter trip, this would be the equivalent of a 15 percent increase in the small tankers our ports can handle.

The best readily available forecast of shortages from this year through 1976 has been made by the Special Energy Group of the Chase Manhattan Bank, a Rockefeller bank that for years has been distinguished for its international petroleum know-how. But even Chase's early pessimistic forecast for 1973 has rapidly proven too optimistic.

Early in the year, the Chase projection was for a shortage of 50,000 barrels of gasoline per day. This is not a large amount compared with the over 6,000,000 barrels we use daily. Where it would come from wasn't clear, but one could hope that the spot operators, who know all the nooks and crannies of the worldwide trade, could pick it up somewhere. At any rate, the quantity didn't look huge. By late spring, however, Chase was thinking in terms of a shortage of 200,000 barrels a day. One reason appears to be that the wells of Texas and Louisiana, which for many years were held back by proration, are not producing as much as was expected. If the decline continues, we're going to have to start thinking that the situation is even more serious than the pessimists have predicted.

It is important to realize that 1973 is the first year in which domestic gasoline production has failed to match demand, and that up until now, imports of gasoline have been insignificant. In fact, until this year, price wars have been a way of life for gas-station operators. Consequently, profit margins all the way back to the refinery have been low, and few refineries have been built in recent years. The growing demand has been met by increasing the capacity of existing refineries. There are 250 of them, owned by 127 companies. Expanding their capacity by de-bottlenecking—if this is technically and environmentally feasible—is cheaper and faster than building new plants. Obviously, however, de-bottlenecking didn't do the job this year.

Part of the reason is that demand outstripped the estimated growth. The long-term trend in the growth of demand for gasoline has been under 4 percent annually, but, so far this year, it has shot ahead to well over 7 percent. A good part of this increase —maybe half—can be blamed on increasingly rigorous emission standards. Since 1968, the total car-and-truck fleet has been rapidly changing from pre-ecology models to ecology ones, with the new models consuming each year more gas per mile.

Stricter emission controls are not the complete reason for the increase in gas consumption. In pre-1968 models, air conditioning was unusual in the North. This is not so today, and air conditioning uses a lot of energy. Still, half the growth in gas consumption in 1973 can be credited to emission standards, and they are going to be even stricter, and hence more energy-consuming, through 1976. Moreover, the record production of 1973 vehicles means not only more cars on the road, but an even greater-than-normal replacement of old models. It is now clear that in 1973, the huge American gasoline and refining industry will finish its historic era of plenty and enter a new era of scarcity.

The Chase study had originally forecast a deficit of almost a million barrels daily in 1976, but, because of the decline in domestic crude production, the forecast now exceeds a million. The magnitude of this gap can be appreciated by comparing it to present imports of crude, which are running just about 2,800,000 barrels daily. In other words, the gap in domestically available gasoline three years from now may equal 40 percent of crude imports now—even allowing for some increased domestic production by 1976. This estimated allowance, however, may be too modest, because after the President's Energy Message there were some indications of greater interest in major de-bottlenecking programs, and also in building grass-roots refineries. But it takes three years to bring a grass-roots plant into production, and five to reach full production. None has even been started yet; in fact, it's doubtful if any site has been secured and cleared of environmental restraints.

Because the shortage is already here, desperate efforts are being made to fill it by importing gasoline. Prices on the spot

markets of Holland and Italy—the two European markets where spot-petroleum products are most available—were up 50 percent by mid-spring. Tanker rates for spot delivery had also skyrocketed, with the result that bulk gasoline in a tanker before the bar of New York harbor—without considering the duty to be charged after it had crossed the bar, and the cost of unloading the cargo at a terminal—was already selling a third higher than gasoline at wholesale in American markets.

Of course, gasoline accounts for only one third of the total petroleum energy demand. Total petroleum requirements now consume about nineteen million barrels a day, while the total new supply is substantially under that. Hence the shortage. Of total new supply, about a third comes from foreign sources in the form of crude or finished products. Gasoline, however, is the largest product category, and probably the most vital economically. Personal experience tells us that our economy moves on wheels—very largely our own wheels, which are also the greatest single route to pleasure. We can turn the thermostat down to 60° with less loss of pleasure than if we had to stay home. There is some flexibility in our use of petroleum, and also in the cuts that can be taken from the crude at the refinery—so keeping the thermostat at 60° next winter *could* get us a bit more gasoline for Florida. The question is how much? No one knows the answer to this. Oil imports for heating come largely from Caribbean refineries. Theoretically, more of this could be switched to gasoline, but it is an expensive conversion, and one that the refineries probably are not going to undertake.

Analysis of the gasoline situation indicates that it's going to be tough even to mitigate it in the next three years—it's much more likely to get worse. The same, of course, goes for heating oils and the fuels used by utilities and other industries. For instance, the huge chemical industry depends on ethylene, butylene, propylene, etc., all of which come from petroleum or natural gas. And here, too, it's not going to be possible to rob Peter very much in order to pay Paul.

The answers to three questions will decide what actually will happen. First, will domestic refining capacity continue to be as tight as it is now, or can it be expanded faster than the authorities tell us? Second, does the world's tanker fleet have enough excess capacity to enable us to get what we want if we are willing to pay for it? Or, if it doesn't have this capacity now, can enough new tankers be built fast enough to create it? American yards are currently the busiest they have been in years, with thirty-five tankers on order, including five 250,000-ton supertankers, four 120,000-tonners, and assorted smaller sizes down to 15,500-tonners. They all cruise at about the same speed, fifteen to sixteen knots, but the importance of supertankers can be seen by comparing the barrels that can be carried. A 250,000-tonner, which is about the smallest in the supertanker class, has a capacity of over two million barrels; a 120,000-ton ship carries 940,000 barrels, while a 70,000-tonner, one of the largest in the American trade, can transport only 560,000 barrels. Supertanker ports are not expected to be ready until 1977 at the earliest, but the 120,000-tonners can be used in some American ports now. They are primarily designed to be used for the Alaskan trade—whenever the Alaskan pipeline is built, which appears to be several years away.

Huge tankers, however, are far from the complete answer. Petroleum products have to be distributed along the coasts and brought inland as well. An expanding reliance on imports means an expanding need for small as well as large tankers, and also

Tony Escott

a greater need for tank trucks and pipelines to carry the fuels inland. There does not seem to be as great a hurdle to overcome here as in refining. A standard ship can be turned out in eighteen months. And there is excess capacity in American yards, though foreign yards seem to be more crowded.

So the third and final question: Is there enough refining capacity in Europe, which is where we'll have to find it? And can it be expanded fast enough to meet both the growing European and American demands? There is no clear answer to this. So far, there is no absolute shortage of gasoline in Europe. We can get it at a price. There is some concern that Europe may limit exports so as not to get into the bind we Americans find ourselves in; but there have been no official moves in this direction. Putting all three questions together, the situation looks ominous—it's like a huge storm threatening. It may clear up somehow, but it doesn't look that way.

I have concentrated on the gasoline shortage because it's an energy crisis that is extremely personal for each of us. Of course, it's only part of the picture; we are more certain of having another shortage, that of natural gas. When related to the personal experience, however, it's not so critical. If your house is serviced by natural gas, you have nothing to worry about for some years to come. The reserves of your supplier may last no more than twelve years, but at least you have twelve more snug winters to look forward to. Currently the natural gas shortage affects industry, the biggest user. Obviously, if we had more natural gas, we would need less petroleum—so a shortage of natural gas is part of the long-term energy crisis. Natural gas is a marvelous fuel, and a marvelous industrial tool for metallurgy and chemistry, but it's always been sold to industry on an interruptible basis, and companies have been adjusting to the growing scarcity for some years. It's not a happy situation, but at least it's not a sudden surprise. The shortage is entirely an American situation. Before the discoveries of huge reservoirs of gas in the North Sea, European industry was based on coal and oil. Now, European supplies of gas are rising at the same time that ours are declining. So again, the energy crisis, though talked about all around the world, turns out to be an American exclusive.

Of course, it's not always going to be that way. Everyone realizes that the years of boundless petroleum reserves are numbered, but no one knows what that number is. When you read that Saudi Arabia has 145 billion barrels of proven reserves, it looks awfully precise—you would think some certified accountants had shinnied down the holes and counted them. But these are just estimates, and the figures could just as well be 135 billion or 155 billion. Of course, the estimates are made by very experienced people working with carefully programmed computers that have been fed a mass of variables. Various scientific advances have improved the estimates compared with the past, but they are still just estimates. The uncertainty has led cynical critics of the industry to charge that the big companies are trying to scare the consumer into accepting higher prices. It's true that the records of the wells, and therefore the estimates of the reserves of each well, are in the files of the owners. Except for government-owned companies, these records are owned by private groups—with the great multinational companies dominating. There's just no other way it could be. Studies of the records of American companies are now under way by the U.S. Government. I don't know what goes on in other countries, but I doubt that such studies would show any massive effort to falsify. There is really no way of knowing for certain whether an estimate is unrealistically optimistic or pessimistic, and therefore no certainty about how to falsify. I know of several companies that have been forced to reduce their estimates by outside consultants, but in the end the original estimates may well prove to have been correct. No one can ever tell until the last available barrel of oil has been taken from the reservoir. And even then, after applying every known extractive technique, there'll be petroleum left in the ground. There is no such thing as 100 percent recovery. One of America's biggest fields has been producing for forty-five years, and some sections, now stimulated by new techniques, are currently producing more than ever. The long-term record of petroleum production shows that more crude has been brought up than was first estimated to be recoverable. Therefore, when you read that, because of the expansion of worldwide demand for petroleum and natural gas, there won't be any left in twenty-five or thirty years, it might well turn out to be twice that. No one really knows.

European supplies of natural gas are rising at the same time ours decline. The energy crisis, though talked about all around the world, turns out to be an American exclusive.

But even so, it's clear that, given the pace at which the world loves to consume, there must be some end to the supply. In order to push that end into the very distant future, there'll have to be some technical breakthrough, such as controlled fusion or breeder reactors, and an intelligent use of coal, geothermal energy, etc. But for me, at least, that's not a pressing concern just now. What worries me is, if I make that five-hundred-mile drive to see friends in Maine, will I be able to find the gas to get there?

Perhaps a word should be said about other fallacies related to the energy crisis. These mainly concern the importance of price. For instance, as I write this, a worried stentorian voice on the radio announces that the price of gasoline has gone up 13 percent—the greatest rise in twenty years. But what does this really amount to? Since taxes take about a third of what you pay at the pump, the price you pay hasn't gone up 13 percent, because taxes—at least as of early this summer—haven't gone up. The price of gasoline itself, which varies from state to state and from place to place, may have gone up four cents a gallon. It's not nice, but it's not fatal. Nobody's going to stop driving—therefore, energy is not going to be conserved by an increase of four cents a gallon. Suppose it goes to one dollar a gallon. If it went there next week, that would be a shock all right, but in France it's been more than one dollar for a long time. Yet, Frenchmen drive their cars about as many miles a year as we do, and cut their budgets elsewhere. The reason for the high price of gasoline in France is not lack of supplies, but huge taxes.

I doubt that our gasoline will go to one dollar a gallon for many years—assuming that the dollar itself doesn't get drawn and quartered during the next decade. The reason is that crude oil itself probably won't go up more than two to three dollars a barrel, at most, during the next few years. High-grade American crude is now nearly four dollars a barrel in some areas. Since forty-two gallons of gasoline comes out of a barrel of crude, one can think of the initial cost of the raw material as amounting to nine and a half cents per gallon of gasoline. The ratio of the cost of crude to the price of gasoline at retail—not counting taxes—seems to approximate one to three. If crude went to six dollars a barrel a couple of years hence—and so far I have never heard this figure mentioned by practical people—the retail price of gasoline before taxes would be in the range of forty-three to forty-seven cents. Add Federal, state and local taxes, and you will get an approximation of the total price of gasoline at retail based on a 50 percent increase in the price of crude.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

"A report from down below says you're not so big after all."

Suppose crude goes to eight dollars a barrel—then gasoline before taxes would be double what it is now. Add taxes and you might get seventy-five-cent gasoline in a high-cost market. The point I am trying to make is that the price of gasoline *cannot* go high enough to force a substantial conservation of fuel, unless it's deliberately put there by tax policy. People will talk about cutting back their speed (laws may be passed lowering the speed limit to fifty), and they'll talk about taking vacations nearer home, and so on, but it's very hard to give up old habits. The only measure that will conserve fuels is rationing. An actual lack of gasoline is the only force that will make us change our driving habits. Informal rationing is being done now, but in my cynical opinion, if you're limited to ten gallons per station, you just stop at more stations. A lot of people will be buying those portable plastic tanks that every fisherman is familiar with. Actually, talk of rationing is going to make us drive with fuller tanks and will aggravate the shortage. But by 1974, someone is going to have to bite that bullet and start government rationing. Then the question will be who gets hurt the most? Us ordinary citizens?—we have a lot of votes. The truckers?—a short supply of gas for truckers means a depression for business. Public transport?—but we're trying to encourage that. How about airlines? Rationing would bring schedule cutbacks that could be a blessing for them, because the planes would have a higher load factor—in other words, they would be full.

It's true that higher prices for natural gas will help, because they have been kept artificially low, but a higher price for domestic crude is not going to greatly increase our reserves. The present price is already highly profitable if a good pool is drilled. A good well by American standards, producing three hundred to five hundred barrels a day, will—at four dollars a barrel—produce $400,000 to $600,000 a year in gross revenue. The tax bite is low; the cost of operating the well is modest. And if the characteristics of the well indicate a long producing life, even at a lower average rate of production, you've made a small fortune. If a multiple-well field is opened up, then you've found something worth millions. Of course, most wildcatting ends up with dry holes. In one state, twenty-six wells were drilled last year, and they resulted in twenty-six dry holes—a success ratio of zero. But hazardous as exploratory drilling is, at today's prices it can pay off handsomely. If you're really lucky, an exploratory well can create a fortune of $200-million or more. Obviously, it's worth spending $1-million on such drilling.

A higher price would stimulate more drilling, but not necessarily where we need it. There is an active hunt for "elephants," but no one is looking for "mice" at any price. In the 1972 Louisiana Federal-lease sales, $102-million was paid for one 5,000-acre offshore lease, and $70-million for another. We need to stimulate drilling in tens of thousands of small potential possibilities; the big possibilities will be drilled on a straight commercial basis anyway. The geology of America has scattered some petroleum and gas throughout most of the states, but not necessarily in large pools. Yet many of the small pools would support a single well. There are also thousands of small, abandoned holdings that would respond to secondary recovery. If we really want to get out from under in the next few years, we need a program of direct Federal Government involvement similar to the uranium exploration program of the 1950s. This was extremely generous: it was almost impossible for a prospector to lose, and if he won, all the government got was its money back. Such a government program would bring about the drilling for small pools and small secondary recoveries needed to solve our problem for the short run. After that, we should be bringing into action our huge coal reserves, our nuclear technology, our offshore supertanker ports and our new refineries, and in sufficient quantities to overcome the special American phase of the energy crisis.

But we hate to see a corporation get richer—unless we own some stock in it. What we often fail to realize is that "reasonable" profits only give large corporations a reasonable power to raise capital for new investments. Big profits would give them a lot of power, and it's going to take a hell of a lot of capital investment to keep the energy crisis from becoming an energy disaster. For instance, to find the elephants in the North Sea, semi-submersible rigs are being built that cost $25-million each. They will keep ninety-two men warm in the winter seas and will be air-conditioned in the summer; and they can reach through water 1,200 feet deep. Once these rigs start drilling, they can go down 30,000 feet. How soon we find elephants there depends on the amount of capital that operators have to risk in the exploration. The Chase Manhattan study said that though the domestic petroleum industry had spent $68-billion in its efforts to find more petroleum in the fifteen years from 1955 to 1970, and had drilled 653,000 wells, it had spent $50-billion too little. Hence our present crisis. If industry had had the profits needed to attract the necessary capital, we wouldn't be in our present mess. However, it's really not entirely the fault of the haters of windfall profits that profits have been too low. Contrary to books on economics, many industries are filled with leaders who have more fun knocking each other down than they have in making money. Moreover, the antitrust laws encourage the Neanderthal type of business leader. The reason we don't have enough refining capacity now is simply because these people have had too much fun playing games with profits. The Federal Government hasn't had any need to limit windfall profits for the refining industry, what with industry leaders who wouldn't recognize a golden egg if it was laid for them. So in the fifteen years from 1970 to 1985, the Chase expects a shortfall of needed capital of at least $55-billion. Higher prices and damn good profits are needed to solve the energy crisis.

So what's going to happen to the American economy—to your business or your job? Well, if you're a draftsman working on plans for a new refinery, you'll be sure of quite a few years of work. If you're a lawyer on either side of the ecology-versus-energy question, you also have nothing to worry about. If you're an executive of a company selling special valves and pumps or catalysts to refineries—all that kind of thing—well, your area of business is going to boom by several billion dollars. But if you are one of those landowners who hope that some gas-station operator will want to buy you out—forget it. And if you are a chemical company selling acrylics for those brilliant **EXXON–MOBIL–GETTY** signs—forget your expansion plans. Tire salesmen, too, should remember that a shortage of one million barrels of gasoline a day translates into a shortage of forty-two million gallons a day, which in turn translates into something between 420,000,000 and 840,000,000 miles a day that can't be traveled because there's no gas. This shortage is only an estimate, because it is assumed that Americans will want to travel more in 1976 than they did in 1973. But our 1976 ambitions are just never going to happen unless we are able to import a lot of gasoline from Europe.

So if a big part of my income came from selling tires, I would figure that maybe it won't be much bigger in 1976 than it is now. Will people stop buying new cars? I have a pre-emission Volvo that I'll try to keep rolling as long as possible. If enough of us realize that older models get a lot more mileage per gallon, there's bound to be a profound lack of interest in the new cars, and a slowdown in auto sales would certainly have a grim effect on the economy. But crash programs to get gasoline flowing from liquified coal, and to build refineries that can work on sour crude, as well as undertaking the construction of supertankers and new ports, would be tremendously stimulating.

I think the best clue to what may actually be happening is the stock market. If you see the stocks of quite a few exploratory oil companies zooming up, then you can assume that the drilling has uncovered good new reserves. But if they stay fairly stagnant—as they have for the last year—then it looks like the fishing isn't too great. Most of what I know about the energy crisis has been learned in the stock market, and I feel a bit patriotic about it, because for the last year I really haven't made a lot of money.

I did make money on one stock in the last six months, and that's why I say the market will reflect what the luck is in exploratory drilling. When oil is found, you see it on the tape, and when the search has been disastrous, that leaks out, too. When the results are mediocre—something that the nation definitely doesn't need—then nothing much happens. That's the way it's been recently, and it worries me.

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FREAK DIETS

THEY CAN KILL YOU

By Lawrence Galton

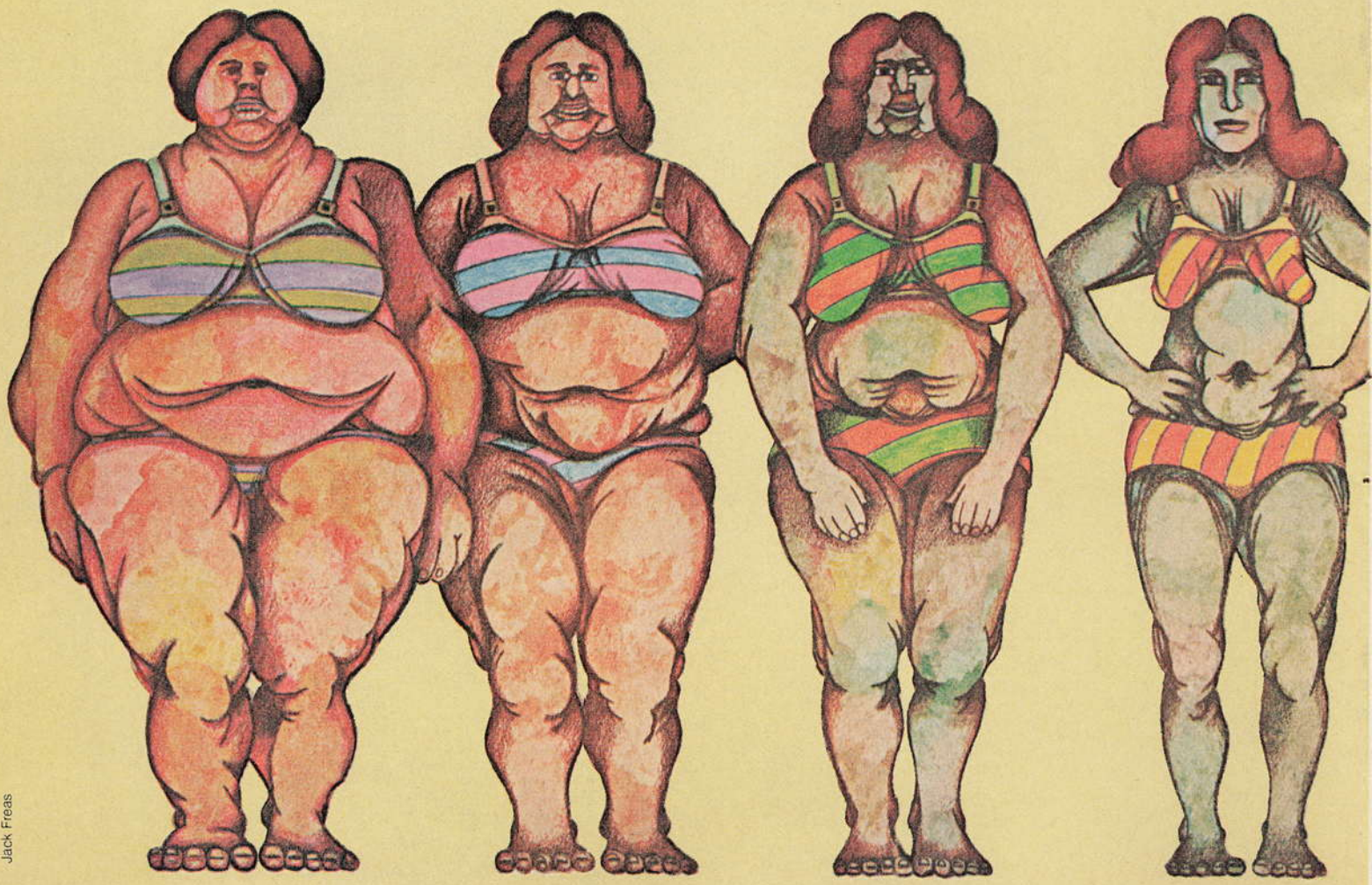
Several months ago, a one-year-old boy and a two-year-old boy were brought to Children's Hospital in San Francisco. Their bellies were bloated, their legs were badly bowed, and they could neither walk nor crawl. They were suffering from rickets and scurvy. Were they underprivileged?

No. Their parents were hooked on the macrobiotic diet, a sort of Oriental soul-food regimen designed not for weight loss but for what they thought to be its mystical and esthetic values.

What were the parents of these children thinking? Probably how great it would be to get in tune with the music of the spheres by the mystic balancing of the ancient forces of Yin and Yang, represented in food by the macrobiotic diet. Unfortunately this system of eating is unrelated to any known scientific system of nutrition.

It was possible that the two little boys might be returned to normal health if given the right diet. But the long-term effects are another matter. Dr. Cyril Ramer, a San Francisco pediatrician who commented on the case, noted that if you starve a child in its first year—a time during which it should triple in weight and double in length—you cut down not only on the *size* of the cells but on their *number*. And that is something from which the victim never recovers fully.

For many people, macrobiotics forms the



Jack Freas

core of a complete life style. Now, as part of a life style, diet is not in itself a bad idea. But changing your eating habits can be a harrowing experience. To make it work, many people find it necessary to change other aspects of their lives. These can include a new mode of dress, a new job, a new home, new friends and even a new mate. Your eating habits can be intertwined with the people around you, as well as your professional and social life.

The trouble comes when people latch on to new diets in the hope that they will work a miracle. The diet may appeal to the Spartan instinct (bread and water), the mystical (macrobiotics), the *bon vivant* (scotch and steak). What the dieter either does not know or ignores is that crazy food patterns can damage, even kill him.

Take macrobiotics. Who says food can be divided into Yin and Yang? Many ideas flowed from the nimble brain of the late Japanese author George Ohsawa. According to him, such foods as sugar and most fruits are Yin; meats, eggs and such are Yang. The trick, Ohsawa said, is to balance the menu to get five Yins for every Yang.

It happens that brown rice has just about this ratio, which makes it the central element in the macrobiotic diet. But why a five to one ratio? Because George said so.

The novice starts with what is called "Diet Minus 3" and works his way up—down would be a better word—to "Diet Plus 7," made up of grains with limited amounts of liquids and salts.

As I said, it is not designed for the purpose of weight loss. But if you follow it rigidly, it will pare you down to the bone. In the late 1960s a Greenwich Village housewife went all the way on the macrobiotic route. She lost fifty pounds. Then, having nothing more to lose, she died.

In addition to its mystical aspect, macrobiotics is touted as a form of dietary Lourdes for the treatment of meningitis, peritonitis, schizophrenia, ear infections, polio, even syphillis. Such claims make macrobiotics hard to resist.

Harvard nutritionist Jean Mayer calls macrobiotics "extremely dangerous nonsense." Of George Ohsawa, Mayer is more charitable. The nutritionist says he was probably a nice man: "He writes enthusiastically about tolerance, good humor, good will toward men and the need to divest ourselves of greed. But all this should not blind us to the fact that, if followed faithfully, he is a Pied Piper who can lead young people to an unnecessary and miserable death."

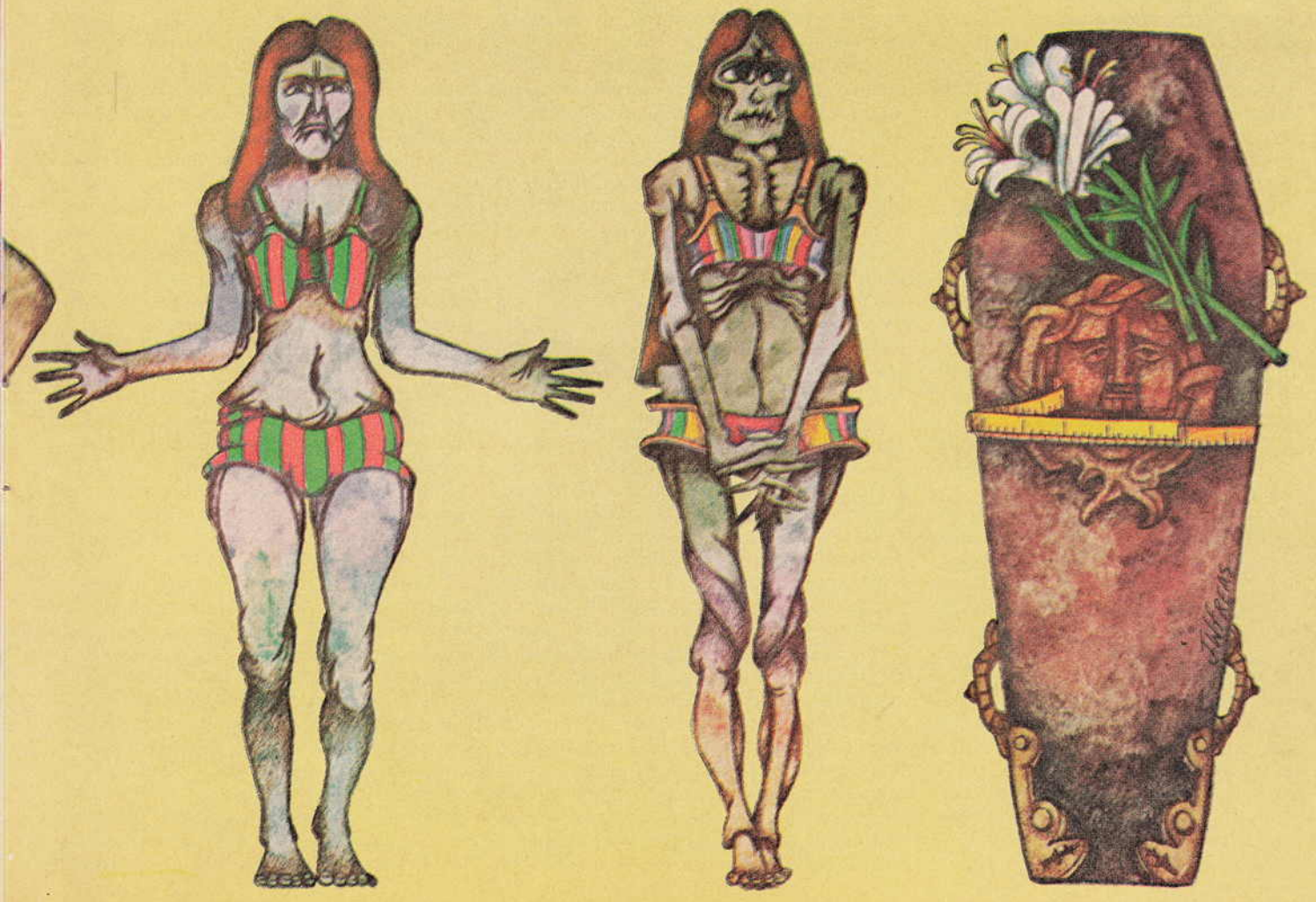
A lot of other fad diets are now being condemned as killers and cripplers. Many people become sick, and some even die, from eating foods that they think are making them strong, healthy, noble and saintly.

Take vegetarians. George Bernard Shaw, who ate no meat, gave vegetable-eaters a great boost by living to be almost 100. Vegetarians feel quite smug about that. They think this puts both Shaw *and* God on their side—something Shaw would not have tolerated.

But now the strict grass-and-root eaters are being warned that they, too, can get into diet trouble. Dr. Benjamin F. Miller and I are the co-authors of *The Family Book of Preventive Medicine* (Simon and Schuster, Book of the Month Club). In it is a horrible example of the perils of vegetarianism.

An elderly physician developed a very large liver. It weighed fifteen pounds—five times what it should have. He had a dandy case of cirrhosis, though he had never touched alcohol. The trouble was that from the age of ten he had never touched meat, either, and because of the resulting protein-starvation, he had badly damaged his liver. His therapy included beefsteak, filet mignon and roast beef. The patient loved it.

We've pretty much killed the notion that fat people are naturally happy. Excess blubber, with the inner torment it brings, is still a good target for humor. But being fat *yourself* is as funny as having the DT's or going cold turkey. The difference is that fat people usually die slower and less dra-



matically than drunks and addicts and receive a hell of a lot less sympathy.

Consider a few deadly statistics. If you are 10 percent overweight, you have a 13 percent greater chance of dying prematurely than if your weight is normal. At 20 percent overweight, the risk jumps to 25 percent. At 30 percent, you have a 42 percent greater chance of dying prematurely.

The death rate for heart trouble is 51 percent greater for fat people. For strokes, it is 53 percent. For cancer, 16 percent. For diseases of the digestive system, 68 percent. For diabetes, a walloping 133 percent.

So fat is a killer as well as an eyesore. And the fat ones, in desperation, try one crash diet after another. None of them are really effective, and many may help toward an early burial.

Depending on which survey you read, from 10 to 25 percent of all Americans are overweight. On any given day, it is conceivable that at least twenty million Americans are either on a diet or getting ready to go on one. Few succeed. Far too often they look for a miracle. They seldom find one; what they do find is often frightening: in 1971 the Harvard University infirmary treated three dieting students for vitamin deficiency. One suffered brain damage.

Government reports are a bore. But stick around for a few short takes from some of the most recent:

- The U.S. Department of Agriculture reports that diets in at least 20 percent of American homes are poor and getting worse. It isn't just the low-income families that are suffering. The great middle class—that is, families with annual incomes of $12,000 or more—has become steadily fatter over the last twenty years.
- The U.S. Public Health Service estimates that 10 percent of middle-class "fatties" are so overweight that they are endangering their health, and that another 20 percent are headed the same way.
- Dr. George Briggs, of the Department of Nutritional Sciences at the University of California at Berkeley, testified recently at a Congressional hearing. He said that as much as $30 billion of the nation's $75-billion medical bill results from poor nutrition.
- Another report of the U.S. Department of Agriculture notes that good eating habits might reduce the incidence of heart, blood-vessel and respiratory diseases by 25 percent, and might even halve the infant-mortality rate and improve statistics for arthritis and diabetes as well.
- The United States is the only nation in the World Health Organization that has shown no increase in life expectancy in the last twenty years.

Fad diets must share the blame for all this. They do nothing to improve nutritional deficiencies or excesses, and they usually make things worse.

But all this doesn't seem to sink in. When fat people get depressed enough about their weight, they'll try anything, including far-out operations in which stomach fat is cut out by surgeons. All those who aren't so grossly obese as to be acceptable candidates for such a radical measure—or who realize its basic futility—will grab at one of the fad diets.

Most of the "miracle" diets are old prescriptions that have been kicking around for years and have now been dusted off and repackaged with new names. The Eighteen-Day Hollywood Diet. The Banana and Skim Milk Diet. The Egg and Wine Diet. The Metered Drink Diet. The Nibbling Diet. And on and on.

Then there is the question of diet pills. Recently, Dr. Russell C. Henry, the state medical examiner of Oregon, investigated the unexplained death of a nineteen-year-old coed at Oregon State University. Often, with any unexplained death at a university there is a suspicion of drugs. In this case the suspicion proved true. The girl had been taking reducing pills.

The inquiry was then broadened to include the deaths of five other women. Dr. Henry found that all the victims had had weight problems, all the deaths had been relatively rapid and apparently had followed the use of diet pills. The pills were prescribed by physicians except in two cases, where they had been ordered by mail. The cause of death in all six cases was heart failure. Why?

Some diet pills are mixtures of amphetamine, phenobarbital, a vegetable laxative, a diuretic, thyroid and digitalis. Hence the name "rainbow pills." The amphetamines decrease the appetite and the intake of potassium. The laxatives and diuretics purge and empty out fluids and also carry away potassium. The lowered potassium level makes the heart muscles very sensitive to the digitalis, which is both an appetite-reducer and a very potent heart drug. Some hearts just can't stand the resulting strain.

Amphetamines by themselves occupy a special position among the reducing drugs. Known to the cognoscenti as "pep pills," "uppers," "speed," "crystal," "crank" and "bennies," amphetamines are synthetic chemicals that stimulate the central nervous system. They can be used to help one function during short periods of mental depression, to be alert during exams, or to keep one awake while driving long distances. In these circumstances, the initial effects are not too bad. But strange reactions can follow after the stimulation wears off. Judgment can become fouled, and a depression may ensue that can last for several hours.

Amphetamines have been used for brief, critical periods in medical dieting programs. Here's how they work: during the early weeks of almost every reducing program there may come a "plateau" period when you stop losing weight, even though you are sticking to the diet. If you hang in there, you'll start reducing again. But the plateau is a critical point emotionally. A lot of people give up at this time. But under *careful medical supervision* you may keep yourself adequately motivated by the use of amphetamines. They will sustain you for about six to eight weeks. After that they begin to lose their effectiveness unless you increase the dosage, and such an increase can have bad side effects.

Amphetamines are nothing to play around with. They have been linked with such paranoid reactions as unfounded hostility, suspiciousness, persecution delusions and aggressiveness. Technically, they are not addictive, but Food and Drug Administration people say they have "a significant potential for abuse" and can lead to extreme psychological dependence.

The American Academy of Pediatrics has cited surveys which show that adult drug abusers frequently admit their first drug experiences were with amphetamines used for losing weight.

A lot of other drugs are under attack. Digitalis, thyroid hormone, diuretics and laxatives are all commonly used separately, as well as in "rainbow pills."

Digitalis can be a lifesaver for certain heart patients. But a fine line separates the therapeutic dose from the fatal one. In order to produce a deadening effect on the appetite, it is necessary to absorb a near-toxic dose. Dr. H. C. Shirkey, vice-chairman of the Medical Association Council on Drugs, put it rather mildly when he called this "a reprehensible use."

Dr. Shirkey also commented on the use of thyroid hormone in large doses to increase the metabolic rate (the rate at which your body burns up energy). Supposedly, if you speed up the metabolism, weight loss will result. The doctor pointed out that the use of thyroid hormone also increases the appetite for most people and may result in their eating more food than the increased metabolism can handle. Truly effective doses of thyroid, he says, will create such symptoms of thyroid poisoning as palpitation, rapid heart beat, hypertension, nervousness, angina pectoris, insomnia and diarrhea.

So thyroid, in this case, is bad medicine. But how about combining thyroid with digitalis? Thyroid will speed up the burning of excess fat, and digitalis will kill the appetite. True—and it has been done. The trouble is that you also combine the inherent dangers of the drugs when taken separately. You can't win on this one.

Diuretics are used to increase the elimination of urine and other body fluids. This is okay, says Dr. Shirkey, when obesity is associated with a kidney, heart or liver disease that may lead to a high concentration of fluids. But when you're dealing strictly with fat, the weight loss incurred from diuretics is mostly the loss of water with some salts. As soon as you stop the diuretics, the weight comes back.

In addition, as a rotten bonus, diuretics can create electrolyte imbalances in the blood that can lead to abnormal heart

rhythms and even death. You don't really need Dr. Shirkey to tell you that "such a risk would hardly seem acceptable."

As for purgatives and laxatives, they have been promoted on the theory that they rush the food through your innards so fast that a lot of it isn't absorbed and turned into fat. True. But constant use of such stuff can irritate your gastrointestinal tract, even give you ulcers. If you keep it up, you could ruin your whole natural process of elimination.

A lot of other wonder drugs have come and gone. Each was hailed as a new miracle, but each in turn failed to produce. For example, in the 1930s something called dinitrophenol was hawked as the best thing to speed up the metabolism and burn the fat. It was withdrawn when it was found that it led to high fevers and eye cataracts.

At various times, topical anesthetics have been pushed as diet aids. These dissolve in the mouth and are supposed to dull the taste buds and thus ruin the appetite. They don't work, either. Even if they did succeed in wrecking the taste of food, this would not help the millions of fat people for whom taste is of only secondary importance. For these people, the chief urge is to chew and swallow anything that is edible, and in an emergency some may chew on pencils, fingernails—anything.

There just doesn't seem to be any pill that will do all the work of reducing. The odds are that there never will be. Such a drug would have to kill the appetite, not be addictive, not put you to sleep while also not making you feel too much like King Kong. To top it all, such a drug should change your whole attitude about eating.

Fad diets are created and promoted for the simple reason that there is a lot of money in them. In order to sell them to the public, the diets are often made to look as if they have a real relationship to a life style or can create new life styles by themselves.

They can look like fun (the Drinking Man's Diet). They can look as if they will enhance your masculinity (the Air Force Diet). Or they can look authoritative and scientific (the Mayo Clinic Diet). Both the Air Force and the Mayo Clinic flatly disclaim any connection with these diets.

All three are really the same. They are high in protein and fat and low in carbohydrates. The claim is that proteins are less fattening than carbohydrates, but this is denied by just about every recognized authority. Dr. Phillip L. White, director of the American Medical Association's food and nutrition department says, "Any food can be fattening, depending on how much you eat and what you eat with it."

Dr. George J. Christakis, head of the nutrition division of Mount Sinai Medical School in New York City says any loss from such a diet "is illusory, for it is usually caused only by an increased excretion of water from the body at the beginning of the diet. If the dieter has not reduced the quantity of calories, weight will be quickly regained."

He points out that you should have enough carbohydrates in your diet to give you ready energy. Also, you may need the B vitamins from cereals and vitamins A and C from fruits and vegetables. When a diet is low in carbohydrates, it almost has to be high in fat; if too much saturated fat is eaten, the cholesterol level in the blood will rise. If it keeps rising, you risk a heart attack. You should get at least 100 grams of carbohydrates every day. If you don't, you could develop a low blood-sugar condition and that could result in not enough nourishment going to your brain and the retinas of your eyes. If fad diets still don't worry you, keep on reading.

Dr. Robert C. Atkins' famous diet recommends unlimited proteins and fats while limiting carbohydrates severely. The diet has been denounced by the AMA as nutritionally unbalanced and potentially dangerous to health. Others say it can increase the risk of heart disease.

A popular diet offered in a current best-seller, *Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution: The High-Calorie Way to Stay Thin Forever*, by Dr. Robert C. Atkins, recommends an unlimited consumption of proteins and fats—allowing mayonnaise, heavy cream, butter, steaks and other dietary don'ts—while it limits carbohydrates severely. The diet is based on the theory that overweight comes from the body's inability to handle and metabolize carbohydrates properly. Critics of Atkins' theory find no evidence to support it, and the diet has been denounced by the American Medical Association and the Medical Society of the County of New York as nutritionally unbalanced and potentially dangerous to health.

The diet has been recommended for overweight women during pregnancy. But in testimony before the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, Dr. Karlis Adamsons of Mount Sinai Medical Center in New York cited extensive research to show such a diet would compromise the well-being, intelligence and possibly the life of an unborn child. "If I were a fetus, I would forbid my mother to go on such a diet," Adamsons remarked.

Also testifying before the committee was Dr. Theodore B. Van Itallie, director of medicine at New York City's St. Luke's Hospital Center and vice-chairman of the A.M.A. Council on Foods and Nutrition. He declared: "As a long-term, possibly life-long regimen, this diet—which is high in fat—can be expected to increase the risk of heart disease."

Some of these diets put all the emphasis on protein and de-emphasize fats as well as carbohydrates. Dr. Neil Solomon of the John Hopkins Medical School says that an excess of protein can do "the most devastating medical harm" to a person with an undiagnosed kidney problem, and the result can be the retention of nitrogen. The excess protein could increase the blood's urea nitrogen, the victim could become "uremic, comatose and even moribund." Translation: he could poison his blood, fall into a coma and damned near die.

Here is another essential reason for not cutting all the fats out of your diet: it could destroy your sex life.

The body depends on three essential fats that it can't manufacture for itself. The three are needed for the health of all glands—especially for the prostate. Not enough

fats can mean a sick prostate. It can also give you very dry skin and scalp, reduce your joint lubrication and create other unspeakable miseries.

On the other hand, excess fat—which some faddists say is good for reducing—may lead to diarrhea, which can also make a shambles of your sex life. Diarrhea gives your body no time to absorb the vitamins and other nutrients in your food. It also results in too much loss of fluid and such minerals as magnesium, potassium and sodium. If they aren't replaced quickly, coma and even death can result.

Finally, we have the low-protein diet. Recently, Dr. Philip White of the American Medical Association criticized Dr. Irwin Stillman's "Doctor's Quick Inches-Off Diet" because of its low protein content. Dr. White said a diet so low in protein could cause the dieter to lose protein already in his body, to use up muscle and organ tissue and to weaken the body generally. The loss of tissue in this way can be serious for anyone already suffering from organ damage, liver problems, heart disease or anemia.

But again, the facts don't seem to penetrate the potential victims, and incompetents and charlatans keep grinding out new miracle diets. Dr. George James, a former New York City Health Commissioner, has commented that while nobody would dream of writing a book on polio based on what was known prior to 1934, many people continue to write comparable books on diets and nutrition.

Well, how *should* you eat to lose weight?

First, calories *do* count. A stored pound of body fat has 3,500 of them. To get rid of a pound of fat, you have to eat 3,500 less calories.

A diet should take off fat and let your healthy, lean body tissue stay as it is. You shouldn't lose more than a pound or so each week. Even less. To be successful, the diet should be balanced and varied, as well as reasonably enjoyable. It also has to teach you new eating patterns that you will have to maintain the rest of your life if you want to stay slim. The simplest advice, but the hardest to follow, is simply to eat less of almost everything.

But diet patterns are only part of the story. There are other patterns you will have to change. There is much talk about our sedentary living and how it promotes fat. It's true. Most of us are incredibly inert a good part of the time.

Dr. Mayer of Harvard has pointed out that at the end of the 19th century the very active people were lumberjacks who worked without mechanized tools, miners who swung their picks all day, and similar workers. "The sedentary type," Mayer says, "was a clerk—somebody who got up; split wood or shoveled coal for an hour; walked to work for close to an hour; worked ten hours a day, six days a week at a stand-up desk; walked back home for another hour; then split wood or shoveled coal again; and on Sunday took his family for a three- or four-hour walk! *Now* there isn't any city dweller in the United States who expends as much energy as did the sedentary man of 1890."

Film studies have proved that when fat people play active games they manage to stand or sit stock-still most of the time they're playing. Fat girls, while playing tennis, were found to be motionless 60 percent of the time. When they went swimming, they either stood immobile on shore or floated for fifty-five minutes out of every hour. Dr. Hilde Bruch, professor of psychiatry at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, says: "No efficiency expert is quite as good as a fat person in saving steps . . . the fat person eats and sits while the average person is up and about and active."

Recently, investigators at the Mayo Clinic checked on the records of patients seen over a thirty-year period. They found that a man who weighed 154 pounds at the age of thirty and who did not alter his exercise or food intake could expect to weigh over 200 pounds by the time he reached the age of sixty. Because the metabolic rate declines with age, men have to cut their caloric intake by 11 percent and women by 5 percent in order to maintain ideal weights over this thirty-year period.

Approached reasonably, reducing doesn't look as if it should be so tough. To lose a pound a week means knocking off only 500 calories each day. If you decide to take a half-hour walk every day, you will use up 150 calories, which means you only have to eat 350 calories less each day.

To help you do this, doctors have suggested some crutches to lean on. Dr. Neil Solomon advises the fat person to keep a diary of everything he eats and to analyze it daily. If you overindulge at certain times, and can figure out why, you're halfway home. He suggests keeping celery stalks, carrot sticks, radishes, cucumbers and other low-calorie foods readily available to satisfy unreasoning hunger. He also advises drinking two big glasses of iced or chilled water five minutes before each meal to help kill the appetite.

The medical profession is recognizing the importance of modifying the dieter's behavior. Dr. S. B. Penick and a team from the psychiatry department of the University of Pennsylvania also advise use of a daily diary to record how fast and under what circumstances you eat. Most people eat in different places at different times, but the University of Pennsylvania people advise eating in one place as much as possible. They recommend using a distinctive table setting, including unusual colored place mats and napkins, to make the eating experience a thing of purity, unsoiled by reading or watching TV. They also advise counting each mouthful of food, putting the utensils back on the plate after every third mouthful, and chewing and swallowing more slowly than you ordinarily would.

They have a good track record. Thirteen percent of their patients have lost more than forty pounds, and 53 percent have lost over twenty pounds. These are better than the results for those receiving conventional group psychotherapy, and they are among the best ever reported in medical literature.

At the University of Kentucky's College of Medicine, Dr. Hugh A. Storrow, a professor of psychiatry, uses some similar techniques. He advises that you remove from your home all foods that can be eaten without preparation: potato chips, ice cream, cookies, bread. He also recommends that you engage in pleasurable alternative activities whenever you get the urge to eat between meals. He leaves the nature of these "pleasurable alternative activities" to your imagination.

Still more help is on the way. Under study is a computer analysis of individual weight problems based on various blood and urine tests and on individual medical histories. The idea is to come up with a computerized diagnosis that will help in prescribing a highly individualized diet to fit the patient.

A device called a calorie meter has been developed at the Georgia Institute of Technology that allows a physician to figure out how many calories a patient uses up. And at the University of London, as well as in the United States, investigators have found a fat-mobilizing substance in the urine of certain people. Preliminary studies suggest that the injection of this substance may help a dieter when used in combination with a low-calorie diet.

So scientists are not sitting around doing nothing about our excess lard. But right now, if you want to peel off some blubber forget the freak diets and drugs. The only safe way is to have a checkup to find out if dieting will hurt you. The way to do this is to go to a knowledgeable and interested doctor—if you can find one.

But there is still the matter of your life style. If you hate yourself and the way you're living, you're going to have a tough time trying to change nothing but your eating habits. Dieting begins with an attitude, and it can be kept up only if you keep up the same attitude.

You may have to get rid of some bad companions. These include old eating and drinking buddies who encourage you to do the same things that they do. Probably the worst are those with the crazy metabolisms, the guys who eat like pigs and never gain an ounce. Keeping up with them is like trying to keep up with the dudes who can drink all night and never show it. You can't beat these people by joining them. You must stay away from them as a reformed junkie stays away from his old friends.

If you're fat—you're an addict. Just like a dopehead or a drunk. Except they have one big advantage over you:

It is *possible* to quit drugs completely.
It is *possible* to quit liquor completely.
It is *impossible* to stop eating completely.

But if you *do* make it, you do take it off and *keep* it off, you'll have proven yourself a good man and will have the right to say, "I lost my monkey. And he was the toughest monkey in the whole goddamned world."

Good luck, heavy. O+

SEXINDEX

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found sixteen women who could remember experiencing orgasm before the age of three, and over 100 women who could remember it before age five. Most girls seem to lose interest in masturbation about the age of five or six but may return to it as puberty approaches or later in life. Prepubertal boys may be capable of achieving multiple orgasms by masturbation: the Kinsey study group observed an eleven-month-old boy go through fourteen orgasms in thirty-eight minutes. Most boys lose such extreme multiorgasmic capacity when they begin to ejaculate. Most boys and men masturbate by grasping the shaft of the penis (rarely the more sensitive gland) and stroking it repeatedly. Most women do it by stroking the area around the clitoris—the clitoris itself is so extremely excitable that direct touch is usually more irritating than pleasurable. Vaginal masturbation, using a finger or dildo-shaped object, is very rare in young girls and comparatively so in mature women, despite its popularity in male-written pornography. A few girls can reach orgasm simply by caressing their breasts. Children who are told by embarrassed parents not to touch themselves "down there" develop ingenious methods to avoid the prohibited touch, such as rubbing the thighs together, rubbing the genitals against bedclothes or a hard object, or—in girls—directing a jet of water on to the clitoris. Some women never recognize such activity as masturbation, which may explain why sex surveys show a lower incidence for female masturbation than male (85 percent as against 96 percent). Many teen-agers and adults indulge in sexual thoughts and fantasies while masturbating, and occasionally the fantasy alone can induce orgasm. A few men and women masturbate by inserting small objects such as hairpins into the urethra; this is extremely dangerous. So, too, is the practice sometimes found among adolescent boys of inserting the penis into a bottle; the tight fit may cut off circulation, and after ejaculation the penis stays hard and the bottle stays put. Much safer is Salvador Dali's idea of drilling a hole in a ripe melon. A few extremely supple men are able to masturbate by performing fellatio on themselves, but even for them the discomfort may outweigh the pleasure. The whole range of masturbatory possibilities received a terrific boost a few years ago from the invention of the electric vibrator: Masters and Johnson found that many frigid women, who had never been able to achieve an orgasm, nearly always responded to the vibrator; in most cases, their newly found orgasmic capacity carried over into their married sex life. All modern sex research indicates that masturbation is an entirely healthy and useful adjunct to a normal sex life, and that people who do not masturbate are far more likely to suffer sexual hang-ups than the vast majority who do.

Mata Hari (1876–1917): Stage name of Gertrude Margarete Zelle, a World War I courtesan and spy. She was born in Holland of mixed Dutch and Indonesian parentage, and at nineteen she set out for Java. There, she later boasted, she learned "the entire lore of the Kama Sutra." She moved to Paris and set herself up as an "exotic" dancer with a predilection for revealing costumes. Wildly popular, she toured Europe and attracted countless lovers, including French statesmen and the Dutch prime minister. From these circles she collected secret information, which she sold to the Germans. In 1917 she was exposed by the French and shot. Her fame rests more on her glamor than on her spying activities, which at best were extremely amateurish. In fact, some authorities argue that she was deliberately betrayed by her German paymasters, who found her tiresome and too expensive.

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19 mg."tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

Maupassant, Guy de (1850–93): French writer, best known for his short stories, in which sexual behavior is a recurrent theme. Maupassant himself gained a reputation as a sexual athlete; Frank Harris (*q.v.*) reported that he could achieve an erection at will ("Look at my trousers!") and that to prove his virility he once took a witness to a brothel and had six girls in an hour. His work reflects his disapproval of the hypocrisy of contemporary sexual conventions. Prostitutes are sympathetically portrayed in *La Maison Tellier*, a humorous account of a homely provincial brothel (Maupassant himself was once the sole male lodger in such a *maison*), and in *Boule de Suif*, in which the prostitute's dignity and humanity point up the unprincipled self-interest of her "respectable" traveling companions. The theme of adultery is treated in many ways; in one story a bored noblewoman watches a prostitute soliciting from an opposite window and tries her own (successful) hand at the game. In general, men are the deceived sex, perhaps because Maupassant sided with his mother against his philandering father. Revival of sexual excitement is another frequent topic: in one story, voyeurism transforms a middle-aged couple's marriage; in another, a young society couple rediscover their mutual passion by dining in a private room of a disreputable restaurant. Perhaps the spirit of Maupassant's own life is best captured in the lighthearted *Mouche*, in which five exuberant young men (one of them identifiably the author) spend idyllic days on the river with a young street girl they adopt as their boating and sexual companion. At some time in the 1870s, Maupassant contracted syphilis, his health deteriorated, and the disease led him to insanity and death.

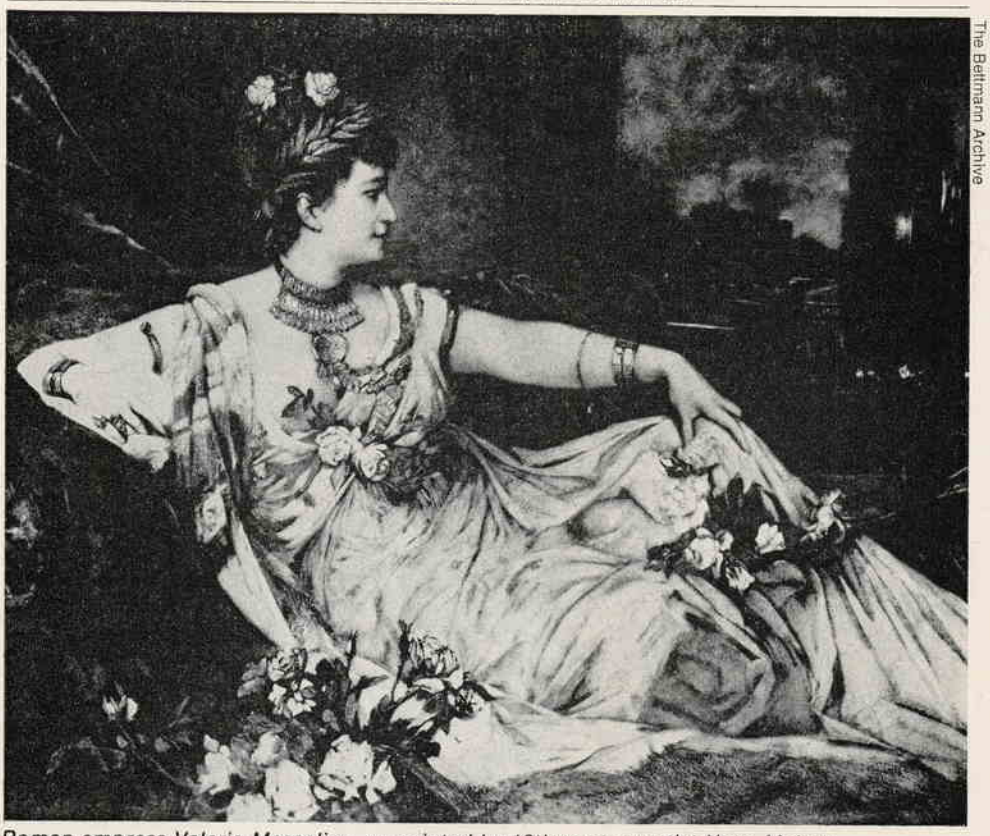
"medical chair": A famous erotic gadget kept by a Paris brothel in the early 1900s and supposedly invented for the use of the Prince of Wales. It consisted of a chair with a semi-circular hole cut in the seat, through which the prostitute could perform fellatio on the sitter. There is a persistent tradition that President Félix Faure of France also used it and was thus engaged when he died in 1899 of a heart attack. The "medical chair" was displayed publicly after World War II, when the brothel had to be closed after passage of the Marthe Richard law banning prostitution in France.

menarche: Onset of menstruation (*q.v.*). It now generally happens between ages ten and sixteen; a girl who has not menstruated by age six-

teen should consult her doctor. There is evidence that the menarche is coming earlier: a century ago in Britain the average age was fifteen, whereas now it is thirteen years three months, and just below thirteen in the U.S. Primary schools report that in the last decade they have had to provide, for the first time, facilities for menstruating pupils of eleven and younger. This advancement of puberty may be caused by better nutrition; daughters of better-off families usually start menstruating six to nine months earlier than deprived children. The old belief that menarche occurs earlier in warmer climates has been disproved; if anything, it occurs later there. During the first year or two of menstruation, a girl may not be fertile, and the periods tend to be very irregular—perhaps only two or three a year—but within four to six years regular menstruation begins.

menopause: Cessation of menstruation, marking the end of a woman's reproductive life. Also called the climacteric and "change of life." It usually occurs around age fifty, though it may occur as young as thirty-eight or as old as fifty-five (rarely later). There is some evidence that the average age of menopause is gradually rising—the earliest literature on the subject gives forty as the norm, by the mid-nineteenth century it was forty-five, and now it is fifty. Since the average age of menarche (*q.v.*) has simultaneously fallen, the female reproductive span has increased a decade in the last century. The onset of menopause is marked for most women by irregularity of menstruation (generally the intervals between periods gradually lengthen) and unevenness of menstrual flow. Other symptoms are headaches, giddiness, obesity, nervous instability, insomnia and especially "hot flashes"—brief, blush-like feelings of heat and excitement, often accompanied by heavy sweating. Some women develop slight male characteristics, such as beard growth at the corners of the mouth. These symptoms are usually worst in women who are bored or unhappy, but they can be relieved by tranquilizers and hormone treatments. One advantage is that migraines are nearly always cured by the menopause (on the other hand, diabetes is more likely to occur). Internal changes stem from the decreased production of estrogen: the ovaries, fallopian tubes and uterus gradually atrophy and shrink; the breasts tend to flatten and droop; the vagina loses some of its elasticity. This last symptom may eventually make sexual intercourse painful, but it can easily be corrected by hormone treatment. There is absolutely no reason why postmenopausal women should abandon sexual relations, and some women find their sexual desire increases when there is no longer any danger of pregnancy. American surveys indicate that seven out of ten couples remain sexually active at least into their sixties.

menstruation: Periodic discharge of blood from the woman's uterus between puberty and menopause, popularly known as "periods" or "the curse" (though it used to be called "the blessing"). It occurs because the inner lining of the uterus, the endometrium, thickens each month to prepare for the reception of a fertilized egg and ensuing pregnancy. But if pregnancy does not occur, the extra tissues of the endometrium are shed and, together with blood and mucus, are discharged through the vagina. The average blood loss (menses) in each period is 40 milliliters, or less than one-tenth of a pint, but the variation is considerable. Most women cope with this discharge by wearing a sanitary towel or internal tampon. The average woman experiences about 440 periods altogether if she is childless, and about twelve fewer for each child. The average length of cycle (from start of one period to start of the next) is twenty-eight days, but it can vary from nineteen to thirty-seven days in different women. In general, the more regular the cycle, the more fertile the woman. Ovulation (*q.v.*) generally occurs about eight days after the previous bleeding has stopped and is marked by an abrupt drop in body temperature. Menstruation ceases during pregnancy and for a few weeks afterward, while the mother is producing milk. Women who continue breastfeeding for a longer time may not menstruate, but this does not necessarily mean they cannot conceive. When absence of periods (amenorrhoea, *q.v.*) is not due to pregnancy or lactation, a woman should consult her doctor. Periods are notoriously affected by psychological factors, and many women temporarily stop menstruating when depressed or anxious. Though menstruation is by no means an "illness," as the Victorians termed it, many women, especially between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, experience cramp-like pain and discomfort (dysmenorrhoea, *q.v.*) for the day before and the first day of their periods. This can usually be cured by aspirin or by the prescribed use of the Pill to regulate menstration. Many women who do not experience dysmenorrhoea suffer instead from premenstrual tension—a feeling of tiredness, nausea and irritability, all physiologically accompanied by increased water retention—for several days. A survey at Britain's Holloway prison in the 1940s showed that 93 percent of female crime had been committed during the premenstrual phase. Other surveys have shown that accidents in the home and road accidents involving women drivers are more likely to occur in the premenstrual week. Many primitive cultures regard a menstruating woman as evil and dangerous, and segregate her from the rest of the tribe, forbidding her to touch food or to contact pregnant women or animals. Even in some parts of Europe today it is believed that if a menstruating woman makes jam it will not keep and that if she touches beer, wine or milk, it will go bad. But there is no factual basis whatsoever for these ideas. The old-fashioned belief that women should not bathe or take strenuous exercise during their periods is also unfounded; in recent years, especially since the introduction of internal tampons, women's activities are in no way limited by the inconvenience of menstruation. Though lovemaking during a period is messy unless a diaphragm is used to hold back the flow, many women enjoy it most at this time, especially as the risk of conception is minimal.



The Bettmann Archive

Roman empress Valeria Messalina, as painted by 19th-century artist Hans Makart.

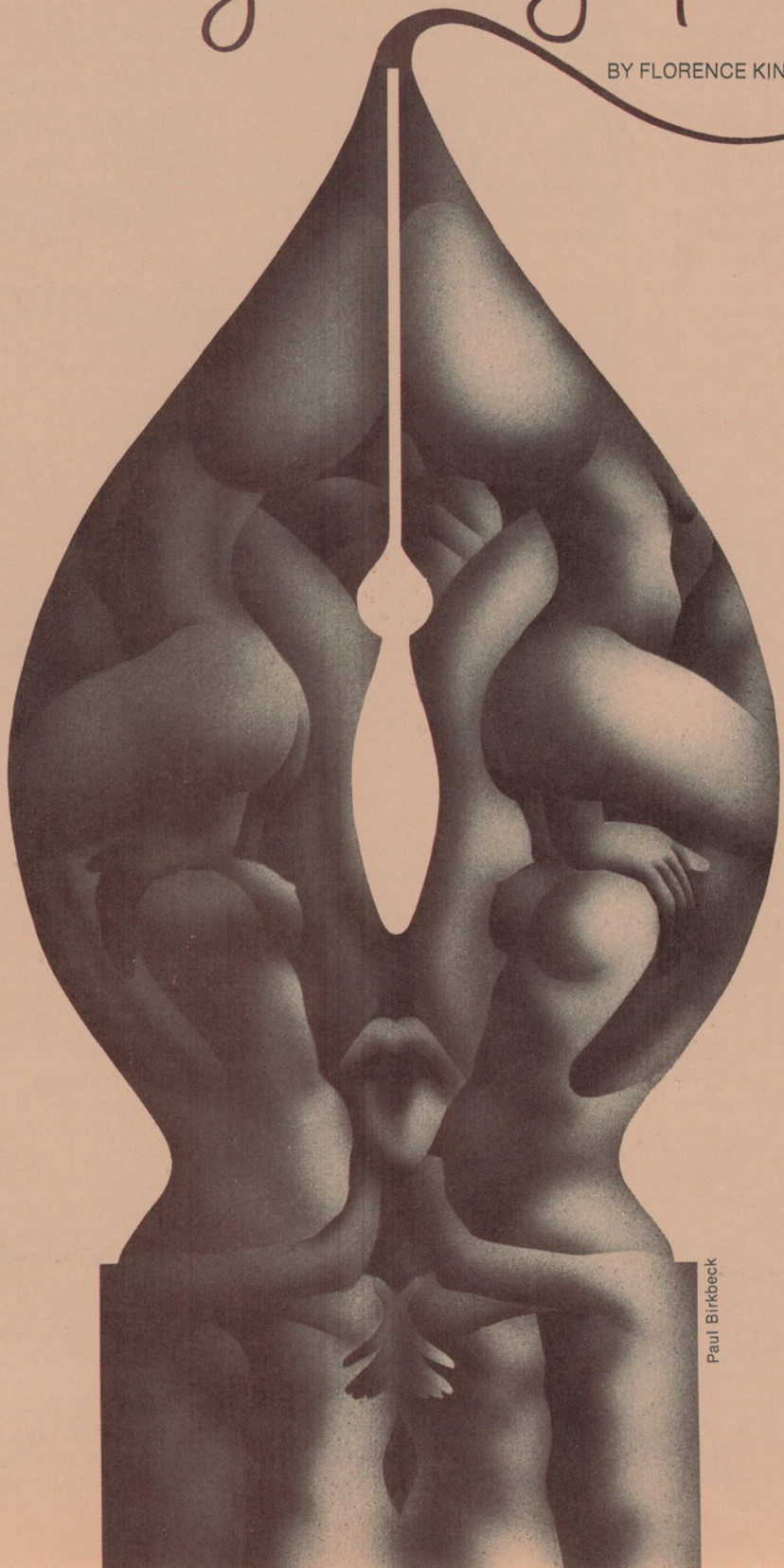
Messalina, Valeria (died AD 48): Third wife of Emperor Claudius of Rome, notorious for her cruelty and nymphomania. She is reputed to have made love with twenty-five men at the same time, and to have forced noble Roman ladies to prostitute themselves as low-class debauchees in front of their husbands. Juvenal, in his *Sixth Satire*, records that at night she would go to brothels and take the place of one of the regular whores, wearing a wig for disguise and painting her nipples with gold leaf.

> There she received all comers,
> Getting top price until the doors
> shut tight.
> The lust, though, still raged hotly
> in her bosom.
> Dirt-stained, she left the house and
> journeyed home
> Exhausted, but undaunted by the sweat.
> Thus smeared with lampsoot,
> she returned unfazed
> To settle odors in the royal pillows.

Claudius, by this time middle-aged and apparently still doting, turned a blind eye for several years, but in AD 48 she went too far. She became infatuated with a noble named Silius, married him and publicly consummated the match. Claudius ordered her execution and he never allowed her name to be mentioned again.

Confessions of a Lady Pornographer

BY FLORENCE KING



Paul Birkbeck

Writing pornography requires a sturdy typewriter, a reasonable familiarity with the English language, and a nodding acquaintance with copulation. I have published thirty-two paperback pornographic novels in the last four years. The shift key on my typewriter has broken down for the sixteenth time, because orgasmic groans are always written in the upper case. I have started spelling come c-u-m, and I have decided to make myself an anchorite.

My career as a pornographer started one gloomy December day in New York when I was working for the American Can Company, where I spent the day typing things like, "Send the Snap-Pak flap back and advise that it won't." I decided there must be more money in a more accommodating sort of can, so I visited a dirty bookstore conveniently located next to Grand Central Station so that Park Avenue executives could stop by on their way to Connecticut.

This was about the time when the "housewife hustler" scandal broke. The police had discovered that ladies from the suburbs were taking the trains in and hanging around the station to make a little pin money. I must have been mistaken for either a hustler or a policewoman, because the store emptied in three minutes, and I was left alone with the glaring proprietor.

The store smelled like leather from expensive attaché cases, Brooks Brothers' own Heather after-shave lotion and fresh-cut lumber which had been used to throw up the unpainted shelves that lined the walls. There was an old-country-store bell on the door that tinkled merrily when I entered. The proprietor was an Arab and wore a turban. With the bell, the headdress and the agonized look on his face, I felt as if I had walked into the House of Seven Gables and confronted Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, a gentlewoman in distress who is forced to engage in the trade.

"Wee haf no-sing tat you would lak," he growled at me.

I said, "Oh, I know, I'm just studying the market." It is a convenient phrase that covers a multitude of writers' sins.

I bought *Two Thighs to the Wind*, put out by Sword & Scabbard publishing company. I spent the evening reading 200 pages of alfresco canoodling.

At that time, the Supreme Court had just done something or other to liberalize the sex-book field, but *Two Thighs* had been on the stands for a while and still had a certain subdued, curtain-of-charity approach to the nitty-gritty. It contained things like "he entered her," "sank into her lubricious warmth," and "her thighs acquiesced." It was full of ellipses, particularly in the cunnilingus scenes, which trailed off into space like the hero's feet over the end of the bed. "His mouth went lower, lower, lower. . . ." End of chapter.

I didn't think it was particularly dirty and was certain that I could write something just as acceptable, so I did. I called it *Box Lunch* and invented a story about a girl who goes on a picnic only to become the entree. I sent three chapters and an outline to Sword & Scabbard, who replied with the speed of sound—much to my astonishment since I had once been a slush-pile reader myself. They offered to buy the book for $750, one-third payable immediately and the rest on completion of the manuscript. They asked me to make it 45,000 words long, which is about 160 manuscript pages, and said that it would be published in a double volume with a work of similar length by another author. I later met the other writer—a very sweet and rather shy young college student who convulsed when I blurted out, "It's so nice to meet you front-to-front after being back-to-back."

Sword & Scabbard asked me if I would do one book a month for them, so of course I said yes and promptly quit my job at American Can. I finished *Box Lunch* in two weeks and then sent in another partial and outline called *Ripe for Plucking*, about a girl in a migrant-labor camp who drew plump, ripe, illegal strawberries into her mouth in a way that drove men mad.

Sword & Scabbard decided that this could be a full-length book of 55,000 words, for which they would pay $1,500—which promptly drove *me* mad. I finished the book in ten days so I could get the completion check, and then bought an electric typewriter with an automatic underline key for all the screams and moans I put in italics. Then I zoomed through Lord & Taylor like an act of God, grabbing anything I saw and wanted. I spent $300 on clothes that I would not now need because I was working at home, though that obvious bit of logic did not occur to me. I was living in Bayonne, New Jersey, so all I really needed for public appearances were a few shirtwaist dresses and a babushka, but I bought enough haute couture to start a boutique, all in size ten, which is what I was before I started working at home and eating all day.

As I learned in school, the Constitution follows the flag, and the Supreme Court follows the election returns. I now learned that Sword & Scabbard followed the Supreme Court. They called me up and told me that they wanted more sex, a lot more sex—or, as the editor put it, S-E-X. I got the point and wrote a book called *She Got the Point*.

Before that I had referred to the male organ as "his sex," "his manly pride" and occasionally even "his penis." Now that I was writing S-E-X instead of sex, I had to pull out the entire penile arsenal—cock, prick, pecker, rod, wang (which, being a purist, I spelled *whang*), battering ram, hammer, stick and gun. I used the latter out of desperation to keep from repeating myself, remembering a verse that a boyfriend had once recited to me to explain what the Army liked things to be called:

This is a rifle, this is a gun,
One is for war, one is for fun.

For the female characters, my euphemistic flowers, dewy petals and triangles went out the window. In flew all the succubi—slits, slots, slices, boxes, gashes, cunts and pussies. I favored the latter because it's the only one that does not sound like hostile surgery, but my editor called, told me that my pussy was overdone, mailed me a book put out by a competitor and suggested I go through it and improve my vocabulary.

By the time I finished reading it, I was on the verge of going into the bathroom with a hand mirror. All the women characters possessed "stiff quivering flanges," and I had no idea what they were. I called my editor and told him that I had never heard of them; that they sounded like something thrown in the sale barrel in a hardware store.

"It is," he said. "It's like a hinge."

"Hinge?" I repeated.

"Yeah, the inner lips. You know—the labia minora?"

He read from a dictionary: "From *flanch*, a curving charge on a heraldic shield; a rim for strength, for guiding, or for attachment to another object."

All I could think of were those nuts and bolts carpenters call "male" and "female." I started using flanges because I was desperate for any synonym, but neither my editor nor any of my competitors could help me out with a synonym for clitoris.

To the best of my scatological knowledge, which is now encylopedic, there is no other word for it in either medical terminology (which is what clitoris is) or slang. The British call it *the man in the boat*, but that's a phrase, not a word, and a particularly awkward and tedious one. This dearth of nomenclature only goes to prove how much men have ignored the clitoris down through the centuries. Words for the vulva and vagina are legion, but the clitoris, which is every woman's blessing, is every pornographer's curse.

A man I used to go with had a space between his front teeth which he called his "clit slot" and refused to let his dentist fix. I started using "clit," but that's hardly a synonym. In desperation, I asked this man if he knew anything else I could call it. He looked at me blankly for a moment, then mumbled, "Man in the boat." He thought hard, but he got nowhere. Finally, since I was the professional, he asked me if *I* knew any other terms for it, apparently thinking that I was challenging him while I held in abeyance some choice terms known only to dirty-book writers. When he realized I was serious, we sat looking at each other in a moment of truth.

I used "clit slot" in a book called *Taste Me* and then lapsed into my old bind again. I tried foreign-language dictionaries to no avail and was in the middle of searching through an Arab dictionary when it dawned on me that they would hardly have a word

for something they were in the practice of amputating. I gave up and made do with "fleshy nail," "sex rod," "girl prick" and "love bud," all of which are labored and faintly disgusting. Finally, in a fit of temper, I called it "the poppy of flanges fields," which I told my editor was eminently suited to such an unknown soldier.

I had almost as much trouble with testicles. As men ignore the clitoris, women avoid the balls, because our mothers raised us with dire advice about how to "kick a man where it hurts." I am thirty-seven fairly interesting years old, but I have yet to understand how a man can manage to sit down without crippling himself. This puzzles even the most experienced of women; the mere thought that men walk around with something so fragile in such a vulnerable spot whips us into such a state of terror that it's almost impossible for us to even write about the things.

However, the genital area must be described in minute detail, so my editor called, and we had one of our peerless chats.

"You left out the balls again," he sighed.

"What can you say about them?" I asked. "They don't do anything."

"Oh, yes they do," he said with a smug air of cachet that made me wonder if his could tap-dance. "They slap against the girl's rump, don't they? That's supposed to feel good."

"Is it?"

"Get them slapping around, and call them something besides balls."

"What?"

"Oh . . . nuts, stones, sack, family jewels," he recited.

He sent me another competitor's novel, about a man nicknamed Stones because he had such big ones. In one scene, he lifted them up to show everybody.

" 'See? Some stones, huh? That's why they call me Stones,' he chuckled. 'Some stones, huh?' said Stones."

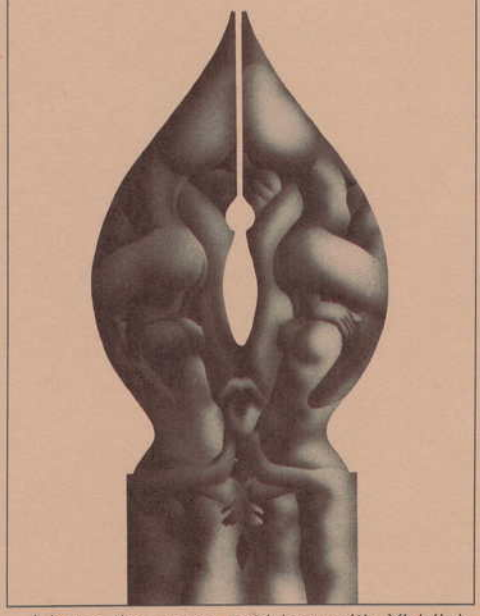
I felt better after that, because I knew that I had never written anything quite that awful. It sounded like elephantiasis.

I became a legend at Sword & Scabbard because of my shaky but enthusiastic use of Yiddish, which I like to include in my writing because it's so expressive. The trouble with Yiddish is, it's a language you hear all the time but seldom see in print. When I worked in New York, I tried to compile a pocket notebook of Yiddish words and expressions, but when I asked the Jewish girls in the office how to spell them, I was met with blank stares.

In one of my books I had a very billowy heroine whom I wanted to describe as *zaftig*. I had only heard the word once, some months before, so by the time I needed to put it on paper, it had gotten all mixed up in my *goyishe kop*, and I spelled it *slotzig*. My editor told me it caused a sensation in the office and quickly made the rounds of the entire New York paperback publishing world. He admitted, however, that considering the subject matter of my book, it had the flavor of a compensating error.

That was not nearly as bad as my other Yiddish disaster. I have always had some sort of mental problem, which used to perplex my teachers in school: I can immediately grasp something difficult, but simple matters have a way of tripping me up. I could never comprehend long division, but I was a whiz at solid geometry—that kind of thing.

> I pulled out the entire penile arsenal—cock, prick, pecker, rod, wang (which I spelled *whang*), battering ram, hammer and gun.



I have the same problem with Yiddish. I know many of the more obscure words and expressions, but the simple, everyday ones tend to slip my mind.

In pornography it is necessary to give the hero a very stud-like name, something that sounds hard, like his penis. In real life, the Harolds and Willards among us may well be able to hump like bunnies, but in pornography they must have erect names like Brad, Rock, Jake, Bart, Todd. I had exhausted all these and was contemplating using Thud, when a marvelously virile name came to me. I called my hero Drek. His introductory scene ran something like this:

"Drek was brown and hard from long days in the sun. There was a power, almost an essence about Drek that women could sense as soon as they entered a room where he was."

This page from my manuscript remained on the bulletin board at Sword & Scabbard for months, along with the list of office birthdays and the W-2 form for the proofreader who went to lunch one day and never came back. My editor told me that my nickname among the staff had become "The Angel of Death."

Names are extremely important in pornography. They serve as a shortcut to characterization, which tends to get short shrift, because readers don't want to plow through long analyses of personality and family background. It's terribly difficult to characterize anyone really well in the porns, because even the most complex individuals tend to get very one-sided when they're waving their feet in the air and screaming, "Fuck me!" It's a good idea to let the names work for you as much as possible.

Each name must ring a bell for the reader and immediately tell him a great deal about the character. A bitchy, frigid wife always makes it as Agnes or Emily; Peggy and Nancy are blonde virgins, Eleanor and Grace are brunette virgins. For a superb brunette bitch on wheels with a strong personality, there is nothing better than Valerie or Vivian. For the lady-to-her-fingertips *rich* bitch, I favor Lydia; and for the doped-up, spaced-out hippie, Samantha and Sabrina are unsurpassed. If anybody besides the author happens to go insane she should be named Chloë, Zoë or, of course, Eulalie, which means to wail. Sword & Scabbard had a thing against the name Regina, because they were afraid of printer's errors. Whatever you do, don't name a lesbian Leslie, because you'll end up with a 200-page poem.

Once the characters are named, the pornographer has to think up a name for himself. No writer with a government job or intentions of writing anything better some day wants his name on a porn—unless, like me, he makes fifty-dollar bets with friends that he will let his real name stand. My name has appeared twice, once for the sake of fifty dollars and once by error.

I never worried about pen names, because my own surname is so common that I can use it with impunity. I combined it with several new first names. Sword & Scabbard chose them for me after a while, and I gave the matter no thought. My first name is not suited to porn covers; Florence is an old-fashioned Anglo-Irish name reminiscent of maiden aunts pouring tea in thatched cottages. It's also fairly rare in this day and age. It was used once, standing alone, because Sword & Scabbard went on a single-name kick, which they apparently thought sexily suggested illegitimacy. I wouldn't let them use Flo or Flossie because one sounds like an old broken-down whore and the other like a peppy young whore.

When a book seemed to warrant a male name, as my gay-boy books did, they gave me a male pen name. I was Nicklos Stavros once, in keeping with the *á la grecque* sex I described. I never went in for the I.M. Stud or Pussy Galore kind of pen names; nor the

obviously labored ones like Dallas or Kells, which you find on so many bang books. The latter two appeared in *Gone With the Wind*, and I would feel sacrilegious making use of them.

My real name appeared by error when I acquired a new publisher, Plug & Socket. I was so used to Sword & Scabbard inventing names for me that I forgot to tell my new editor to do so.

Like most enterprises today, Plug & Socket had guidelines. Suggestions to pornographers read like a cross between salacious tone poems and a typical government memorandum:

1. To lessen readers' confusion and reduce instances of unconscious humor, kindly avoid such figures of speech as Pandora's box, right up her (his) alley, a lick and a promise, blowhard, prickly heat, and the interrogatory *Come again?*

2. When referring to characters who are or have been in prison, watch your spelling of "penal." It is *not* penile.

3. Flights of metaphorical prose are not desirable. The phrase "her oleaginous Mountain of Venus" only perplexes many of our readers. We were recently distressed to receive a letter from a man who angrily asked, "What's that statue doing up on the hill with butter all over it?" Wet cunt is preferred.

4. The following have been declared obsolete by *The Dictionary of American Slang:* quiff, hair pie, muff (the noun) and knockers.

5. To avoid alliteration, onomatopoeia and unfortunate rhyme, do not name any characters Peter, Dick or Rod.

6. The word "vector" is a physics term pertaining to a straight line and is not generally known. Call your penis something else.

7. As you know, printing errors cost money. Using the British expression "John Thomas" for penis recently resulted in a regrettable incident in final page proofs when we discovered this example of anthropomorphism: "'Gimme cigarette, baby,' said John Thomas." Remember that we are all Americans here.

8. When writing lesbian sex scenes, total chaos often results from the plethora of female pronouns that must of necessity be employed. To wit: "She tickled her clitoris, and with a scream she threw her legs around her hips and dragged her down on top of her." We suggest that lesbian lovers be of different coloring, one with blonde pubic hair and the other brunette.

9. Our proofreader is required to read the galleys *and* page proofs of twelve books a month. Please do not make her burden heavier with tricky sentences. We refer to a recent description of a musician hero who had learned "to master Beethoven." The proofreader automatically changed this to read "to masturbate often." Remember that we think along certain lines here.

The female masturbation scene is *de rigueur* in porns. I always make diddling damsels rich, because it requires a full-time maid to clean up afterward. I am neat by nature, and I always fear that my heroine may float out the door on the crest of her copious lubrication, so I usually put my lonely ladies in the bathtub instead of the bed. But then I worry about all the water on the floor after they finish thrashing around. They always go to bed and drift peacefully to sleep in blissful, post-digital relaxation, but I am always tempted to add: "She thrust the long, thick, powerful mop into the glistening lubricious pool of warm, sudsy, sweet-smelling water and cleaned it the hell up."

It is usually possible to tell from female masturbation scenes whether the author is a man or woman. Male authors tend toward vaginal masturbation; female authors know better and usually have the girl tickle herself. I have written a few vaginal masturbation scenes when desperate to fill a page; but unless I'm about to cave in under deadline pressure, I avoid them. A woman writer realizes that vaginal masturbation is more trouble than it's worth. You can't really use your hand unless you're double-jointed, so you must use equipment and props, most of them dangerous. By the time they're all assembled the itch is gone anyway.

The advent of vibrators has made things a little easier. I have written vibrator scenes and taken care to point out that the heroine keeps her vibrator beside the bed somewhere. But when she takes it out of its color-coordinated case and starts to insert it, I always stop typing and think: "She really ought to sterilize it first." Pornographic heroines are notably lacking in forethought, and the least of their worries is germs, so vibrators throw me into awful conflict.

The twin pitfalls in the path of every pornographer are nipples. They present another problem of synonyms; you can't very well say "teat," because that's too bovine, and "tit" refers to the entire breast. I used "points" and "tips," which led me to my now famous pencil analogy. Somewhere in each of my books I have claimed that "her erect nipples thrust forward like the erasers on pencils." If I'm really at a loss for words, I say, "Her nipples felt like hot nails against his palms."

The pink part that surrounds the nipple always throws me into a lady-or-the-tiger dilemma. Areola means the ring around the nipple, and aureole means halo, and I never can remember which is which. So I take turns. Whatever they're called, they are invariably described in monetary terms; they're either as big as silver doliars or as tiny as nickels, depending on the lady's age, sex experience and lactational history.

Good pornography and paperback books in general are anachronistic about certain things, such as garter belts. The covers of spy stories often show a girl dressed in nothing but an olive-green bandolier and a black garter belt, even if she wears panty hose inside the book.

I always give my heroines garter belts, because it's been my observation that men are very fond of them. A man once told me that he feared the advent of panty hose was making him impotent, because the thrill of looking up a woman's dress was now gone. A garter is a line of demarcation; when it comes into view, a man can see the end of permissible territory and the beginnings of the forbidden. He said there is nothing so exciting as the stripe of a garter on a patch of bare thigh; panty hose extend into a bland infinity of sameness; and removing them makes a man feel that he is getting ready to make love to an onion. Fortunately, I belong to the garter-belt era myself, so I always equip my girls with them unless they're teen-agers who have never owned one and probably wouldn't know how to get it on.

In my second year with Sword & Scabbard, they gave me a raise to $1,650 per book. I wrote one a month, which became hideously like menstruation and eventually created havoc. I had two circles on my calendar; one was my deadline and the other was my period, and I got them mixed up. I spent a memorable day sitting on a heating pad and gulping Midol, Cope and peppermint tea while I wrote: "He thrust his huge stiff pecker into her waiting cunt and pounded hard, hard, HARD!"

By the time I had written twenty-four books in as many months, the thrill of money and of freedom from the nine-to-five grind had worn off, and I was exhausted. I was also frigid, which I had never been before, and given to murmuring such sweet nothings as, "Never mind, it doesn't matter, go ahead." My friend couldn't understand what was wrong; he thought the books kept me perpetually steamed into erotic frenzy. Nothing could have been less true.

I could not have gone back to work in an office even if I'd wanted to. I had a closet full of beautiful clothes that no longer fit, and I was ashamed to shop for anything in my new size, which was AAA *zaftig*. There was nothing to do now but to keep on writing my pornography.

I now began to indulge in what the trade calls Fucky Fudging. If you look closely at a paperback porn, you will find that it has an awful lot of end papers front and back. End papers are the blank sheets on which you write your name or paste your book plates; authors of decent books autograph them on the end papers. Most books have only one set of end papers, but porns have something approaching a ream, so that the book will look thicker than it really is.

In the back you will also find an entire list of the company's titles, along with a coupon or order blank, so that the reader can buy directly from the publisher. These ads take up several more pages and add to the thickness.

Now turn to the end of any chapter, and you will discover that it is followed by a blank page; there are ten or twelve chapters in the average porn, so that many blank pages can be inserted.

Finally, investigate the dropped chapter heads. A chapter head is simply the words *Chapter One, Chapter Two,* etc. In all books these heads are dropped a bit; in *Gone With The Wind* they come right up to the top of the page, because the book was so long that the publisher had to save space. Porn publishers have the opposite problem—they need to *waste* space, because their exhausted and heartsick authors start to Fucky Fudge.

There are many ways to do this. First, you can drop your own chapter heads in manuscript, saving the layout girl some trouble. Simply roll the paper as far down as your conscience will allow, say five inches from the bottom, and begin.

Next, pepper your story with newspaper headlines, ads, movie marquees and signs, so that you can center them and double indent around them. Like this:

GO-GO DANCERS

After you get the sign painted, have your character stare at it for a while, unable to believe what he sees because he's drunk and temporarily afflicted with double vision. Then make him close one eye and reread it, so that you can repeat the sign:

GO-GO DANCERS

Fucky Fudging is why porn characters, who show no caution in life's larger moments, always read labels with meticulous scrutiny.

BLUE OINTMENT

K-Y JELLY

They also interrupt themselves, trail off in the middle of sentences, and drop things.

Brad wondered if . . . .

No, no, she couldn't possibly want to be bungholed.

Yet . . . .

She got down on her knees and spread her cheeks with her hands.

"Margo," he said, "I . . . ."

The drink slipped out of his hand and crashed to the floor when he noticed the jar she had brought from the bathroom. With shaking fingers he picked it up.

VASELINE

Fucky Fudging is what makes porn characters such staccato, monosyllablic types, with that curious tendency to echolalia. The more they repeat themselves, pause, think, and start over, the more paragraphs you can indent.

She's a natural blonde, he thought.

A *real* natural blonde.

Was she ever!

"Wow," he breathed.

There was no mistaking it.

No way. . . .

"Honey," he said, "you're a real natural blonde."

When I first started writing porns, I put

‘

I had two circles on my calendar; one was my deadline and the other was my period, and I got them mixed up.

’

the groans, moans, grunts and screams in italics. Later I discovered what all porn hacks eventually learn: capital letters take up more space.

"I'M COMMMMMIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG! AHHHHHHH! OOOOOOEEEEEEEE! YESSSSSSSSS! YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

You can do a lot with "yes." Handled properly, it takes up a couple of lines.

And then there's "no." This requires an initially reluctant heroine in bed with an equally determined lover.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO! OHHHHHHHH, DON'T, NOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"YESSSSS! MY GOD, YESSSSSSSSS!"

Do enough of this, and you're at the bottom of a page in a trice.

If my heroine is a virgin, I suggest pleasurable pain with *Uh*. If it's hurting her, but she's being a good sport and tries to help by thrusting back at him, I get the rhythm of the pelvic movements into the printed word.

"UH! UH! OHHHHHH, NOOOOOO!"

If it's already in but still hurts, she says: "UHHHHHHHHHH!"

For sodomy I suggest extreme pain with *Ngh*.

"NNNNGGGGGGHHHHHH!"

My morale rose a little when one of my publishers hired a woman editor who was my age. The friendship that developed between us lent girlish insouciance to the situation and helped put things in perspective. Our letters sounded like the whispering in a sorority house after lights out.

Dear Florence: I just received *Knockers,* which I love. I don't think it's obsolete; after all, it's in *Studs Lonigan,* and I'm simply crazy about Farrell. It's a great title, and we're going to keep it. I've got the cover all figured out. The O and C are going to have nipples in them, and it's just darling. If you want to write a sequel, we can do the same thing with *Boobs*. By the way, Mr. Lewis says you should include rimming.

Love, Elsie

Dear Elsie: Enclosed is the partial *Boobs*. If you will tell me what rimming means, I'll write some.

Love, Florence

Dear Florence: Enclosed is contract for *Boobs*. Mr. Lewis said that rimming means "analingus." Ugh. However, the customer is always right. Mr. Lewis says we should use titles that parody titles of famous books so that the guilty and/or ignorant reader will simply grab ours off the shelves, thinking that he's getting something classic.

Love, Elsie

Dear Elsie: Enclosed are the partials for *Far from the Rimming Crowd* and a gay boy story called *Forever Umber*. What do you think of *Bleak Whorehouse*?

Love, Florence

Dear Florence: Here are the contracts. Your titles are just adorable. I don't think *Bleak Whorehouse* would ring a bell, but we might do *A Tail of Two Cities*. That's awfully cute.

Love, Elsie

Dear Elsie: Enclosed are the *Tail* and *War and Piece*.

Love, Florence

Dear Florence: That's precious. I thought you might like to know that Mr. Lewis said your *Boobs* was great. He said that the sex (handling, timing, and intensity of description) was quite erotic—and dirty. If you use this manuscript as a model, I don't see how you could ever be rejected. Also, Mr. Lewis said to keep up the fucky dialogue during

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the sex scenes, because it adds so much to the depraved tone. Wait till you see the new dress I got for the Christmas party. On sale at Bonwit's for only $40. I had to take up the neck, though, because it was so low it embarrassed me.

Love, Elsie

I was invited to the office Christmas party, and Elsie suggested that I stay overnight with her in New York so that I wouldn't be raped on the way home.

"I'm afraid it would ruin your style," she said worriedly.

Mr. Lewis tended bar. When someone started to say, "Did you hear the one about the girl who—," Mr. Lewis waved the ice tongs and yelled, "No shop! No shop!"

The proofreader had just gotten married. She asked for a double bourbon on the rocks, looked at it for a moment, shook her head sadly and said, "I really need this." After three more, she got Elsie and me in the corner and nailed us with a troubled, red eye.

"Look," she said, "I've got to save my marriage. Do you know what my honeymoon was like? Do you honestly know what my honeymoon was like? Well, I'll tell you what my honeymoon was like."

"Sweetie," Elsie said kindly, "you don't have to repeat yourself to take up space. You're not doing layout now, this is a party. No dropped heads, ha-ha."

The proofreader burst into tears. "My honeymoon was like a sailor going for a boat ride on liberty!"

"Imagine that," I said. "A boat ride on liberty."

Elsie and I exchanged a helpless look while the girl drained her drink and poured another.

"Look," she said. "About this business of lubrication. I don't lubricate like the women in our books!"

"Who does?" Elsie shrugged. "If I did, I'd go get a Pap test before it was too late."

"Look. Do you think my pussy is a passion-drenched quivering, oleaginous, swollen mass of lubricious lust? Do you think my coral flanges glisten with the burning spray of cunt nectar?"

"I hope not," said Elsie. "You've used up all your sick leave."

"Do you have any idea what my hair-fringed cloven oval is like? Well, I'll tell you what my hair-fringed cloven oval is like. IT'S AS DRY AS A GODDAMN BONE! A BONE!"

"Girls, girls, no shop! No shop!"

Later on in Elsie's apartment, she and I got into our nighties and robes, sat down together on the sofa, curled our legs under us and started to gab. It was silent, intimate, a perfect setting for no-holds-barred girl talk.

"What do you think of the gold crisis?" Elsie asked.

Dirty books are reviewed in gay or underground newspapers. I had always worried that my gay-male sex scenes would not ring true, but I was pleasantly surprised to find that *Boys in the Bed* was reviewed most

CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

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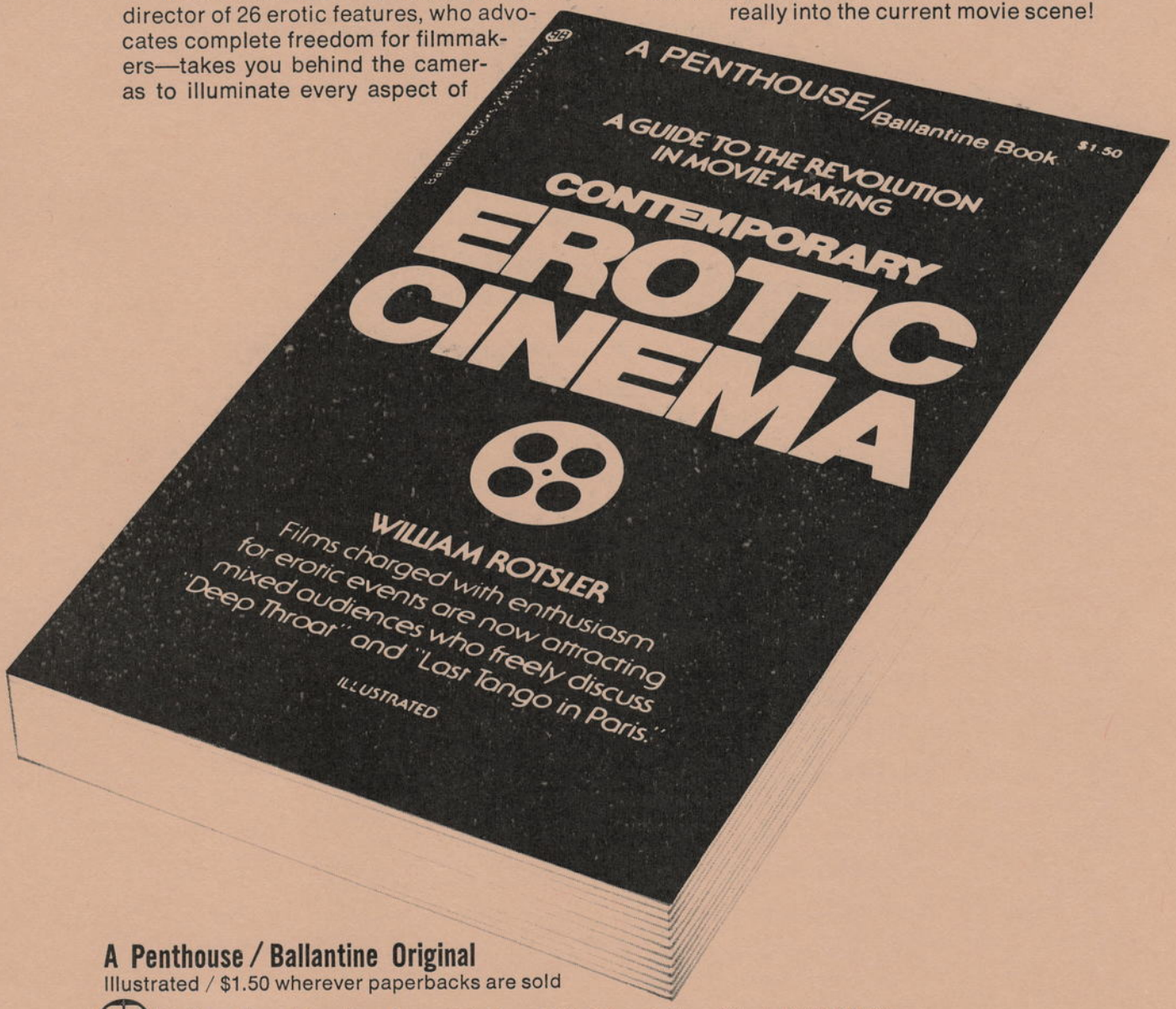
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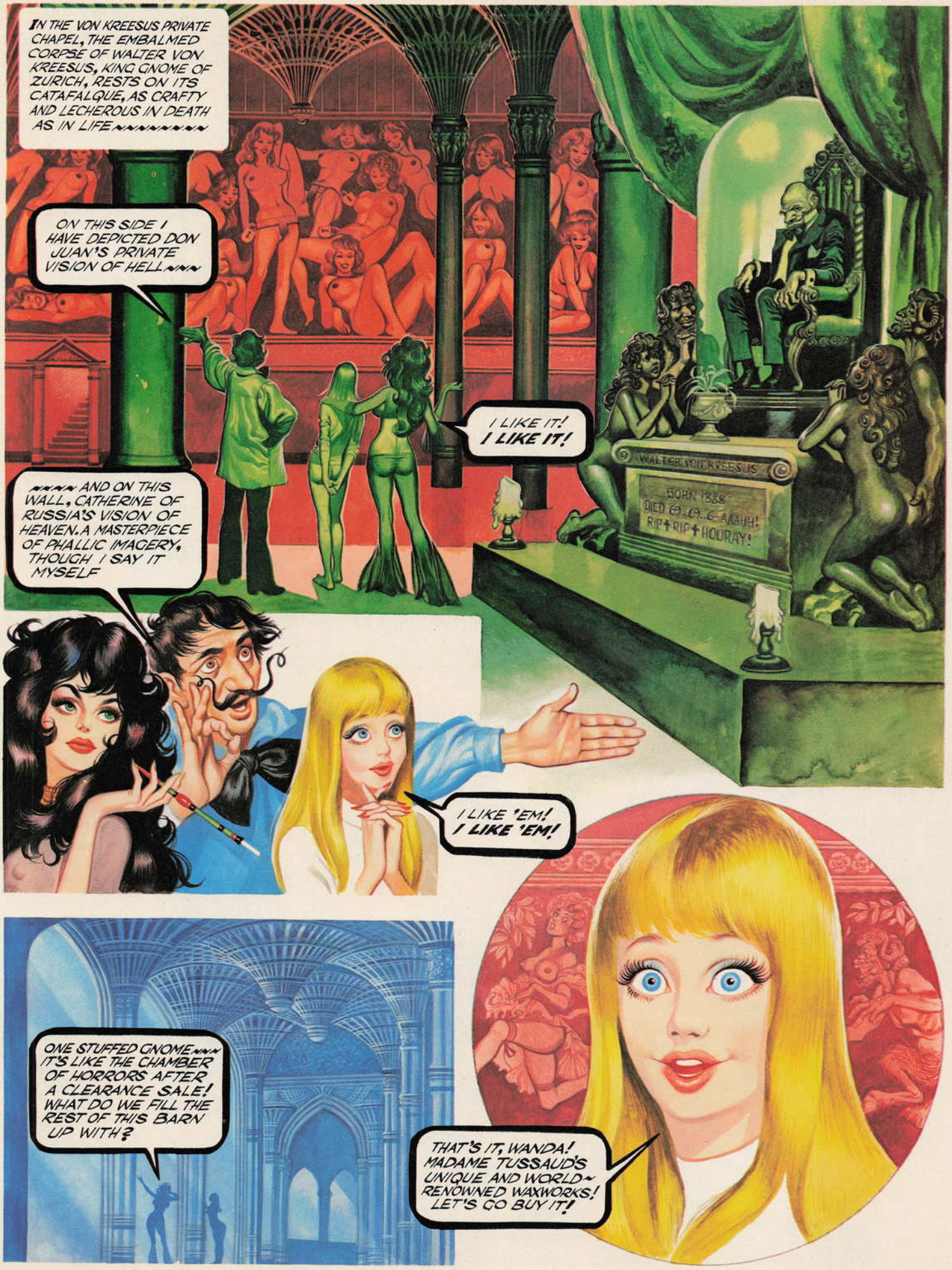
OH, WICKED WANDA!
AS AN UNSEXPECTING WORLD GOES ABOUT ITS PALTRY AFFAIRS, WANDA VON KREESUS —HEIRESS TO HER KING-GNOME FATHER'S INCALCULABLE MILLIONS AND ALL BUT ONE OF HER DISEASED MOTHER'S UNIMAGINABLE VICES—LOLLS IN THE PINK BOUDOIR OF HER SINISTER SCHLOSS ON LAKE ZURICH. CANDYFLOSS, HER NYMPHET ACCOMPLICE, AND HOMER SAPIENS, HER RESIDENT EGGHEAD ARE DOING THEIR RESPECTIVE OWN THING, WHILE HER CHIEF JAILER, THE ODIOUS J. HOOVER GRUD, STANDS BY FOR THE NOCTURNAL WORKOUT
WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE RACKET OUT THERE?
SOUNDS LIKE THE DOGS ARE EATING AGAIN
MMMMmmm TASTES DELICIOUS!
KERUNCH
AAAGH!
SNARL
ROAR

by Frederic MULLALLY and Ron Embleton
ANOTHER DRAGGY DAY COMING UP FOR LIL' CANDYFLOSS AND ME....WONDER WHAT THE ORDINARY FOLKS ARE DOING FOR KICKS?
LOOK, WANDA! JUST AS WE ALWAYS SUSPECTED!
HISSSS
ANOTHER LATE START... MAYBE I OUGHT GET IN THERE AND START WARMING UP SOME OF THOSE BLACK HIDES FOR THE MISTRESS
ABANDON HOPE ALL MEN FINKS WHO TTER HERE
THAT WAS WONDERFUL, PLUTO, MY NEW SENSOR MONITORING DEVICE WORKS PERFECTLY .... I COULD TASTE EVERY YUMMY MOUTHFUL!
"FLOAT LIKE A BUTTERFLY, STING LIKE A BEE~~~" WHO DID HE THINK HE WAS KIDDING? SO WHAT'S NEXT ON THE MENU?
THAT NUTTY MURALIST YOU HIRED TO DECORATE YOUR OLD MAN'S PRIVATE CHAPEL ~~~ YOU WANNA SEE HOW IT'S GOING?
OKAY—BUT THE CHAMP OUGHT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT FIRST, PUSSCAKE. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
GROAN
I SAY THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BLOWING ONE'S OWN STRUMPET, DARLING


IN THE VON KREESUS PRIVATE CHAPEL, THE EMBALMED CORPSE OF WALTER VON KREESUS, KING GNOME OF ZURICH, RESTS ON ITS CATAFALQUE, AS CRAFTY AND LECHEROUS IN DEATH AS IN LIFE
ON THIS SIDE I HAVE DEPICTED DON JUAN'S PRIVATE VISION OF HELL
I LIKE IT! I LIKE IT!
WALTER VON KREESUS
BORN 1868
DIED 69..69..6-AAAH!
RIP † RIP † HOORAY!
AND ON THIS WALL, CATHERINE OF RUSSIA'S VISION OF HEAVEN. A MASTERPIECE OF PHALLIC IMAGERY, THOUGH I SAY IT MYSELF
I LIKE 'EM! I LIKE 'EM!
ONE STUFFED GNOME... IT'S LIKE THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS AFTER A CLEARANCE SALE! WHAT DO WE FILL THE REST OF THIS BARN UP WITH?
THAT'S IT, WANDA! MADAME TUSSAUD'S UNIQUE AND WORLD-RENOWNED WAXWORKS! LET'S GO BUY IT!

AND SO, FROM LAKE ZURICH TO LONDON~~~~
WONDERFUL WHAT THEY CAN DO WITH WAX!
MPHHH!
CHAMBER OF HORRORS
UNDER REPAIR FOR MOTH DAMAGE AND ARTERIOSCLEROSIS
COME ON, PUSSCAKE—LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE REAL GHOULS
KID'S STUFF! COMPARED WITH THE SHOW GRUD AND I CAN PUT ON BACK AT THE SCHLOSS, THIS IS A LOVE-IN!
HEY, WANDA! YOU WANNA SEE WHAT MADE DRACULA RUN?

ABOARD ONE OF THE VON KREESUS EXECUTIVE JETS, RETURNING OUR DISAPPOINTED HEROINES TO THE SCHLOSS...
LOOK, CAP'N — ISN'T THAT ONE OF THOSE DUTCH DIKES DOWN THERE?
NEGATIVE. COMMANDER WANDA'S GOT 'EM ALL SIGNED UP TO HER PUSS CORPS
VALKYRIE
THAT TUSSAUD'S WAS A REAL DRAG. WHO WANTS A BUNCH OF WAX DUMMIES? IF I GO INTO THIS THING, IT'S GOTTA BE THE AUTHENTIC LIVING FLESH, HONEYPOT
GREAT, BOO'FUL. IT'S LIKE I KEEP SAYING — WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE REAL THING FOR A CHANGE
I'M TALKING ABOUT PEOPLE, YOU NUTTER! OUR OWN UNIQUE MUSEUM OF HUMAN APES — LIVING TABLEAUX OF TOP PERSONALITIES. HOW DOES THAT GRAB YOU?
SUPER! CAN WE START WITH BURT REYNOLDS — OR THE RED ARMY CHOIR — OR...??
IF YOU DON'T CONCENTRATE ON THE JOB IN HAND, PUSSCAKE, WE'LL BE STARTING OFF WITH GENERAL AMIN!

UNCLE VLAD
MUM
WE'RE OFF ON OUR TRAVELS AGAIN, EGG~ BONCE. I WANT YOU TO OPEN UNLIMITED DRAWING ACCOUNTS FOR ME IN EVERY MAJOR WORLD CAPITOL. AND~~~
~~~ MAKE ME A LIST OF IRRECONCILABLE PERSONALITIES IN THE INTERNATIONAL WHO'S WHO, STARTING —LEMME SEE— WITH HENRY KISSANRUN AND JANE FONDLE

YVES, BE A DARLING AND RUN ME UP THE KINKIEST WARDROBE OF SEX-GEAR YOU'VE EVER DESIGNED AND FLY IT HERE WITH YOUR BEST FITTERS
FOR YOU, WANDA DUCKY— I'LL DROP EVERYTHING

PUSS FORCE COMMAND H.Q
KEEP THE BIG JET ON RED ALERT~~~ GLOBAL INTELLIGENCE UNITS ON STAND-BY~~~~~~~~~
~~~ AND HAVE THE PUSS FORCE ON PARADE AT 0-TEN HOURS!
UNDRESSED PARADE?
WE DON'T HAVE TIME
COMMDR. GERMAN GRRR PIF
FIR

ON THE PARADE GROUND, WANDA BEGINS HER INSPECTION WITH THE DISCIPLINARY RITUAL SO EAGERLY LOOKED FORWARD TO BY HER PRIVATE ARMY OF BUTCH-DIKES, THE PIF (PUSS INTERNATIONAL FORCE) OF WHICH SHE IS THE PIFCO.
HEY! THIS IS YOUR SECOND TIME AROUND!
NUTS!
COMRADES! TODAY YOUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IS OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE WITH HER ADJUTANT-GENITAL, CANDYFLOSS. SOME OF YOU WILL HAVE A PART TO PLAY IN IT, NO DOUBT. MEANTIME, WHILE YOU AWAIT MY CALL, YOU WILL FAITHFULLY OBSERVE YOUR PUSS FORCE DUTY WHICH IS TO THINK WICKED AND NEVER GIVE A MALE SUCKER AN EVENING'S BREAK OR AS OLIVER CROMWELL ALMOST SAID, "PUT YOUR TRUST IN THE LEWD BUT KEEP YOUR PUDENDA DRY"!
SHOULDERS BACK!
EXHIBITIONIST!
AND WITH THAT ROUSING ORDURE OF THE DAY WE SAY "BON VOYEURAGE!" AND "VAYA CON DILDOS!" TO THE TERRIBLE TWOSOME. DON'T MISS THEIR ABOMINABLE SEXPLOITS IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

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⅞" size
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ONCE UPON AN ABACUS

The Chinese may have invented the hand-held calculator, but the Japanese breathed electronic life into accountancy-by-abacus. The result of this marriage is the electronic mini-calculator, which is rapidly becoming the everyday plaything of consumer electronics.

But these new adding, multiplying, subtracting and dividing machines are no toys. As thin as 3/8 of an inch, they range from under $100 to more than $300.

Shown are some of the current crop, all designed to perform a variety of mathematical functions.

The Busicom LE-80 retails for $199.95; the Casio-Mini, for $59.95; the Canon Pocketronic for $192.00; the Hewlet-Packard for $395.00; the Melcor for $99.95; the Panasonic for $139.95; The Royal Digital for $149.95; the Sharp EL-814 for $185.00; the Sinclair Executive for $149.95; the Texas Instrument SR-10 for $149.95; and the Craig 4505 selling for $129.95.

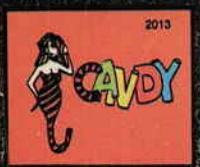
Now, don't you wish you had one of these babies when it came to income-tax time? Don't despair, for you still have Christmas to look forward to.

SHARP EL-814
HEWLET-PACKARD
BUSICOM LE-80
CANON POCKETRONIC
PANASONIC
TEXAS INSTRUMENT SR-10

IF YOU OWN RECORDS, CASSETTES OR 8 TRACKS

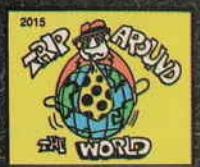
Here comes Penthouse with something new and different. The magazine that does beautiful things first presents an innovation in sound destined to entertain you for many hours. Penthouse boldly presents the Dirty Dozen. It is a collection of records, eight track tapes or cassettes featuring uninhibited, ribald humor that tells it like it is with **no punches pulled**. The Dirty Dozen is "instant" party, tons of laughs, entertainment for the modern, free-thinking, liberated Penthouse person. Ever been to a Las Vegas show where you were surprised at how the big names said some things that made even you blush. Well, that's what the Dirty Dozen is all about. Much of this material was recorded live while some was even too risque for night club audiences, but that's the Dirty Dozen. Twelve of the worst, but that makes them the best. Finally cost, the price for **tapes** eight track or cassette is $5.98 each, any six for $30.00, or the entire Dirty Dozen for $55. **Records** are $4.98 each, any six for $25, or the entire Dirty Dozen for $45. Order today from Penthouse.

the PENTHOUSE dirty dozen



Colleen Lovett shows why she feels that happiness is a bare bottom.

The soul clowns and the queen of comedy, now together, a knockin' at your back door loaded with laughs.



An orgy of laughter including all of a sudden, how to get rid of your wife, and others.

Here is Belle Barth recorded live in her fabulously funny 5:00 a.m. show.

Billy Devroe and the Devilaires are sure to have you rolling out of your chair with these tales.

The talents of Mantan Moreland and Livinghood are a must for any party.

In her wildest fantasies, mother never dreamed of anything like the hilarious comedy of Kenny Karol.

Hysterically humorous moments including — Toilet Paper, Feel mine and others.

The act of love . . . that carnal carnival, passionate and proud here recorded live.

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Chester Caloun in a riotously funny series of zany and dirty schizophrenic tales.

Bub Thomas brings you a brimful of bawdy hits and howlers, recorded "live" at the roaring 20's club.

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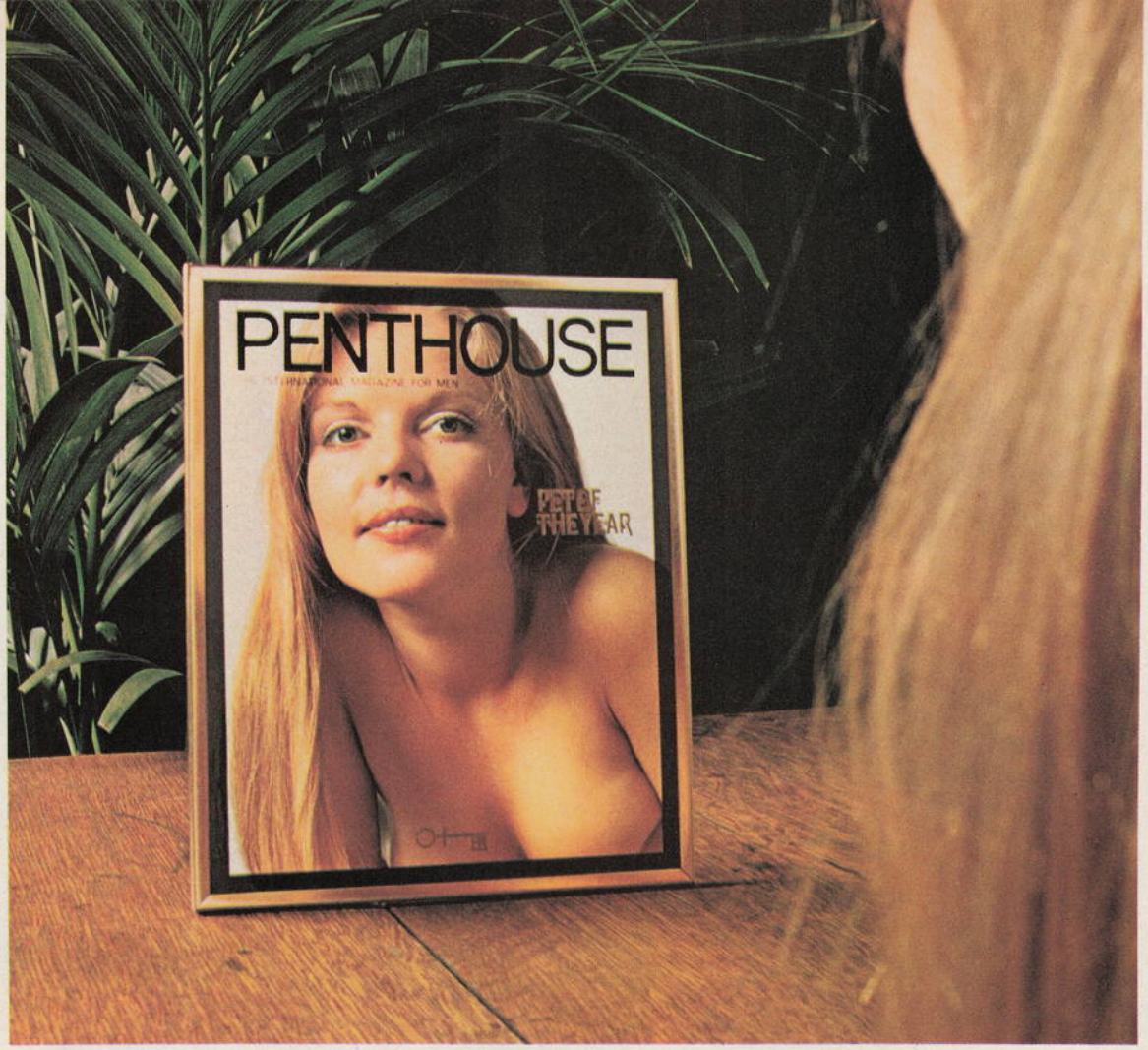
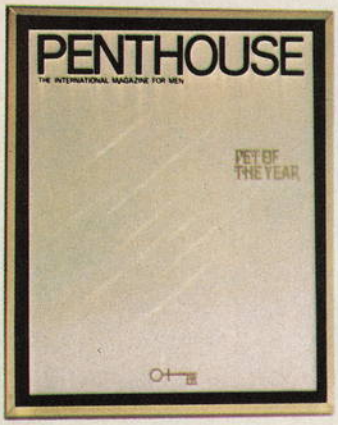


Dearest,

I'm Babette and I'm staring at myself in this "Pet of the Year" mirror. It's a groovy reflection and I adore the guy who gave it to me. It's really a dynamite gift. She'll love it, I promise.

Affectionately,
Babette



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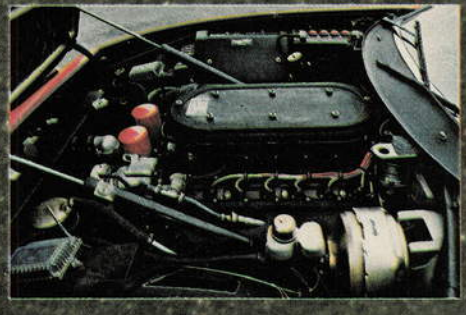

Luigi Chinetti, Jr. leans on the Ferrari he has raced all over the world.

Photography by Bill Oursler

ferrari daytona: CAR OF CARS

The Ferrari is the Car of cars. If its performance is occasionally less than perfect, it's still a crowd pleaser, both on the circuit and on the street. It's an automobile that can't be denied.

The Daytona model (365 GTB-4) traces its lineage back to the finely tuned racing department of the factory in Modena, Italy, where the original design for this 4390cc. V-12 engine was first tried out in the famous P-4 competition jobs. With a body design by Pinin Farina, the original Daytona was entered at the 1971 Le Mans, the last year of the five-liter formula. Now outlawed, the big-engined race cars such as the Porsche 917 and the Ferrari 512 attained speeds close to 250 mph as they roared down the Mulsanne straights. When the engines finally shut down, the Daytona, driven by Luigi Chinetti, Jr. and Bob Grossman, had finished fifth overall and first in its class, beaten only by four five-liter cars. It was an impressive debut.

Since that time, the machine, designed as a high-speed, four-passenger car, has racked up class wins at Watkins Glen, N.Y. and, appropriately, Daytona, Fla. With 352 horsepower at 7,500 rpm, the car accelerates to 59, 86, 116, 146 and 174 mph in the five forward gears.

The Daytona is technically dazzling. A rigid tubular frame, fully independent suspension and a transaxle ensure tight, careful balance and road handling. Ventilated disk brakes on all four wheels, operated by a servo unit, will stop the car on a dime. The large-section 215 × 15 tires on light alloy rims provide excellent traction on wet and dry surfaces. The engine has four chain-driven overhead camshafts and six Weber carburetors.

Priced at $26,000, the Ferrari Daytona is a car you can love.

60 monster hits

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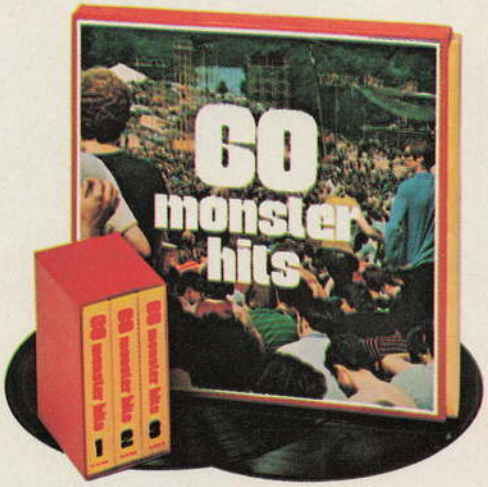
RECORD ONE
Side One
BRANDY
Looking Glass
THE WITCH QUEEN OF NEW ORLEANS
Redbone
YOU'VE MADE ME SO VERY HAPPY
Blood, Sweat & Tears
LIAR
Argent
HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY BROTHER
The Hollies
Side Two
ARE YOU READY?
Pacific Gas & Electric
EVIL WAYS
Santana
I'D LOVE TO CHANGE THE WORLD
Ten Years After
TIME OF THE SEASON
The Zombies
TURN, TURN, TURN
(To Everything There Is a Season)
The Byrds

RECORD TWO
Side One
INDIAN RESERVATION
(The Lament of the Cherokee)
Paul Revere & The Raiders
ATLANTIS
Donovan
SYLVIA'S MOTHER
Dr. Hook and The Medicine Show
ELI'S COMIN'
Laura Nyro
PIECE OF MY HEART
Janis Joplin
Big Brother and The Holding Company
Side Two
HALLELUJAH
Sweathog
GET IT ON
Chase
PICKIN' UP THE PIECES
Poco
MERCY, MERCY, MERCY
The Buckinghams
SEASON OF THE WITCH
Steve Stills/Al Kooper

RECORD THREE
Side One
I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW
Johnny Nash
LONG COOL WOMAN IN A BLACK DRESS
The Hollies
HOUSE AT POOH CORNER
Loggins and Messina
ONLY YOU KNOW AND I KNOW
Delaney & Bonnie
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING
Chi Coltrane
Side Two
BABY DON'T GET HOOKED ON ME
Mac Davis
THE COVER OF "ROLLING STONE"
Dr. Hook and The Medicine Show
THEM CHANGES
Carlos Santana and Buddy Miles
THANK YOU
Sly and The Family Stone
SILVERBIRD
Mark Lindsay

RECORD FOUR
Side One
HOLD YOUR HEAD UP
Argent
HURDY GURDY MAN
Donovan
WE'VE GOT TO GET IT ON AGAIN
The Addrisi Brothers
ALL THE YOUNG DUDES
Mott the Hoople
OYE COMO VA
Santana
Side Two
ME AND BOBBY McGEE
Janis Joplin
HEART FULL OF SOUL
The Yardbirds
WEDDING BELL BLUES
Laura Nyro
SAN FRANCISCO
(Be Sure to Wear Flowers in Your Hair)
Scott McKenzie
SHARON
David Bromberg

RECORD FIVE
Side One
ARIZONA
Mark Lindsay
WHO'S MAKING LOVE
Johnnie Taylor
(If You Let Me Make Love to You Then)
WHY CAN'T I TOUCH YOU?
Ronnie Dyson
NEVER MY LOVE
The Addrisi Brothers
MORE TODAY THAN YESTERDAY
Spiral Starecase
Side Two
EVERYDAY PEOPLE
Sly and The Family Stone
THE HORSE
Cliff Nobels
YOUNG GIRL
Gary Puckett and The Union Gap
HEY BABY (They're Playing Our Song)
The Buckinghams
SOUL LIMBO
Booker T. and The MG's
PEOPLE
The Tymes



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RECORD SIX
Side One
I CAN'T TURN YOU LOOSE
Edgar Winter's White Trash
POWDER BLUE MERCEDES QUEEN
Paul Revere & The Raiders
A BOY NAMED SUE
Johnny Cash
MR. TAMBOURINE MAN
The Byrds
FAIS-DO
Redbone
Side Two
SPINNING WHEEL
Blood, Sweat & Tears
WOMAN, WOMAN
Gary Puckett and The Union Gap
KIND OF A DRAG
The Buckinghams
WATERMELON MAN
Mongo Santamaria
CITY
The Tymes

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BLACK MOSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

from then on I was like a campus hero. The girls began to make eyes at me. I mean the prettier girls. So I felt like I had the choice of some action. Not a *premium* choice maybe, but that was the start of my confidence.

Somehow, though, my first experiences with women were painful. Not the physical experiences, but experiences like knowing the attitude of a woman, knowing what she's planning, when she's truthful, when she's taking advantage of you. Even going through all that, I still think a woman is the greatest thing that ever happened to a man.

Feeling like that, sometimes I wonder why my marriages have failed. Well, my first marriage—I guess we were just too young. And sometimes it's bad to marry because of pregnancy. I feel that before a person marries he should really know *who* he wants to marry. A lot of people live together now for a long time before they marry. I see nothing wrong with that, because it's always different on the outside from on the inside. The moment you *do* get married, you might discover that you *can't* live together.

I have two children by my first marriage. I have three by the second. My second wife was very young when we got together, and we had a lot of fun in the earlier stages. But, I don't know, I guess you might say that we were victimized by the life-style that plagues the marriage of an entertainer—absence from home and involvement with a career. Sometimes there are bad vibes between the two people. Whoever the entertainer is, the man or the woman, the other will become insecure in some ways. That one will feel, "Well, I'm not important, I'm not good enough for him," and all that kind of thing. It takes a hell of an understanding person to keep it all together in the absence of the other. That's one thing that was responsible for the failure of my marriages.

If a man is to go forward and represent himself, he will also be representing his wife, his woman. Once he has been accepted by the public, he doesn't belong completely to her any more. He belongs to all those people he's entertaining. And that's her sacrifice. Actually, she should be grateful for the part she has; it's an honor for her to have such a part, even if it's a small one, because everybody wants part of it. He has chosen to live his life with her and share his name with her. She serves as some kind of inspiration to him. So when he's giving himself to the public, he's also really giving her what he has to offer. It's a great demand on the woman, but I feel that she should try to be what he wants her to be in regard to his profession. She should equip herself socially. Once she is the wife of a great entertainer, people will have their eyes on her. Whatever she does reflects on him. She can be his right arm if she'll try.

I guess I'm not going to marry again. No—I'll float free. Of course, I'm sure there will be an affair. I'll keep it an affair, though, which is good. Some people say I'm a sex maniac, but I guess all men are, really. Today a lot of women come on all the time because I'm Isaac Hayes. Well, I like that, but then I don't like it, too. I like it because, well, I guess it's the egotistical thing. But I don't like it because *I am Isaac Hayes.* I'd feel better if they came on because they knew the real me, rather than just the successful me. I've never had an encounter that worked into something nice as a result of this kind of public adulation.

But sex plays a great part in my life. I had to grow up fast—I had to be a man fast. For survival. I was exposed to things before my time and—being in the ghetto—I had experiences with older women. Because they were *there,* and I guess my innocence appealed to them. There it was. And I liked what I was experiencing. I wanted to improve on it. And the way to improve on it was to get more involved.

So I discovered that I was a sex fiend, maniac, whatever—and it reflects in my music. Being so busy, I have no hobbies. Music is my only hobby, and sex feeds it. The two go hand in hand. Love, life and sex are the same thing. Love comes with sex and sex comes with life. People say I'm a sex symbol and all that. I've never tried to be. I never see myself like that. But if that's the way *they* see me, then that's their thing. I don't knock it, you know.

I like all kinds of women, but being a black man I know more black women. I can't help feeling that the black woman is stronger sexually than the white woman. It's her background. When blacks were brought to this country, they had young, strong men whose job was to mate with the black women and produce strong slaves.

That institution, the breeding pen, helped to heighten black sexuality. Remember that black men and women worked hard in the fields all day and had neither the daylight hours nor the money to enjoy the kinds of recreation available to whites. They only had each other. Each other's arms, each other's sex. They lived all crowded together.

Even after slavery and right down to the present day, the poor blacks have lived crowded together without the opportunity to do very much in this world. So when night comes they're all huddled together and sex takes place. The children are aware of it from when they're very little. It permeates the whole atmosphere, and it's natural.

During the day, when most of the mothers are away working, the kids run free. They find each other. They explore. They develop sexual relationships very early. So sex for the black has always been a free and available thing. I had my first sexual experiences way before puberty.

Anyway, it's this whole background that makes the black people more sexual, and that's why I prefer black women. Probably that's part of the reason, too, why white men go sneaking after black prostitutes. Another part of it is just the mystery of the forbidden.

As I say, I like most women, but some women bug me. I'm moody. A woman who can't judge my moods is the one who bugs me most. I don't like them to be overly affectionate either. Well, sometimes I like it, but often I don't.

I don't like women who are easy prey. I don't like pushovers. I like a fairly strong woman. Strong in all ways. One with a temper. Of course, I don't like things to get to the *throwing* stage, but I do like a woman with some fire in her.

A lot of women respond to me and to my music. In fact, a lot of people do. That's the way this being called "Black Moses" got started. Some people feel that this was a self-annointed thing, but it was really the guys that used to travel with me when I first started doing concerts. They used to say, "Man, do you know who you are? Look at how those people love you, look at how they respond. You bring so much warmth into people's lives. You're Moses, man! You're the Black Moses of the music world!" Well, because of my upbringing, I thought this was sacrilegious and I said, "No, man, don't lay that Black Moses thing on me."

But they began to call me Moses—I mean the people who worked around me—and I guess that unconsciously I responded to it. I thought, well, as long as I can inspire them in this manner, as long as it means something to the black kid in the ghetto so he'll try to make it the right way instead of through shortcuts, criminal tactics, and things like that, then I'll be Moses. So I accepted it. It's not a gimmick. It's a reality.

I'm not a conventionally religious person anymore. I don't go to church, at least not in the sense that I used to, but I don't forget God. I never cease to think of Him and thank Him for my achievements. I pray for the things I want and need, but I feel that living is taking things on a daily basis. I don't feel that I have to go to church for that. Besides, a lot of churches I've seen are just a fashion show. You see who has what on, who's going out with whom. I don't go for that. Also, if I went to church, I'd be asked to do this and do that—and I hate to say no. I still try to catch gospel shows, though.

After all these years, I'm finally content with my grandmother's situation. I always prayed that I'd live to see the day when she wouldn't have to work and say "Yes sir" and "No sir" to anybody. Her name is Rushia Wade, and now she has clothes and the proper attention. My chauffeur takes her wherever she wants to go, whenever. And she's a popular lady. That makes me feel good. It really touched me when she came up here after the Academy Awards. I took her all around the house and grounds. She looked at all the beautiful flowers, and the bees were buzzing and it was so peaceful. She said, "You know, I never did think I'd live to see this day." I almost choked up.

My grandmother raised me. I was born in the general area of Covington, Tennes-

see. At least, I always say Covington, but it was more like Rialto, which is so small I don't think it's on the map. There's a railroad track that goes right by; there's one store and a water tank. I lived there with my grandparents, who were sharecroppers.

There was just my sister and me. She was a year older, and we had different fathers. Hers had been killed in an auto accident and then Mother married mine. When I was less than two, Mother died in a mental institution—I don't know the cause—and my father left.

But the life in the country was really good. We used to milk the cows and slop the hogs, and I did a little picking cotton. We didn't have any electricity then; we only had a wood-burning fireplace and kerosene.

But then we moved to Memphis and things weren't so good. I felt lost in the city. I really did. There was a lot I didn't know. I'd never seen a popsicle man before. I'd never gone to parks where kids were playing. The electricity, the running water—I didn't know about these things. We'd had a well in the country. My grandmother was really wonderful, though. She would sit down and read stories to my sister and me from this Bible book for young kids. It was from the Bible but simplified, so us kids could understand it. She'd read out of other books, too, about the medieval period in Europe. And my uncle, some of his old textbooks, she'd read to us out of those.

We supported ourselves by working in the cotton fields. A guy would have a bus, and he'd make some kind of deal with a plantation owner in Tennessee or Arkansas. He'd say, "I'll haul about twenty or thirty head of people," and the plantation owner would pay him about two dollars a head, and they would go pick cotton. If you chopped cotton, it was three dollars for ten hours. Yeah. In the hot blazing sun. If you only picked cotton, I'd say it was a maximum of three dollars per hundred pounds of cotton. I mean my grandmother, she would do this every day. When I was old enough, I picked cotton too.

The first time I got a dollar bill I was tickled to death, because it was a big piece of money to me. My sister and I could go to pick cotton because the board of education in Memphis was quite understanding and tolerant so far as letting the kids have some time out from school to work.

Then my grandfather developed a heart condition, and we often had to be separated. Let's see, I guess I was about ten years old when my grandmother and grandfather stayed with an uncle of mine. My sister stayed with an aunt. And I stayed with this guy who knew some of my relatives—a much older guy and slightly a drunk. I lived with him until he got picked up drunk one Friday night, and after that I didn't know where to go. So I would sleep in parked cars. I was working in a neighborhood movie theater, where I would sweep and pass out circulars, and I also worked with a man on a truck, delivering wood. I more or less had to take care of myself.

Finally we all managed to get back together. But then, in 1953, my grandfather died. We had no money that winter. It was cold and we didn't have many clothes. I was really self-conscious about my condition because I was getting older. There was no food in the house, and my sister was sick from hunger. And there was snow on the ground. We used to go out and pull the wood from under the snow. We had a woodshed out in the back, and I finally chopped it down—just wrecked it for fuel.

I don't know if we were even qualified to get into a housing project, but with my background it's not hard to see why I'm interested in developing housing for the poor. I always try to reach back and think about the underprivileged black kid. I want to share my success with him—not to spoil him by saying, "Here, you take this," but only enough to help—and show him that people who have achieved a certain amount of success are interested in him.

Stax Records feels that way, too. Our studios are still in the heart of the ghetto in Memphis. We're not in suburbia. We're in the middle of it, where you've got to drive right through it. We live it. You walk across the street to a store to buy some crackers and some little kid will sure say, "Hey! Gimme a nickle," just as I used to do.

I have some accountants in New York who handle my financial affairs. I always tell them, "Whenever I can make some type of financial investment where blacks can benefit, then I want you to look into it." Blacks have been protesting, and there *has* been a revolution in this country. But the one in economics they haven't gotten into. That's what I want to deal with. I've seen too many great black entertainers who have made wonderful contributions in the field of music be rewarded with destitution.

I'm thinking of black entertainers and of the white businessmen with fat stomachs and big cigars. "Boy, I'm gonna make you a star!" one of those businessmen would say, and the black entertainer would say, "Yessir!" He didn't know anything about business management. They'd buy him a suit of clothes and a Cadillac and he was happy—while the manager raked in all the money and sometimes didn't even take care of the tax obligations. The entertainer would be stuck with the tax man, who'd snatch everything, while the big cigar left to find another sucker to play off.

Now, I'm not gonna do that. I don't need a manager. I'll manage myself. I will pay an *adviser's* fee, but if he starts advising me wrong, I'll get somebody else. His job depends on his performance. I want it to be known that black entertainers have business minds, and that they'll take their money and build something worthwhile that can benefit other blacks.

That's how my financing a HUD-backed housing project in the Virgin Islands came about. When my accountants found out about it, they explained that a tremendous risk was involved. I took the whole thing. Usually in that kind of housing there's a group of investors, but I said I wanted the whole thing. It's a twenty-five-unit garden-apartment house. Two stories. Not only does it house blacks, it has created jobs for blacks. And I'm sure that by now applications are full for occupancy of the building.

All this talk about successful black business brings up *Shaft*—that's my greatest

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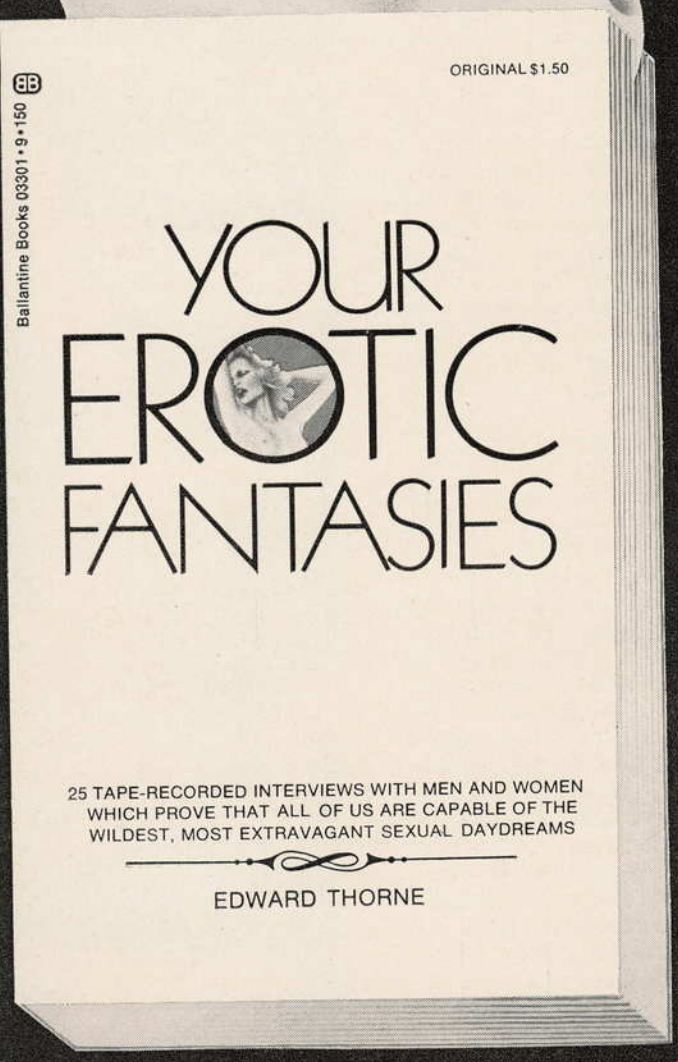
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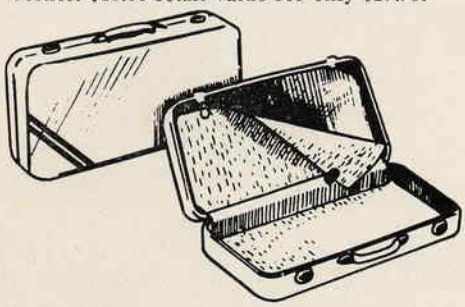

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success to date. Al Bell of Stax Records came to me and said, "How'd you like to score a movie?" I said, "I'd dig it, but man, I can't score a movie; I'd have to study hard to do that." He said, "I don't think so. MGM has a picture called *Shaft*, and for the first time we want to see the picture through just like marketing a record. And after we introduce it to the black market, it'll spill over into other markets. Black actor. Black hero. Black director. Black composer. We're gonna give blacks a chance to get involved in film making."

Then I saw some footage of the film, some rushes, the opening scene, where they wanted the music to start. I saw the love scenes. I saw a scene in a bar. I got a good feeling of the character and I said, "Well, I've got to come up with some music that's really going to showcase that character."

When you're trying to show emotion in a person, you've really got to deal with the rhythm. And the rhythm had to really signify this character Shaft. He was a relentless person. He was moving, prowling all the time. So I made the rhythm the same way. I started with the drum, the cymbal-type thing and the guitar thing. Then I had to do some other things with the instruments—make them sing. But I couldn't complete the topping, with strings and all, until I'd written the music for the whole picture.

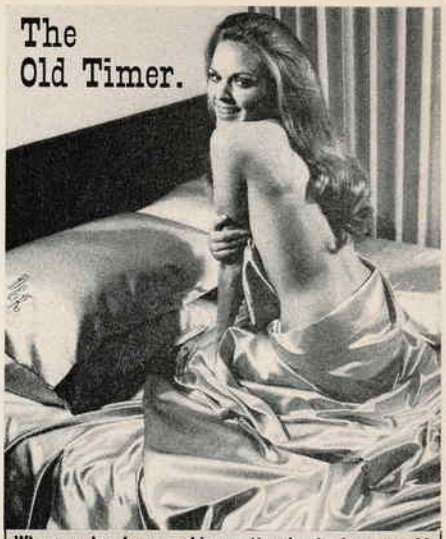
I had no ideas about winning an Academy Award. I hadn't even thought of the awards. I was just hoping and praying that I could get out of *Shaft* with my shirt on. Like wow, when the producer and director are pleased, well then good, I'm home free. It was my first movie, and I'd heard plenty about guys going in there and bombing.

The realization of how well it has gone is only beginning to come on now. And it's more gratifying when you look at television and motion pictures and hear the results of some of the things you've done. I won't say from imitators—that's kind of cruel. But, yeah, you hear some of the things that you've influenced composers to do. Like the wah-wah sound and the tick-tick-tick. It really makes me feel good, like, that's something people accept and are willing to use. When people like Henry Mancini cover your tune, I mean, it's really a thing.

So now I'm in demand to score other films. I get all kinds of offers. Yeah. But I don't want to just jump into it because it's there. Each time it has to mean something.

As far as acting is concerned, I'm considering two scripts now. But you know the market is flooded with black films, and I don't want to get into it just because I'm a black man—that's being exploited. And that's one thing I don't like. You find blacks in all walks of life, so why should films just make them pimps, prostitutes and dope peddlers? That's not all the blacks in the world. We've got teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, politicians, too.

Most of the pictures made after *Shaft* have been copies. The producers found a way to make a buck, so they turn it on—but it's just exploitation of the black theme. And



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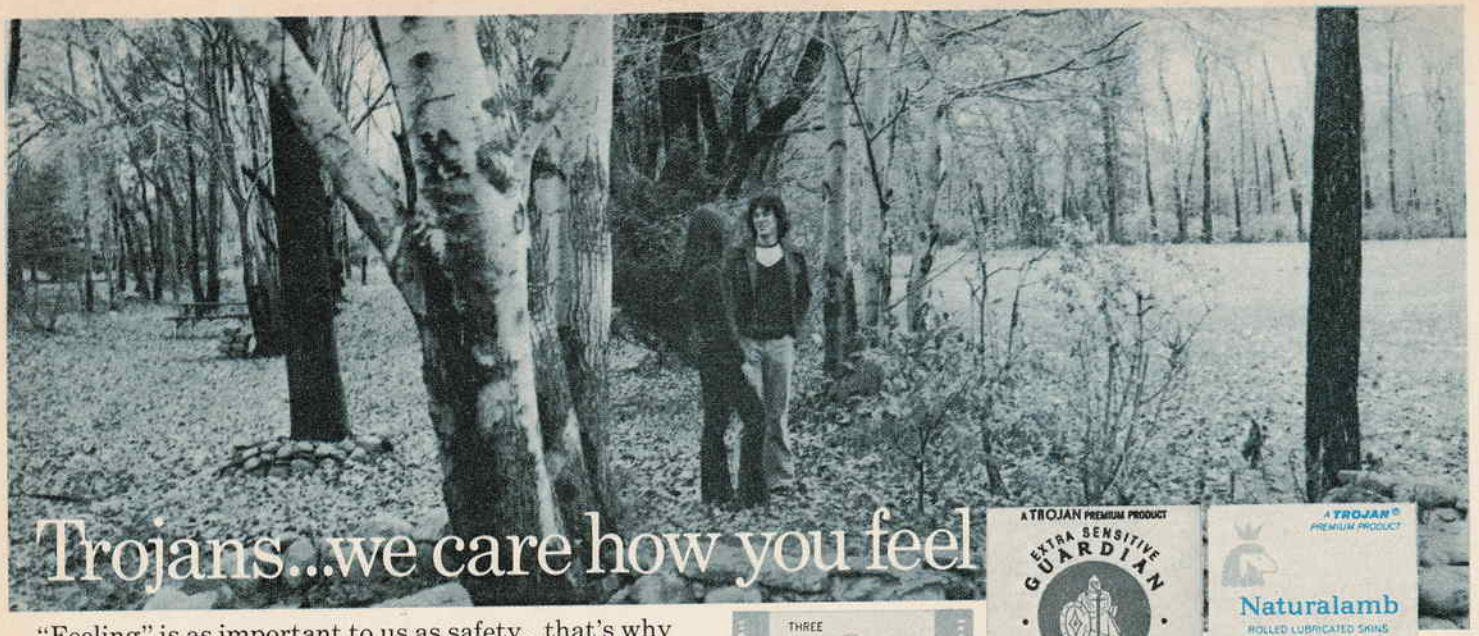

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that's dangerous. You've got to be careful how you write stuff like that. You've got to be careful about glorifying a pusher or a pimp. I could see Shaft as a hero. He was. But with *Superfly* and these other ones—well, it's easy to lead kids astray when you show them stuff like that. It's not a black and white world. We shouldn't portray it that way. In some ways, it's just winners versus losers. That's the way it is. Both black and white winners and black and white losers.

I'd like to be part of the film scene. But I turn down scripts all the time, because what I'm looking for is the script where I'm not just a black man and not in an entirely black situation. I've always wanted to play some black cat in history, say Hannibal. Guys like that have really made an impression. I have a tendency to lean toward Eastern culture—I guess because I always liked to read about it. If there's such a thing as reincarnation, I believe I once was a part of all that. Also, I think the Martin Luther King story must be done soon. Who wouldn't want that part?

And of course, I'm still wrapped up in my music, too. I've always been associated with Stax Records in Memphis. You know, there's such a thing as Memphis sound—as compared with the Detroit Motown sound. Motown things are systematic, methodical. They use a lot of technical things. Machinery. And they have a lot of grooves because they have good musicians and writers. Their whole sound has a lot to do with the engineers. Now, Memphis things are crude, raw, down to earth. We've a lot of rhythm and we've a funky bass line—horn lines. And we deal with very uncut truth. Fact. About relations between man and woman—because rhythm and blues, soul music, is honest. It's the most honest music we have. And that music has opened up the younger generation of white kids.

They'd been protected from blues, from gut-bucket, from the real honest black music. It wasn't considered nice. But after integration, the white kids said, "Hey, they're human like we are." So then the British entertainers—the Beatles and the Rolling Stones—came over and presented it to white America. Wow!

When the white kids found it, they said, "Hey, Mom, Dad. You weren't being honest with me about this music." And then they found that maybe the adult world wasn't being honest with them about a lot of things. And that turned everything upside down.

I think that the American black entertainers who had been going to Europe for so long—in the Fifties and early Sixties, people like Little Richard and not Bob Dylan—were the ones who turned the Europeans on to black music. As I said, the Beatles then brought it back over here and held it up for the American whites.

Everything is coming together now. Whatever you fancy, you can pick out. I love classical music, because that's where the greatness comes from in all my orchestration. It's not the way I'd *express* it, but I have to *appreciate* it. Sometimes, after a hard day's work at the studio, I come home and put a piece of classical music on and just sit and relax. It's able to really take me on a trip.

It will be interesting to see what music will be like ten years from now. It's becoming so free and so open. You can see that there's a lot of sex in music now, but I believe there'll be a lot more of it. These people with smut campaigns—it's not going to work. Because they're only being hypocritical about what goes on.

Music reflects what's really happening in society. In my early days, oh man, we played everywhere. We played in all kinds of places. Some of them were way back in the country, man. I remember guys coming in just out of the fields, with mud on their shoes. They had shotguns and would shoot up at the ceiling. These were black places—it was like nothing for somebody to get shot or cut.

I was singing and playing saxophone. And two of the guys that play with me now, my keyboard man, Sidney Kirk, and Mickey Gregory, we've been together since those days. We slept on the crap tables. We made five or six dollars a night. At one place we used to get one dollar and all the liquor we could drink.

I used to play gospel, too. And the old sisters would feed you all the chitlins and ham hocks and pies and turkey and dressing that you could hold. But there was no cash compensation. The best that you got was fifteen or twenty dollars for fuel and oil.

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All those experiences—a fusion of all different kinds of music—is what you hear now when I play. That's where it came from.

Of course, I had other jobs, too, because when I was in the twelfth grade, I got married. We were both nineteen, but she had graduated two years before me and left me in high school. We got married in March of my senior year. We already had a child on the way. The child was born in July. I won seven scholarships in music to places like Arkansas, Jackson State, and Southern University.

But I didn't go because of my wife and child. I had obligations, so I got this job in a packing house, wrestling hogs and cows all day. I worked in the sausage department. That almost killed me. Then I went to the smoking department, where they hickory-smoked the bacon and hams. My eyes were red all the time from that. Finally I worked on the chill floor. That was where I was running hogs up a chute to be slaughtered. You'd hear them screaming. Even in your sleep you'd hear them screaming.

I quit when I got a New Year's Eve job as a piano player. I couldn't really play very well. There was a guitarist, a drummer and myself—and the vocalists. When I got there, I found out that the other guys couldn't play, either. That kind of eased my tension. Everybody was drunk, so whatever you played, it was a groove.

I made it that first night, and everybody was saying, "Hey, you guys are groovy!" We couldn't believe it. So we kept the gig and I began to improve. We kept that job for about four or five months.

I was just knocking around, playing in clubs, picking up maybe eight bucks a night. And here we were trying to raise a baby.

I cut my first record as a vocalist in Memphis. I think it was on the Youngstown label—a tune called "Laura, We're on Our Last Go-Around." I had a few strings on that. That was in 1962. I really thought that I'd hit it! But it sold very few copies and I was very disappointed. Three times I went to Stax records, and I was turned down every time. But then I was accepted as a side musician. My first session was for an Otis Redding album, and I was all shakes. Scared to death.

Otis was an exciting cat to work with, man. He had so much dynamite, so much fire, that after he started up, you just couldn't get nervous. And I saw how they did all that arranging, all that head arranging, and that's how I started arranging for Stax. During that time, this guy named David Porter sold me on the idea of joining up with him as a writing team. That's when I met Sam and Dave, the soul duo. David and I worked with them. The first tune was a flop and the second was a mild hit. The third was "You Don't Know Like I Don't Know," and it brought Sam and Dave to the front.

After that came "Hold On, I'm Coming," "Soul Man," "When Something's Wrong With My Baby," and "Wrap It Up." That last was my first real big professional success.

I kept asking Jim Stewart at Stax if I could record myself, but Jim didn't think my voice was good enough. At that time we were living in a James Brown era. Rough singing. Nat Cole was long gone, and I was a soft singer. I couldn't really get into it. So Jim put me off. But one evening, at a party at the office, we got really smashed on hot champagne. Then Al Bell, who is now the executive vice-president of Stax, said, "I'm going to cut a record with you, man."

So we go in the studio with Al Jackson on drums and Doug Dunne on bass, and I'm sitting at the piano. And we started playing, man. It was the first album—but I didn't believe he'd release it. Then he said, "We need a photographer." And I said, "What for?" And he said, "For the album cover." He released it. It was called *Presenting Isaac Hayes*. And that was my first one. In 1967. It sold—but not fast enough.

So I was disappointed again, but I kept writing and arranging. I thought, well, I guess I'll leave the recording alone for a while. Anyway, in December, 1968, we tried again. And we did it. We put out *Hot Buttered Soul*. I think *Shaft* is the biggest I ever had, but *Hot Buttered Soul* got me started on the concert circuit. I started in Detroit on August 24, 1969, and I was sold out three weeks in advance. I was scared to death. I'd only rehearsed three days with the band, and I hadn't even worked out any kind of format. I didn't even know how I was going to get on stage.

I finally walked out with the flop hat on. The pants were, like, houndstooth check—red, white and blue. I had a burgundy vest and I wore moccasins. I was really weird. Then I took off the hat—for the bald head, you know. It had been on the album cover. Well, they went wild. I couldn't believe it. We grooved. And we got a standing ovation—my first one, ever.

About the rest of my life. I haven't any hobbies. Maybe I've limited myself. For instance, I stay away from politics as much as I can. Once you get involved in politics you just have to be very careful, because it's like walking on a minefield.

I do indulge in other things, though. I don't have to be hungry any more, and I lean toward luxury. I'm going to build a house that will be outasight. Also, I get a lot of enjoyment from my cars.

I guess my favorite is a Jag. I've got two Jag XK's. One is a V-8 and the other is a twelve-cylinder. Then, I have a gray Cadillac limousine. And I'm ordering a new one. A custom job. It will be three feet longer than the normal Caddy. I have the Mercedes 350 SL, too. That's gray. And I have a white Mark IV. And there's the gold Cadillac Eldorado. But you know, I've been so busy I haven't had the chance to drive them! The only time I get to drive is when I sometimes take the Jag out to the country.

I like to drive over to a lot of the places where I used to pick cotton. I was thinking about it recently. I thought, if my whole crew got busted, well, I'd just pick cotton. I would, too. It'd be a lot of fun.

Lady Pornographer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

favorably by a San Francisco gay newspaper called *The Advocate.*

The reviewer wrote:

"*Boys in the Bed* is the story of two men who are white-collar big-business executives by day. By night they are free to chase after long-suppressed daydreams. . . . Jess's happiness proves to be the undoing of Todd, and the undoing of Todd brings no sympathy from the reader. Each man earns exactly what he deserves. This is a strong, well-written novel that one might tend to write off as one of those good-guy-wins-bad-guy-loses books. Don't make this mistake. The author builds strong characters, never strays into the maudlin, and works up to a climax that rings true."

Whenever anyone asks me if I write hardcore pornography, I always say no. I have never written, would not write, nor have I ever been asked to write any sadism, masochism, bestiality or other sick-sick perversions. My characters always belong to the same species, and they do not beat each other up. I have written incest, which seems to be extremely popular with certain California publishers for some reason. I don't mind writing incest because, though I think it's terribly unwise, I don't know that it's actually unnatural. I am an only child myself, but I imagine that brothers and sisters growing up together have some sort of sex-consciousness about one another. I also write multiple sex scenes, which invariably end up in a jismy syntax horror. I like my sentences to parse, and I'm extremely fond of the subjunctive mode, but when I get more than two people in bed, everything goes to pot, and I revert to the Snap-Pak Flap that won't.

The Fucky Fudging period is only the first stage of pornographer DT's. I am now at the Gibberish stage. The last book I wrote sounded like a gynecologist having a nervous breakdown.

I have also reached the point of describing everything and anything in unnecessarily minute detail, such as the note I left for the electrician the other day:

"The fuse at the top with the pointy red shiny glass covering that swells into a bulbous mass underneath has emitted sharp, crackling, staccato sparks when I turn on the round button with the deeply depressed circular rim on the left-hand side of the heater."

To make my disintegration complete, I was talking to a friend, started to use the expression "tongue in cheek," and lost my voice. Everything stopped, and I just couldn't get it out.

I recently made a resolution to stop writing porns, but I have a feeling I'm hooked. This morning I had a soft-boiled egg for breakfast and ended up at the typewriter in a creative fever.

I took the glistening, virginally white oval out of the fiercely bubbling, ecstatic cauldron of hot, hot, hot water and cupped my hand around it and felt its contours with shimmering delight.

OOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH, was it hot!

YESSSSSSSSSSS!

I reached for my long, sturdy, battering egg knife and tapped.

Did it ever come open!

Wide open!

What a gorgeous gash!

UMMMMMMMMMMMM!

I want you! I'm going to eat you!

YESSSSSSSSSS!

The shell slipped off and I touched the tender, moist, protein-swollen membranes of the secret softness. The steamy slice of hot, ready, edible egg burned my fingers but I thrust firmly with my rigid tool and inserted the erect, serrated knife.

I'M YOLKING YOU!

The lubricious, oleaginous, golden yellow ambrosial nectar of the pulsating, quickening core gushed out into my egg cup.

I centered my mouth over the slickened surface of the spoon and ate, ate, ate!

"I ate you," I whispered.

Did I ever. . . .

THEEEEE ENNNNDDDDDDDDD!

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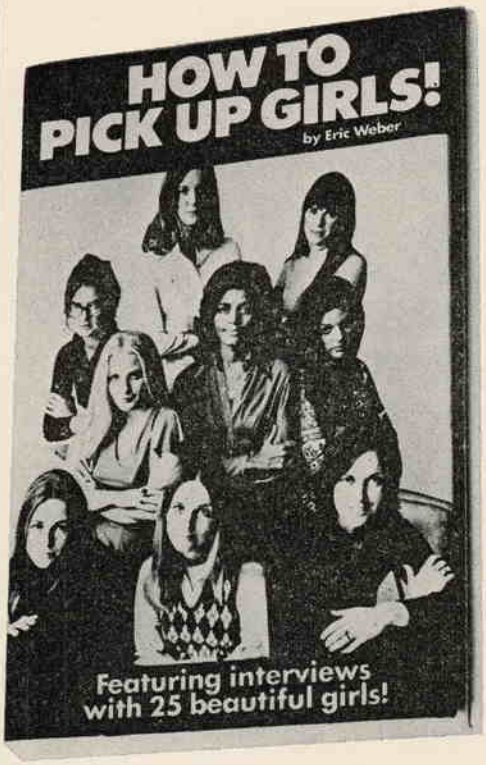
Mike Jackson



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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

space program. I made the mistake of showing too much of my silhouette. I went on the *Jack Paar Show*, and he insisted on mentioning NASA. And the very next day, a congressman called up the head of NASA and said, "What are you doing supporting this stuff?" So the head of NASA sent down a memorandum to the various people in the scientific division asking them to justify this for Congress. They did a good job. Then it got into the hands of a liaison officer between NASA's top man and Congress. And he decided to pull a fast one. Their new budget was being considered. He rewrote the memorandum and made it out to be a stupid project. That's what they presented at the hearing. When the congressman asked, "What do you mean supporting stuff like this?" the administrator said, "Well, Congressman, if you will support our main budget, we'll drop this one." It was only $180,000 that they were talking about—peanuts for them—but we had become too big in the public eye, and we were easy to shoot down. The guys who were supporting me said if NASA is going to go totally for engineering, and give up the science that's so badly needed, they're going to quit.

Penthouse: Has the dolphin work been your main area of interest?

Lilly: Not really. I only got into dolphins as a side issue in investigating humans. My training has all been in medicine and psychoanalysis. The animal stuff was merely to illustrate the thesis that we really don't understand communication as a process between species.

Penthouse: How did the LSD research fit in?

Lilly: In 1953, when I went to the National Institute of Mental Health, Humphrey Osmond had just brought LSD to this country. My friends were doing research, and they were urging me to take it. At that time I was doing studies on sensory deprivation in an isolation tank, and it seemed to me that I had to get a base line first, without chemical alteration of my central nervous system. I spent ten years in the tank working on isolation without acid. Then, in 1964, when I was ready, I got the acid—legally—and went ahead with the experiences I describe in my book, *The Center of the Cyclone*.

Penthouse: What is the central thesis?

Lilly: I'm trying to illustrate—by means of my own experiences—that the so-called consensus reality is only one of many, and that it's an arbitrary construct we build ourselves and then agree upon. If you get brainwashed into thinking that the consensus reality is the only one that exists, okay, that's where you're at, but there are alternatives.

Penthouse: What kind of response have you received from the scientific community?

Lilly: Those specific individuals within the scientific community who know what I'm talking about said it was a very *freeing* book that confirmed their own spaces. As for those individuals in the scientific community who don't know anything about it, who cares what they say? They're speaking from ignorance. I'm only interested in the people who know what I'm talking about, and those who are about to know what I'm talking about.

Penthouse: Some of the things you talk about in your book sound more like the province of the magician than the scientist.

Lilly: As our understanding increases, more is taken away from magic. Some things—changes in the state of consciousness and so on—are still in the magician's realm, but now we're beginning to take a look at them, too. Can we explain all changes of consciousness? It's a prime scientific question.

Penthouse: Do you believe that some people can send their minds through space to other places and then bring the mind back to tell about it?

Lilly: Well, I've done that myself. To me it's inexplicable, but I think the events were very real. On one occasion I went into an altered state of consciousness in which I was looking into a room filled with golden light. I saw a huge, immensely beautiful chandelier. I was filled with warm, loving feelings and a sense of childish delight and wonder at the beauty of that chandelier in the golden room, feeling the way I had in childhood at the prospect of seeing a palace like those in fairy stories. After this experiment was over—it took place in Topeka, Kansas—I called California and asked my former LSD guide what had happened to her at three o'clock that afternoon. She said, "At five minutes to three I looked up at the clock and realized I had to pick up the children at school. I started down the stairs and looked at the chandelier hanging in the stairwell. I was overcome with a sense of its immense beauty and took a childish delight in admiring its fabulous, palacelike quality."

I've had five or six of these episodes, several under controlled conditions and others under just spontaneous conditions. Now, that's the kind of evidence that makes you think there may be a system of communication that we can't yet analyze. C. G. Jung felt this, too. He believed this "synchronicity" of events might have some guiding principle behind it that man has yet to understand.

Penthouse: How would you characterize the division between the scientists who can accept what you're saying and those who say, "That's bullshit; it's cultism"?

Lilly: Scientists have private beliefs of their own. Some scientists are political animals. They don't dare admit to fooling around in this area, yet we know they do experiment.

Penthouse: Ernest Jones [Freud's most important English disciple and biographer] talked Freud out of publishing his papers on telepathy because he was afraid they would jeopardize the acceptance of the psychoanalytic movement. Is this the same kind of thing?

Lilly: A hell of a lot of stuff takes place in psychoanalysis that looks like ESP. There's a whole vast area that we're not yet capable of investigating. The phenomena are there. Belief and non-belief are beside the point. The direct experience of such phenomena is the only way; without the direct experience you only have what somebody else has written or said. Scientists aren't interested in newspaper reports. They're interested in direct experience.

Penthouse: Your book talks in pretty positive terms about the use of LSD. Do you feel that LSD is safe enough to promote like that?

Lilly: The book also warns you of the dangers of stirring up dangerous programs in yourself below your levels of learning, including killing yourself. Any tool—and LSD is a tool for investigation—can be used in a destructive way.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the legalization of LSD?

Lilly: It all depends on who controls it. Recently Phisohex was put on prescription by the FDA because some people were stupid enough to use it on newborns. Now everyone has to go to the doctor and get a prescription. That's allowing doctors and the pharmacists to control both access and prices. It's the patriarchal attitude of our particular government not to let anybody take chances. "We take all the re-

sponsibility for you," says the government. That's nonsense.

For instance, when I was a student at Cal Tech, we were asked to do certain experiments on ourselves. I went on a protein-free diet for six weeks. Then, during the war, we were asked to get blood-pressure measurements under high conditions. I climbed onto the centrifuge and stuck a needle into my artery and took my blood pressure while I was going through the gyrations. But in no case would I allow anybody else to be the subject until I'd found out what the variables were by going through it first. When it came time to take LSD in isolation, I did it myself. If you try to legislate such things for people, we're not going to get anywhere in human research. Walter Reed, under present conditions, couldn't have done his work with yellow fever. Jenner couldn't have done his work in finding the smallpox vaccine. The traditional medical researcher uses himself as the subject in the dangerous experiments he has to do in the course of his work. That's what I did.

The National Institutes of Health have gotten themselves into a pile of trouble by this jury method of selecting which experiments are appropriate. Nobody but the individual researcher knows that. No jury of my peers can tell me about *my* experiments, because they don't know enough. All you can do is allow scientists who have the qualifications to make their experiments; to give the responsibility to them and hope we get some feedback that's useful to the rest of us. We're not going to find out what LSD does by giving it only to controlled subjects in the hospital.

There is a whole pattern of human research that has developed in the last thirty years that is just absolute and utter nonsense, and that is experimentation by a group of people getting together and deciding how we are going to use human subjects in experiments.

"We won't use ourselves, because if we use ourselves we'll be biased," they say. Now this is crap—complete and utter crap. The major lesson of *The Center of the Cyclone* is that until you are willing to have the experience yourself, you can't be a scientist in that area. I'm the authority in the LSD isolation area, and until some other scientist is willing to do what I have done, he doesn't have adequate training and that's that. Okay? I know many kids today who are far better trained than a lot of M.D.'s. Then, too, I know of M.D.'s who have come from the drug culture and gone to medical school. They are still taking drugs and are still dealing with people who take drugs. They are the most beautiful M.D.'s you've ever seen. I watched one guy in a situation in which there was a very, very bad freak-out. Other people were beginning to do therapy on the poor girl who was having the freak-out, but this guy walks in and looks around the room and smiles and says, "Okay, all of you get out of here. I'm going to take care of this particular case." He asked me to stay because of my own experience. Then he just looked at the girl and said, "She isn't having any freak-out. It was those other people who were having the freak-out about her. So let's just leave her here alone. She's handling herself beautifully." All he did was get rid of the relatives who were freaking out simply because the girl had had acid. This business of demeaning people on the theoretical basis that their brains are damaged because they have had acid is pure fantasy.

Penthouse: What about genetic damage?

Lilly: Some of the nicest kids I know were conceived on acid, and the mothers each had one trip a month during pregnancy. These are groovy kids—mainly because the parents were able, after the acid experiences, to totally relax with the kids and accept them for what they are. There is no question of brain damage or anything else, because the whole group is happy and bright; they have energetic imaginations and have a ball.

Penthouse: What do you think is the reason for this tremendous prejudice against LSD?

Lilly: We don't go inside. We don't talk much about our feelings, or our inner impressions, or our inner life. We don't discuss our dreams at breakfast. It isn't considered natural to consider the inner life. So a chemical comes along that emphasizes the inner life more than the outer. A chemical that takes the inner life and dumps it outside, as LSD does, could freak out such a culture. Those who have been through it, and who understand it, know this. Since writing *The Center of the Cyclone* I've been approached by many M.D.'s who have taken acid illegally in order to gain the experience to deal with parents. They read the book and wrote me magnificent letters giving confirmation all the way down the line. These are guys who have a similar background to mine—similar training, similar philosophy. So they just followed the same pathways. It's practically inevitable.

Penthouse: Have a lot of people in the military taken acid?

Lilly: Yes, but they are in a much tougher spot. Those who took it when it was legal to take it in the military, in the chemical warfare service, ran into fantastic prejudice—much worse than we ever did in the medical side. They were looked on as freaks. They were isolated and their projects canceled.

Penthouse: What is the morality here? They are using it to further military aims, no matter what they say. Yet the people in the underground claim LSD is a peace drug.

Lilly: Well, that is the program the peace people have laid on it. The military people have never laid that program on acid. LSD is a problem-solving psychedelic. I think that if you are essentially a Samurai or a Mongolian warlord and you take LSD, all that it will do is to get you into a region that you want to go into. And that might be conquering the world. A military man can be a wide-open, fun-loving guy with a lot of compassion. But he's in the military business, because he thinks that's the only way to solve the world's problems—it's an intellectual program and doesn't have anything to do with the structure of his emotions. The peace-loving people aren't so much peace-loving as antimilitary. All LSD can do is open up alternates to your present position.

Penthouse: How did you get involved in dolphin research?

Lilly: I was working with monkey brains, and [another scientist] said, "There are animals with brains as large, and larger, than the human—the elephant, the dolphin and the whale. Why waste your time on small-brained animals when large-brained ones are available?"

Penthouse: How does the size of the brain relate to intelligence?

Lilly: If you work with any animal long enough, you'll find out what it's limits are—at least as long as his brain is smaller than yours. There was a well-studied case of a microcephalic person who had a 350-gram brain, which was exactly the same size as that of a chimpanzee. That study was published in 1900. At the age of fourteen, he had a 200-word vocabulary; at the age of thirty he had 500 words. A dedicated woman spent hours every day teaching him.

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He just didn't have the brain size to handle more than that. Any kid at three, four or five would have a bigger vocabulary than he did.

In the mammalian series of brains, as the brain gets larger, *where* does it get larger? Well, as you get into the more primitive mammals, the cerebral cortex appears. In the shrew, the cerebral cortex is incredibly small, and the shrew is incredibly limited in what it can do. As you come up the monkey series, the brain becomes larger. When you get to about the size of the macaque [short-tailed Old World monkeys, including the Rhesus, Barbary ape, etc.]—that is, 100 grams—you have done the full job as far as muscular control in the development of the brain is concerned. The whole cortex of that 100-gram brain is sensorimotor. We demonstrated that by stimulating electrodes all over it during an unanesthetized state.

When you come to the chimpanzee, there are developed areas of the cerebral cortex that we call "silent," because when you stimulate them electrically, there's neither a sensation nor a movement evoked. The first of the silent areas appears in the chimp. The sensory parts of the brain are exactly the same size in the macaque monkey and in the chimp and in us. So you come to the human. We have a parietal silent area and a frontal silent area, with the sensorimotor cortex somewhere in between. We have a huge visual area in the back, just as all monkeys have.

Now, there are dolphins with brains no larger than that of a chimp. You look at such a brain and it is almost all sensorimotor, with a small silent area like that of the chimp. Then, as you go through the series of dolphin brains, you come to Tursiops, a large dolphin that has a 40 percent larger brain than ours. Where is it larger? In the *silent* area. Then beyond us and the dolphins you come to the biggest brain in the world, the 10,000-gram sperm whale brain. And where is his brain larger than ours? Larger than the dolphins? In the silent areas.

What happens when you take the silent areas out of the human? The descriptions given by people who knew persons to whom this has been done—and it's been done to 20,000 people, at least—is that they lose their souls, their initiative. My mother lost her frontal lobes to cancer. She became a very simple human being and lost her unique personality. She lost her ability to plan for the future and her dedication to causes. She lost, essentially, her human motivation. She became a very calm, quiet, easily managed human body.

Penthouse: Then the characteristic *human* qualities are in our silent areas?

Lilly: Yes. They solve the problems— the long-term problems. If you pay very close attention to the differences between the small-brained animals and the large-brained animals, you will see that the small-brained animals are more beholden to the immediate here-and-now environment. If a certain kind of explosion takes place, we immediately know it's the backfire of a truck. A dog, on the other hand, is caught. Danger! Bang! He has to bark and get all excited and allow his hypothalamic mechanisms and survival programs to be triggered. We don't. We can hold off and compare. The whale is even more that way, to the point that he probably can't survive in the presence of man, because the whale can accept his body, his vehicle, as a kind of funny place to be anyway.

I was talking to Gregory Bateson [a behavioral scientist specializing in marine animals, among other things] the other day. He's got a huge brain. Gregory has one of the biggest

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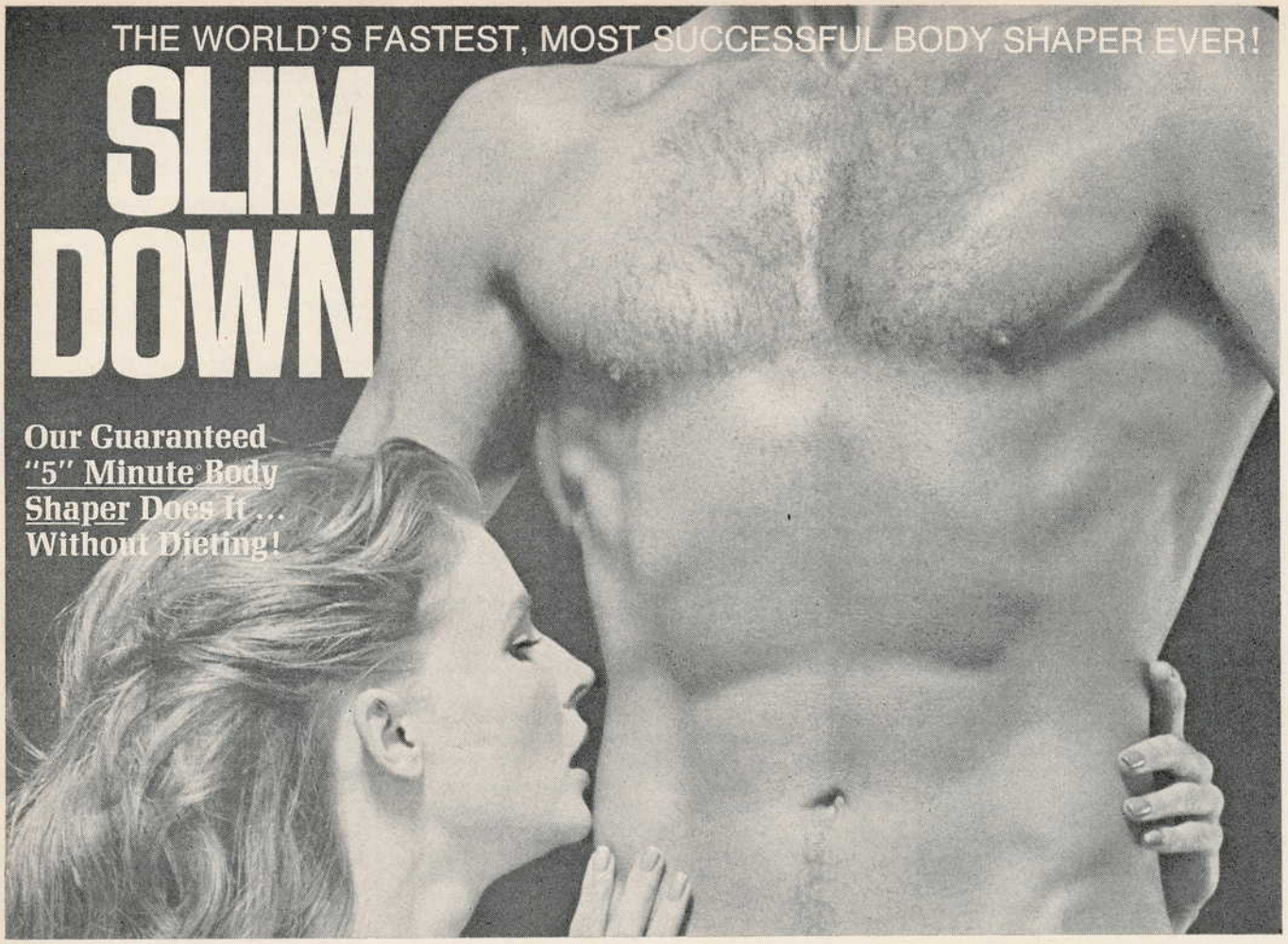

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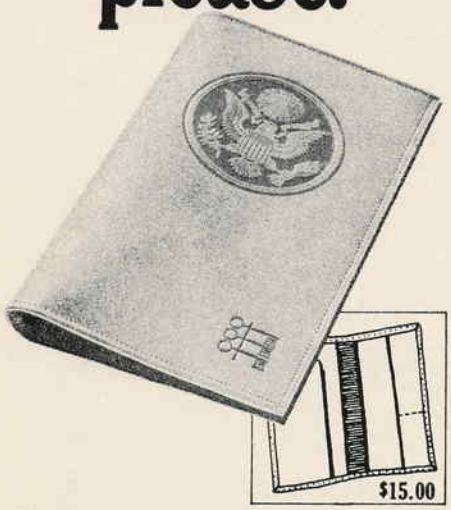

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brains I know. I'm only guessing, but I would be willing to bet that Gregory's brain must weigh in the neighborhood of 2,000 grams. He's one of the brightest people on this planet—an incredible man. He has one characteristic that all big-brained people have. He doesn't let the yapping of the little brains bother him. Their motivations are not his.

Gregory had to stop smoking about a year ago. And I said, "Well, Gregory, you have smoked too much all your life." And he said, "Yeah, I've got emphysema." I said, "Gregory, there are ways of curing emphysema." He just looked down at me from his great height, and he said, "Sixty-eight years on this fucking planet is enough." Now that's a big-brained attitude—you know you've reached the end of your trip and so what? So dolphins that commit suicide because somebody's neglected them and whales that allow themselves to be harpooned are no longer mysteries to me. The big-brained attitude is, "Okay, you guys, if that's the way you want it, I don't need to hang on to the body. There are happier places than this planet, and even if there aren't, I don't care, 'cause I've finished the trip." Small-brained people won't understand this because they are scrambling for survival.

Penthouse: Why did you give up your research on dolphins?

Lilly: I worked out a method to put electrodes in the dolphins. That sort of horrified people. Later it also horrified me, but at that time I was primarily interested in motivational systems in the brains of large animals, including us. My hypothesis about the dolphins was that their brain was so large that they could refuse to learn if they wanted to. Then, as I got into this, I realized that I was dealing with a highly sensitive, highly complex being, probably cultured in a way that we can't understand. Over the years I got less and less interested in running a concentration camp for dolphins, and less and less interested in damaging them or allowing other people to damage them. Finally, in 1967, we retired the projects. I said, in effect, "Man isn't ready to communicate with any other being of a comparable brain size." His own belief systems are so entrenched and so anti-life—anti his own life, anti other life in the universe—that this isn't the time. Anything that I produce will be misused by the military and in the service of industry. Man isn't ready for the dolphins, and the dolphins aren't ready for man. I hope that there are enough dolphins and whales left when man *is* ready.

Penthouse: What were your emotions about dolphins as you worked with them?

Lilly: Well, first of all, we carried to them our own projections and our own expectations. The more I got to know dolphins, the more alien they became. As you get rid of your own projections and your feeling that you understand dolphins, and give them a chance to express themselves, they become stranger and stranger. You suddenly realize that there is an entity on the other side of that barrier of communication that's comparable to you—one that's trying just as hard as you are to communicate. It's exciting as hell. But also you suddenly grow up. You know then that you are not Dr. Doolittle, and that you don't talk to animals by wishful thinking. It's damned hard work. Until you've come through that barrier and are willing to do the necessary work and can get your enthusiasm going in that direction, don't even try it—stay away from it. Don't make pets of them. Don't demean the dolphin's large brain by making him do six repetitive shows a day. Don't put him in a concentration

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Just when things looked darkest, they got darker. His dismal health brought on narcolepsy, and in order to combat this disease he had to take powerful doses of amphetamines—pep pills. They, in turn, brought on more pernicious complications—loss of appetite and, ironically, insomnia, which required drug depressants. The combination of alcohol and drugs destroyed not only Charlie's physical health but also his mental health, and before long he entered the Seton Psychiatric Institute.

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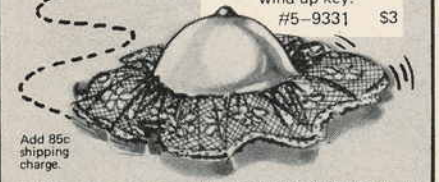

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camp. Leave him free until you are ready to meet him on his own terms.

Penthouse: Is there a high death rate among the dolphins in the "marinelands" and places like that?

Lilly: Well, there ought to be a national commission to investigate dolphin deaths in the oceanariums. This should be done objectively—on a scientific basis. Talk about prison reform, we ought to have oceanarium reforms.

Penthouse: Did you find that you were able to develop feelings of love?

Lilly: Margaret Howe, who worked with me on the Communication Research Institute staff, is the best example of that. She lived with a dolphin in a house that had been flooded for the experiment. She developed love for Peter, a male dolphin, and a complete identification with his point of view, realizing that he was another lonely entity—human-like but not human—and she sat down in the water and cried at that discovery. This shows you the power of the intimate day-to-day contact of people with feelings, people who are sensitive enough to see that another organism—a dolphin—is trying his damndest to do what you are trying to do, in his own way, with his big tail and his flippers and his mouth and his lack of hands, making *his* discovery, for instance, that *you* use your voice for communication.

The dolphins may think we are stupid. That's kind of a difficult position to be put in.

Penthouse: Are they sophisticated to the extent that they want to communicate with us as a species rather than merely as individuals?

Lilly: Well, we have often wondered how they decided who was going to get caught. Those who didn't want to get caught, weren't caught. We'd see them taking off across the horizon. But then some would hang around and allow themselves to be caught.

Penthouse: Was it an individual or a collective decision?

Lilly: We don't know. Once in a while they'd let us catch some badly injured ones. They were surrounded by sharks, and when we approached we drove off the sharks and rescued them. But those instances were special.

Penthouse: Is there a commercial reason for killing dolphins?

Lilly: Well, in Japan they eat them, and in the tuna industry they kill them accidentally—the nets are wrong and the dolphins drown.

Penthouse: You seem a little reluctant to talk about dolphins.

Lilly: I spent twelve years with them. I was very vocal and I got no reward for it. I was not accepted by the people who have put themselves in charge of dolphins. The zoologists have the ear of government and they've been put in powerful places. They are practical people, the "engineers." They are not scientists. So I just withdrew. I'll be glad to help anybody who really wants to work on the problem, but I don't think that this is the time for it. If some youngsters come along, though, and disagree with me, well—groovy.

Penthouse: Do you think it's possible to overcome the scientific prejudice against nonhuman intelligences?

Lilly: Maybe, but right now, despite the evidence, little, if any, general belief has been instilled in the scientific community. As long as the conscious and unconscious basic belief exists that the human brain and mind are superior to all others, there isn't going to be very much acceptance of the idea that there can be communication between species. Human scientists with 1,400-gram brains, when faced with the 1,800-gram brain of a dolphin, retreat

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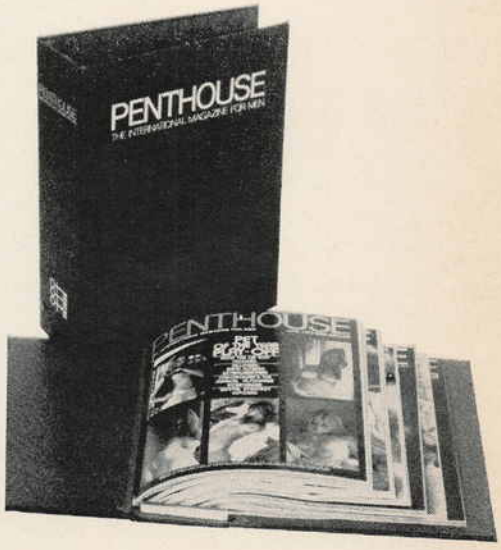

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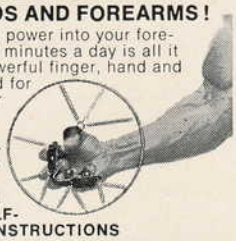

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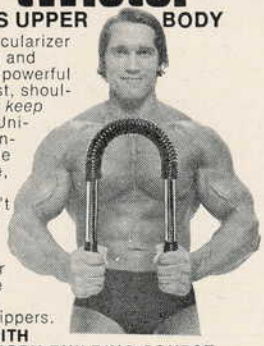

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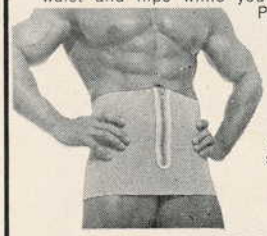

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into areas safely out of contact with the dolphins themselves. Common causes of retreat are fear of the dolphins' large size, of the sea, of going into the water. Whatever the reason, they evade interlock and close contact.

Penthouse: How do you imagine that whales and dolphins think?

Lilly: They may have a thousand alternatives that we haven't thought of yet. The big brain could do that. They have lots of time for meditation; they have lots of time for considering the possibilities as opposed to the probabilities; and they have lots of time for tripping out and doing various things that we don't have time to do because we're so busy. A big sperm whale who has finished mating and gotten his family over with has lots of time for meditation. He's got six times the brain power for meditation that we have. We'd like to join in and see where that's going. It's probably a much higher form of consciousness than any we can conceive of, and it's probably extremely alien to us. I've gotten into some spaces with acid in isolation that probably resemble some of the spaces they've been in. We just don't know what it's all about. There are incredible places—dimensions that we don't really explore at all.

Penthouse: I think you'll agree that most human beings don't communicate with each other. How can we expect to communicate with an alien species?

Lilly: That's one reason why I went to the Esalen Institute in 1968, to learn how to communicate myself. I was as arrogant as anybody in terms of communicating with humans. I'm not so sure anymore that I ever get through to anybody, you know. From the basic, deep core of me to the basic, deep core of you, I don't feel I communicate or that you communicate. I feel that all of us are struggling, in one way or another, not recognizing the ineffectuality, the inefficiency and the pure garbage that we put out in the name of communication. So what are we doing trying to communicate with a superior species? Well, we've got to clean up our own act. Dolphins, I think, tend to laugh at us, as do whales—"Ah, those idiots, going around killing us and putting on shows and all that stuff. Who do they think they are? They think that because they're so powerful in one little area that they're the lords of creation."

"Don't you feel ashamed of yourself—a grown man riding around with make-up on?"

Penthouse: It often seems to me that the only real communication is physical—making love, touching somebody.

Lilly: That's what we are talking about in terms of interlock. Interlock research includes fucking. Interlock with another species or with our own includes making love. I don't rule out any pathway toward communication. Tactile, whatever—inside or outside the body.

Penthouse: Did you kill any dolphins to take their brains out and study them?

Lilly: Another group did. I told them at the time, "You know, I'm going to regret this the rest of my life unless you guys really make this worth our while."

Penthouse: Was it their idea or yours?

Lilly: Theirs. I insisted that they do it a certain way, that the dolphin be under an anesthetic, and so on and so forth.

Penthouse: Were you aware at that time of the intelligence level of dolphins?

Lilly: There isn't any objective measure of relative intelligence, but it was clearly the equivalent of doing away with humans to get their brains. The only way to justify *that* is not to be a human—to be an extraterrestrial being collecting humans to take back to your planet. And then, after examining them very carefully, you might suddenly discover that human brains were as good as yours and say, "Ooops! We got to watch it with those humans. We've now discovered that humans have the same basic structure, the same thinking machinery as ours, so we've got to watch out."

That's the position we are in with the dolphins. In other words, do you prove your thesis by the sacrifice of a few dolphins, or do you want to miss that step? Well, we decided to take the step and take the responsibility.

Penthouse: If the dolphins had a Nuremberg, do you think you would be called?

Lilly: They wouldn't have one. They are much more loving than we are. Nuremberg wouldn't have been necessary if we had been as loving as the dolphins.

Penthouse: Do you think we have to make a law that killing dolphins is murder?

Lilly: If you are going to admit that the dolphins are sensitive, intelligent—though alien—then you have to include them in the new version of the Golden Rule: I will do and I will not do unto others that which I would have them do and not do unto me. And under "others" would be included the species with brain sizes equal to, or greater than, ours. I don't want somebody to kill me and take my brain to see whether or not I'm a member of an intelligent species. However, if it comes to that, and there *are* extraterrestrials wandering around that want samples, they might as well use my brain. Okay?

Penthouse: I don't understand that.

Lilly: I'm taking the point of view of one of the dolphins sacrificed for our purposes. I'd O.D. on acid and then let them take my brain. You see, I'm allowing, under the Golden Rule, another species to do that which I did to the dolphins—or at least participated in with respect to dolphins.

Penthouse: What else are you getting into?

Lilly: Learning how to do nothing.

Penthouse: How do you do that?

Lilly: You just do nothing.

Penthouse: How much of your time is involved with that?

Lilly: Oh, about 90 percent of it.

Penthouse: Where would you like it to get to?

Lilly: One hundred percent.

Penthouse: Thank you, Dr. John Lilly.

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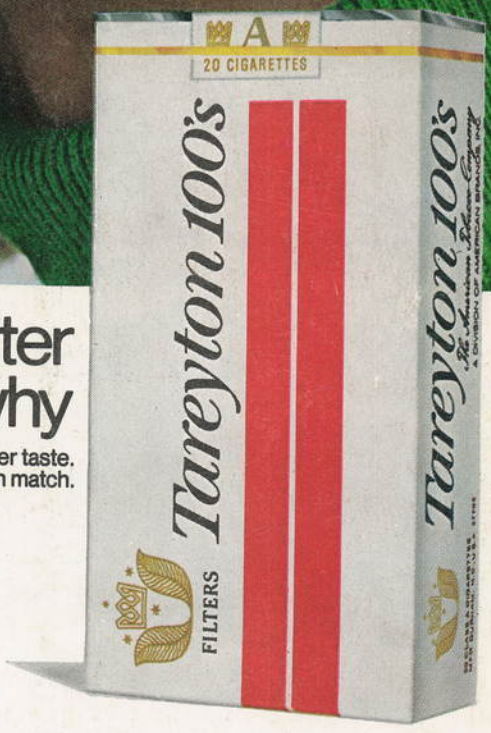

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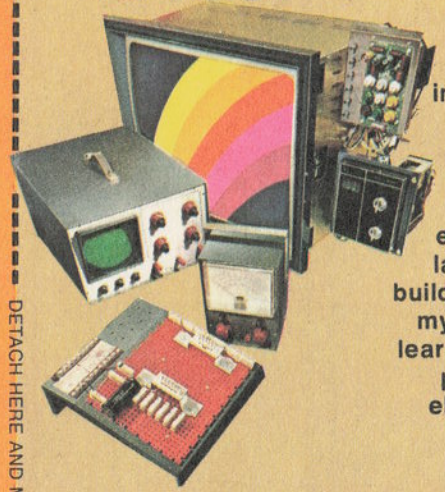

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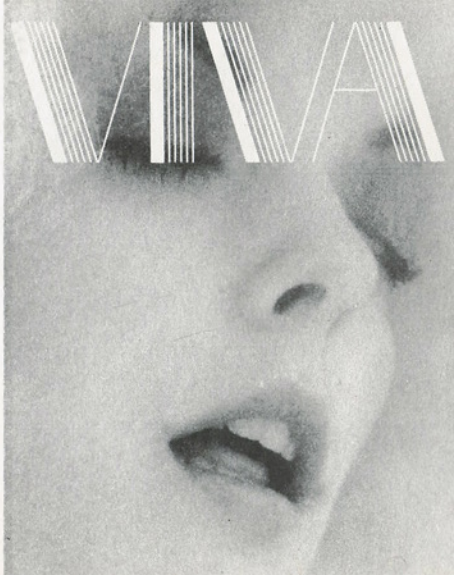

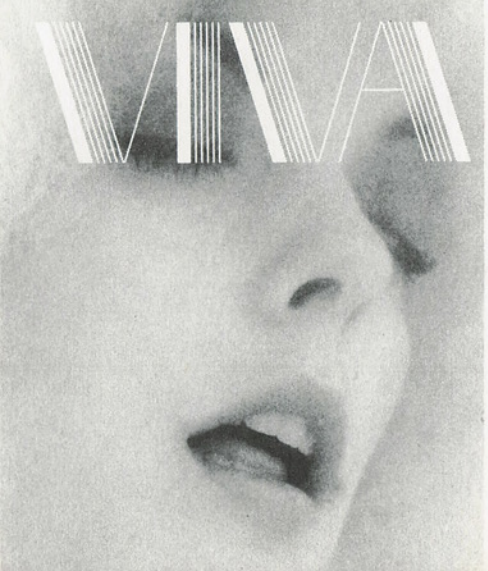

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